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WORTHY WOMEN

OF

OUR FIRST CENTURY.

EDITED BY

MRS. O. J. WISTER

AND

MISS AGNES IRWIN.

PHILADELPHIA:

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PREFACE.

The volume here offered to the public is so far from fulfilling the hopes of the editors that they think it due to those under whose auspices it is published to give an idea of what it was meant to be, and of the causes of its partial failure. The work was undertaken by the desire of the Women's Department of the Centennial Commission. They wished to connect their own labors with a record of the lives of American women in earlier times; to show what they had been and effected under the difficulties, domestic, social, and political, which are to be found in all new countries and civilizations while the roads are being made; to offer to their young countrywomen honorable models and examples. The intention was to collect a series of brief biographies, one for each of the original States, so as to illustrate the very various conditions and demands of life in the older parts of the country. The choice of subjects in point of date ranged from the colonial epoch to the last generation. It was not thought desirable to include any one still living or but lately dead. This necessarily excluded so many of the States that it confirmed the limitation to the first, contemporaneous, thirteen. In order that the work might not be too voluminous, each State was restricted to one memoir. It was not requisite that the subject should have been a woman connected with Revolutionary times or historical events, although especial interest attaches to those who were. The conspicuous women of the Revolution, and indeed of America down almost to the present day, had found biographers in Mrs. S. J. Hale and Mrs. E. F. Ellett.

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Their notices are too short and sketchy to give a clear idea of character and individuality; but they had supplied a complete register of names and events. All that we required, therefore, was the lives of women of weight and mark, whose influence was felt for good in their own circle, whether a wide or a narrow one; who had thought and acted for themselves, either in decisive public issues or in the even tenor of private life. It was also earnestly wished that the memoir for each State should be written by a woman from that State, that the welded chain of the Pine-Tree flag might once more be held by clasping hands, not the mailed grasp of men, but the not less firm and sustaining hold of women; that as this Centennial Anniversary has reknit the bond of brotherhood throughout the country, that of sisterhood should be drawn as close.

Such was the scheme. Every pains was taken to find out proper heroines for the memoirs, and proper biographers, and also to avoid unsuitable ones. The editors were engaged for upwards of six months in corresponding with distinguished and patriotic people all over the country to try and get the information necessary to proceed upon. Then followed letters to and from ladies in the thirteen States, which, if they could be published, would form a most interesting and entertaining collection. Still, this did not succeed in bringing about the object completely. Mrs. Gillespie, the President of the Women's Department of the Centennial Commission, in an appeal which she sent forth last autumn, and which was circulated throughout the country, begged for biographies of eminent and memorable women, but without calling out a single satisfactory reply. There were great difficulties at every step. In the first place, although the editors endeavored to be explicit as to what they wanted, the answers they received almost invariably referred only to women of Revolutionary times, as if none other were eligible. It then appeared that, although the older States are rife with traditions and anecdotes of women who did honor to their place and day, material for biographical notices of them, correspondence, journals, written record of any sort, personal recollections, are wanting. One

of the most noble and impressive female figures in our annals is Faith Robinson, wife of the first and mother of the second Governor Trumbull of Connecticut; but, beyond two or three striking stories, and the veneration for her name and worth which her children have transmitted to their descendants, nothing remains of her. Again, some of our most prominent and admirable women did not belong either by birth or family to the States with which their names are connected. Mrs. John Jay, of the Revolution, who held so high a position in New York, was a native of New Jersey; Mrs. Judson, of our own times, the missionary and martyr, if ever self-devotion deserved the crown and palm-branch, hailed from New Hampshire, but was born in Massachusetts. In other eminent instances, such as that of Mrs. John Adams, the life and correspondence are already so well known that to republish them in any form would be a twice-told tale. In most cases, however, the ladies were not scribes: often in following up their traces it was found that every scrap of writing had perished, either through the jealousy of affection, or indifference, or accident. In the South, where the circumstances of life are more picturesque than along the rest of the Atlantic coast,—where romantic situations and heroic incidents are more frequent in feminine existence, owing to the solitude and remoteness of plantations accessible only by wood-roads or lonely rivers,—where, too, the peculiar responsibilities of slavery fell heavily upon the women of the master's family, developing the administrative ability and qualities of housekeeper and nurse in a signal degree,—the practice of keeping private papers was general; but fire has always been the enemy of those frame houses, with their open chimney-places, pine torches, and careless servitors, and the war swept off most of their remaining archives, public and private. Besides, it has been with our recollections as with our relics: nations, like men, when they are young, forget that they will ever grow old, and learn to prize mementos of their earlier time. There has been from the first a lamentable destruction of what were really national heirlooms, to which the approach of the Cen-

tenary first called general attention; and so it has been with reminiscences. Our people had not begun to remember.

These are the principal obstacles we have had to encounter. On the other hand, there has been everywhere the warmest interest in the undertaking,—ready sympathy from those to whom we have applied, and help where it was to give. Unfortunately for some of the memoirs, those best qualified to prepare them were too much taken up with other duties to do so. But the ladies to whom application was made exerted themselves to find able substitutes. Many of those who undertook the task have been hampered by ill health or the pressure of other claims, but their researches and inquiries have been as thorough as if they had been writing history. We are particularly indebted to the families of the women chosen as representatives, for their willingness to allow the use of the material they possess and for their active assistance in collecting more. We owe hearty thanks for advice or aid to Colonel T. W. Higginson, Mrs. Oliver Hubbard, of New York, Mrs. M. P. Cutts, of Brattleboro', Lloyd P. Smith, Esq., of Philadelphia, Mrs. Catherine Pennington, of New Jersey. In regard to the memoir for Pennsylvania the writer must express her gratitude to the Logan family and connections generally, most especially to Mrs. John Dickinson Logan, who copied from the diary of her husband's grandmother, to which only near relations have access, all the extracts given from it, and pages more not quoted, from which the picture of the heroine's character and life has been completed.

Nevertheless, with all this effort and this encouragement, we have only six sketches to offer as the result. Nor have we in all of these the living personal representation we hoped would be presented in every case: the scantiness of material made that impossible. Should the volume, such as it is, find general favor, it may be the means of obtaining biographies from the remaining States. If suitable ones be sent, as we trust they may, a second volume will be published.

PHILADELPHIA, October, 1876.

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WORTHY WOMEN

OF

OUR FIRST CENTURY.

MRS. THOMAS MANN RANDOLPH.

Amid scenery of almost unsurpassed beauty in the central part of Virginia, rises the modest height of Monticello. There are few points in the surrounding country from which its graceful profile cannot be seen, and the "little mountain" is pointed out as the object of greatest interest in every landscape in which it appears in that lovely region. To its summit many a tourist wends his way, and, in spite of the ruin, the desecration, which mark its present condition, still finds traces there of the statesman, the philosopher, and the man of taste.

But it is not as the home of the great man in either of these characters that our attention shall be directed to this classic spot in these pages, but rather as the birthplace and loved and lost home of his daughter,—she who as a child was his only comforter in the great sorrow of his life, who in maturer years was his intimate friend and companion, and whose presence lent to his home its greatest charm, as her love and her sympathy were his greatest solace in the troubles which so clouded the evening of his eventful life.

Martha Jefferson Randolph, daughter of Thomas and Martha Jefferson, was born at Monticello, September 27, 1772. Her mother, Martha Wayles, was first married to Bathurst

Skelton, who dying two years after this marriage, she married, four years later, January 1, 1772, Thomas Jefferson. His biographers have given an account of the gay wedding-journey of over a hundred miles, from the bride's home below Richmond, to Monticello, which began in a carriage and under propitious skies, but the last eight miles of which was performed on horseback and through a deep snow after sunset.

Mrs. Jefferson is said to have been a singularly beautiful woman, and a person of great intelligence and strength of character; and certainly, if the attractions of a woman can be measured by the love borne her by her husband, hers must have been great indeed, for never was a wife loved with more passionate devotion than she was by Jefferson. There was no sacrifice too great for him to make for her; and when her health first gave signs of giving way, an appointment abroad, or, indeed, any office which could take him from her side, was positively refused. Her health was extremely delicate during several years; and nearly a year before her death, Jefferson speaks in one of his letters of his "perpetual solicitude" about her.

His anxiety was but too well founded, and after the birth of her sixth child, in the spring of the year 1782, she sank so rapidly that before the summer was gone her friends realized that she could be spared to them but a few weeks longer. The devotion, the clinging tenderness with which her husband nursed her are well known. The little Martha was too young to realize the calamity which was overhanging her. Mrs. Jefferson had been too ill to see the child for some time, when one day the latter was called in to see her mother dressed and sitting up in a chair, as something that would please her. Then for the first time the truth flashed on her as she saw death stamped on the invalid's pale face; and so overcome was she by the shock that she was obliged to leave the room.

It was during those last days of her life, when the pang of separation was so keenly felt by both husband and wife, that she spoke with emotion to her sisters of his devotion to her, of the depth of her love for him, and of the period of their

married life as one of unalloyed happiness, which no cloud between them had ever risen to dim. The closing scene came at last, and on the 6th of September, as the gentle invalid breathed her last, her husband was borne fainting from the bedside. The part that the little Martha took in these painful scenes she years afterwards described:

"The scene that followed I did not witness, but the violence of his emotion, when, almost by stealth, I entered his room by night, to this day I dare not describe to myself. He kept his room for three weeks, and I was never a moment from his side. He walked incessantly almost night and day, only lying down occasionally, when nature was completely exhausted, on a pallet that had been brought in during his long fainting-fit. My aunts remained constantly with him for some weeks, I do not remember how many. When at last he left his room, he rode out, and from that time he was incessantly on horseback, rambling about the mountain in the least frequented roads, and just as often through the woods. In those melancholy rambles I was his constant companion; a solitary witness to many a burst of grief, the remembrance of which has consecrated particular scenes of that lost home beyond the power of time to obliterate."

Not long after her mother's death, Martha was carried, with her two little sisters, Mary and Lucy Elizabeth, to the residence of a friend of their father's, in Chesterfield County, there, according to the custom of the country, to be inoculated for the smallpox. Their father accompanied them, and nursed them through the whole period of their inoculation, and while engaged in this received notice of his appointment as Plenipotentiary to Europe. This appointment he did not now hesitate to accept; but, the time of his departure being uncertain, he left his two younger children with their aunt, Mrs. Eppes, and took Martha to Philadelphia with him. She was only ten years old at the time of her mother's death, and was from that time her father's constant companion. In after-life she often spoke of the journeys she had made with him, and of the difficulties and the tedium of traveling in those days,

particularly to a little girl, the sole companion of a gentleman and thrown often among entire strangers. But the first wish of her heart was to be with him always and under all circumstances, and there were few trials and privations which she would not have borne rather than give up that pleasure and happiness.

Before her mother's death, her father had paid very particular attention to her education, but whatever of discipline or restraint she recollected as having been imposed on her at that early age came from her mother. From her father she remembered to have received only words of love and encouragement, some of which had sunk deeply in her heart and were cherished with gratitude long after they had been spoken. In Philadelphia her father placed her under the care of Mrs. Hopkinson, at whose house she remained until they sailed for Europe. Mr. Jefferson, in the mean while, took his seat in Congress, which was then in session in Annapolis; and his letters to his daughter, and the particular directions which they contain as to her course of study and the manner in which she should spend her time, prove how constantly she was in his thoughts and with what care he watched over her education.

They at last sailed for Europe early in the summer of the year 1784, and reached their destination after a short voyage. Mr. Jefferson at once took rooms in the Hôtel d'Orléans until he could find a suitable house. He kept his daughter with him for some time, and then placed her at school in the convent of the Abbaye Royale de Panthemont. The advantages for intellectual, moral, and social training which this place offered were very great. The nuns who watched with the tenderest care over the girls placed under their charge belonged to the best families in Europe, and were born and bred ladies. The pupils were from the higher classes of society, being the daughters of the gentlemen and diplomatic men of various countries, and of the nobility and gentry of France. They had the best instruction, the best masters for accomplishments; and no pains, no expense were spared to make the

system of education as complete as possible. Nor were the recreations of the pupils neglected, and they were a bright, joyous set.

No pupil was admitted at Panthemont without the recommendation of a lady of rank; and, Mr. Jefferson being without acquaintances on his first arrival in Paris, his devoted friend the Marquis de La Fayette obtained from a lady friend of his the necessary recommendation for the admission of the little American. Naturally very diffident, the fiery ordeal which her entrance into such an establishment was can be well appreciated. A motherless little girl, transported from the primitive simplicity of the retired life of the most retired part of Virginia, and placed at school in the gayest capital in the world, among the daughters of the noblest houses in Europe, not understanding one word of the language spoken around her, how she must have suffered, and how many times she must have wished herself out of that strange throng and back at her dear, beautiful Monticello, under the gentle instruction of her father, who by precept and example instilled into her soul a love of all that was good and noble! Years afterwards she used to describe to her children the depths of her despair at parting with him. During the first week the kind Lady Superior allowed him to see her a little while every evening; during those first few days she wept incessantly, the looking forward to his coming being the one bright ray of light in her cheerless existence.

But, under the gentle influences by which she was surrounded, such a state of things could not last long. She soon learned to speak French. The pupils in the school were very kind to the little Virginian, and, one or two of them taking her under their wing and befriending her in her disconsolate condition, she formed friendships with them which lasted through life. After she had become accustomed to her new life and grown happy in the convent, she was allowed to visit her father in his own house once a month. Her school-mates called her "Jeff" or "Jeffie," and from her correspondence with them I find that "chère Jeff" was their general mode

of address in letters written to her even after she had left school.

In a quaint letter to Mrs. Trist, a lady in Philadelphia, who was a friend of her father's and who had been very kind to her, she gives some glimpses of her life in the convent. The letter was written after she had been in Paris more than a year, though she describes her first arrival with her father in France. The *naïveté* and artlessness betrayed in the following extracts from this letter will amuse the reader:

"I am very happy in the convent, and with reason, for there wants nothing but the presence of my friends of America to render my situation worthy to be envied by the happiest; I do not say kings, for, far from it, they are often more unfortunate than the lowest of their subjects. I have seen the king and the queen, but at too great a distance to judge if they are like their pictures in Philadelphia. We had a lovely passage in a beautiful new ship, that had made one passage before. There were only six passengers, all of whom papa knew, and a fine sunshine all the way, with a sea which was as calm as a river. . . . We landed in England, where we made a very short stay. The day we left it we got off at six o'clock in the evening, and arrived in France at eleven the next morning. I cannot say that this voyage was as agreeable as the first, though it was much shorter. It rained violently, and the sea was exceedingly rough all the time, and I was almost as sick as the first time, when I was sick two days. The *cabane* was not more than three feet wide and about four long. There was no other furniture than an old bench, which was fast to the wall. The door by which we came in at was so little that one was obliged to enter on all-fours. There were two little doors on the side of the *cabane*, the way to our beds, which were composed of two boxes and a couple of blankets, without either bed or mattress, so that I was obliged to sleep in my clothes. There being no window in the *cabane*, we were obliged to stay in the dark, for fear of the rain coming in if we opened the door. I fear we should have fared as badly at our arrival, for papa spoke very little French, and I not a word,

if an Irish gentleman, an entire stranger to us, who seeing our embarrassment, had not been so good as to conduct us to a house, and was of great service to us. It is amazing to see how they cheat strangers; it cost papa as much to have the baggage brought from the shore to the house, which was about half a square, as the bringing it from Philadelphia to Boston. From there we should have had a very delightful voyage to Paris, for Havre de Grace is built at the mouth of the Seine, and we follow the river all the way through the most beautiful country I ever saw in my life,—it is a perfect garden,—if the singularity of our carriage (a phaeton) had not attracted the attention of all we met; and whenever we stopped we were surrounded by the beggars. One day I counted no less than nine where we stopped to change horses. . . . I wish you could have been with us when we arrived, I am sure you would have laughed, for we were obliged to send immediately for the stay-maker, the mantuamaker, the milliner, and even a shoemaker, before I could go out. I have never had the *friseur* but once; but I soon got rid of him, and turned down my hair in spite of all they could say; and I defer it now as much as possible, for I think it always too soon to suffer. I have seen two nuns take the veil. I'll tell you about that when I come to see you. I was placed in a convent at my arrival, and I leave you to judge of my situation. I did not speak a word of French, and not one here knew English but a little girl of two years old, that could hardly speak French. There are about fifty or sixty *pensioners* in the house, so that speaking as much as I could with them I learnt the language very soon. At present I am charmed with my situation. . . . There come in some new pensioners every day. The classe is four rooms, exceedingly large, for the pensioners to sleep in; and there is a fifth and sixth, one for them to stay in the day, and the other in which they take their lessons in. We wear the uniform, which is crimson, made like a frock, laced behind, with the tail, like a *robe de cour*, hooked on, muslin cuffs and tuckers. The masters are all very good, except that for the drawing."

The French words and idioms in this letter show that the

little lady had learned that language sufficiently well to be in danger of forgetting how to express herself elegantly in her own. We catch another glimpse of her at this period in the following extract from the "Journal and Correspondence of Miss Adams, Daughter of John Adams," who was at that time in Paris:

"*Thursday, October* 14, 1784.—Mr. Jefferson sent us cards yesterday to admit us to see the ceremony of taking the veil in the convent where his daughter is to receive her education. . . . The relations of the two victims appeared less affected than any one present. Thus these two girls are destined to pass their lives within this convent. They are not so strict as formerly. Miss Jefferson told me they were very cheerful and agreeable. They seemed to take great pleasure in contributing to the happiness of the *pensioners*. There were three princesses, who are here for their education, and were distinguished from the others by a blue ribbon over the shoulder. This is considered the best and most genteel convent in Paris. Most of the English who send their children here for their education put them into this convent. There are a number now here."

"*January* 27.—A small company to dine to-day. Miss Jefferson we expected, but the news of the death of one of Mr. J.'s children in America, brought by the Marquis de La Fayette, prevented. Mr. J. is a man of great sensibility and parental affection. His wife died when this child was born, and he was almost in a confirmed state of melancholy, confined himself from the world, and even from his friends, for a long time; and this news has greatly affected him and his daughter. She is a sweet girl; delicacy and sensibility are read in every feature, and her manners are in unison with all that is amiable and lovely. She is very young."

"*February* 7.—To-day we dined with Mr. Jefferson. He invited us to come and see all Paris, which was to be seen in the streets to-day, and many masks, it being the last day but one of the Carnival. Miss Jefferson dined with us; no other company. . . ."

"*May* 9.—When we had finished our business we went to Mr. Jefferson's, where I saw Miss J., a most amiable girl."

The death of the child alluded to in this extract was indeed an affliction keenly felt by Mr. Jefferson and his daughter. Out of six children he now had only two left, and he determined to have his youngest, Mary,—or Polly, as she was sometimes called,—sent over to join him in Paris as soon as possible. But it was nearly two years before an opportunity for doing this occurred; and when she did join her father and sister they had become almost perfect strangers to her, and, a very beautiful but very diffident child, she was at first, in the strange land to which she had been brought, as timid as a frightened hare in her intercourse with them. She was placed at school in the convent with her sister, with whose school-mates and friends she was a great pet and darling, her sweet and caressing ways being as charming to them as they had been to Mrs. Adams, who has left such a pretty picture of her in her letters.

While at Panthemont, Martha Jefferson was very ill of a fever, and the nuns, kind-hearted as they were, did not wish to have their sacred retreat desecrated by the death of a heretic within its walls. They therefore requested that she might be taken away; and it was only at the earnest entreaties of her father, who begged that her chance of recovery might not be lessened by moving her, that they at last consented she should stay, at least until she was past all hope, if death should prove to be inevitable. Since that day, one of her daughters who visited Paris found the church of the Abbaye de Panthemont open, and a Protestant clergyman preaching in it. Such had been the changes since the school-days of her mother.

Though not handsome, Martha was at this time a tall and aristocratic-looking girl. The lady at whose recommendation she had been admitted into the convent, being one day on a visit to it, and watching the young girls playing in the garden, pointed out one of them to the nun who was with her, and asked who she was. The nun answered, with a little surprise, "Comment, madame! c'est votre protégée Mademoi-

selle Jefferson." "Ah! mais vraiment elle a l'air très-distingué," replied the lady.

The English friends at the convent with whom she seems to have been most intimate were Julia Annesley and Bettie Hawkins. The first became, by some family inheritance, soon after she left school, Lady Julia,—"to her great satisfaction," one of her school-mates writes of her to "dear Jeff." The second, who seems to have been a girl full of life and intelligence, with a very warm heart, married a gentleman who, as she expresses it in one of her letters, "would be Lord J. should the present heir kick the bucket." In another letter to her friend Martha she suddenly breaks off from the subject on which she is writing, and says,—

"My dear girl, I am to be married on Wednesday, the day after to-morrow. I have not been myself for this week past, and am now really *un peu derangée dans la tête*. The idea that I quit all my friends, my dearest and nearest relations, to follow a man who may soon forget the many promises he has made me, and in the end prove totally different from what we all imagine him to be, makes my feelings too acute to bear description. If—but I will not anticipate imaginary evils, or dwell on this subject, on which I can never converse half an instant without showing myself (mamma says) an idiot. Direct all your letters to Watersperry, where we go immediately after the ceremony. Adieu; pity your distressed friend. Indeed I am very unhappy, though I have every reason to be the contrary. A description of my journey, etc., you shall have soon; and pray, Jeff, write to me."

The evils proved, indeed, to have been imaginary, for the trembling and doubting bride became the happy wife, whose letters, after years of married life, continue to breathe contentment and delight.

A charming French girl, Mademoiselle de Botidoux, and Mademoiselle Brunette de Chateaubrun, were among Miss Jefferson's other convent friends. The last left Paris before her Virginia friend did, and returned to her home on her father's plantation in Guadaloupe. She married, later, an officer

of the French navy, M. Salimbeni, and a change of fortune bringing her to America with her husband in trouble when Mr. Jefferson was President, he gave them some assistance, and thus returned to his daughter's old school-mate some of the kindness with which she had treated those first desolate days of her school life. This lady's letters, when she first began to write to her friend, are filled with descriptions of balls and fêtes, and of boxes of West India preserves which had been prepared to be sent to her "*chère Jeff;*" and in her last letter she speaks of the "circonstances malheureuses qui m'ont toujours poursuivies avec une espèce d'acharnement." She died of consumption, fading away slowly, until one day she was found sitting in her chair apparently asleep, but really dead.

The last year that Miss Jefferson spent at the convent she dined at the abbess's table, at her father's request, though attending her classes as usual. She felt this to be a restraint, but soon got accustomed to it, and formed some pleasant acquaintances among the lady boarders who dined at the same table. This, too, made her transition from the convent life to the gay society into which she entered the next year more easy and graceful. Among the new acquaintances formed at the abbess's table was Lady Caroline Tufton, with whom she became intimate, and with whom and her sister Lady Elizabeth she remained always on the most cordial and friendly terms. After her return to Virginia and her marriage, these ladies wrote her affectionate letters; and one of her father's farms lying at the foot of Monticello, which she called Tufton, in honor of Lady Caroline, still bears that name. Lady Caroline boarded for a short time only at Panthemont, when she and her sister went to stay at the house of their uncle, the Duke of Dorset, the English ambassador at the court of Versailles.

It would have been strange for a young girl situated as Martha Jefferson was, and subjected to the influences which surrounded her, not to have been favorably impressed by the religion of the good nuns to whom she was so sincerely at-

tached. They on their part seem to have made some efforts to convert her to their faith. In this they were aided by the amiable and excellent Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont. This worthy man, who afterwards remained so faithful to Louis XVI. in the last tragical days of his life and accompanied him to the guillotine as his confessor, could not fail to make an impression on the young Protestant. She became deeply attached to him, and so much were her religious views influenced by her intercourse with him that at last she found that her desire was to join the Roman Catholic Church. She was too conscientious not to communicate the state of her feelings on the subject at once to her father. But she was not prepared for the shock which her request to be allowed to join that Church was to him. He listened to this with the utmost emotion, and entreated her so earnestly not to take any such decisive step until she had reflected more maturely on the subject, that she abandoned the idea. She felt that she could never be happy in taking a step which she saw would cause him so much unhappiness.

Shortly after the interview with her father on this subject, she left the convent and went to live with him; but she spoke of the Abbé always through life with esteem and affection. The last year of her life in Paris was now spent in the gay whirl of its fascinating society. Her most frequent companions in going out were the Ladies Caroline and Elizabeth Tufton, Mademoiselle de Botidoux, who seems to have been very popular, and some of her other convent friends. The most cordial and friendly relations existed between the Duke of Dorset and Mr. Jefferson, and an English lady Mrs. Roberts, a widow who was an inmate of the duke's house, acted as chaperone for his nieces, and often performed the same kind office for their friend Miss Jefferson. The young people seem to have made the most of their opportunities, and to have missed none of the enjoyments of the gay and brilliant world in which they found themselves.

Mr. Jefferson limited his daughter to three balls a week, and, it mattered not how tempting a fourth might be, the rule

was adhered to. Whenever she went out she lost no chance of dancing, of which she was passionately fond, that being an accomplishment to which her father had made her pay great attention at an early age. On one occasion the Duke de Fronsac, afterwards Duke de Richelieu, was standing near her, and remarked, "Vous avez bien dansé ce soir, mademoiselle." She replied, "Beaucoup!" "Et *bien*," he added. At another ball, having danced eight times with one of the Polignac family, it not being admissible to dance twice in succession with the same partner, she knew that she must have danced sixteen times at least.

The beautiful and celebrated Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, was in Paris that winter. The freshness of youth was gone, but the same ease, grace, and sweetness of manner which, united to the most extraordinary beauty of form and feature, had placed half the world at her feet, were still there. With this distinguished peeress and the Ladies Tufton, Miss Jefferson went to a dinner given to the duchess. The young Virginian was the only lady present whose height was equal to her own, and the duchess, observing it, said, "It gives me pleasure, Miss Jefferson, to see any one as tall as myself." But she was invited to meet another distinguished woman, a more world-renowned but, alas, more sadly celebrated beauty, the ill-starred Marie Antoinette. She was to appear, *incognita* of course, at an evening party at the Duke of Dorset's, and Miss Jefferson was asked, but was prevented by an untimely indisposition. It is needless to say how great was the disappointment, and that it was one she regretted all her life.

As a girl of sixteen, Martha Jefferson could, of course, only look on at a respectful distance at Madame de Staël, whom she constantly saw at balls, surrounded by a circle of gentlemen under the spell of the wonderful charm of her conversation. The Marquis de La Fayette was then in the zenith of his popularity, gay, gallant, and agreeable, and he never passed the daughter of his friend Jefferson without pausing to say a few gay or kind words to her.

The first threatenings and murmurings of the approaching storm which was to burst so soon and with such fury over that devoted city were heard before Jefferson and his daughter left Paris. When the king was brought from Versailles and the whole population of the city was in the streets and in an uproar of excitement, Miss Jefferson and some young ladies were placed at a window to see the procession pass by. The king's coach appeared, and they received a bow from one of his chamberlains, with whom they were acquainted. Then there rose a noise which they could not account for; it sounded like the "bellowings of thousands of bulls." At last it reached the ears of that part of the crowd nearest to them, and was taken up by those who heard it: "La Fayette! La Fayette!" was the cry, and there came a young man in a frock-coat carelessly riding by; he looked up at the window, saw and recognized Miss Jefferson,—the only lady in the party whom he knew,—and bowed. Never before nor afterwards did she receive a bow of which she was so proud. Her young friends declared they were filled with envy. On another occasion she was at a party in the country near Paris, just after the French officers had assumed the tri-colored cockade. There were a number present, and they proposed to transfer their cockades to the ladies, who accepted them at once and pinned them on their dresses. Long years afterwards Mrs. Randolph's daughters found among a package of her mementos a faded tri-colored cockade, and learned from her its history. But the close of this brilliant and gay period of her life was at hand, and she left Paris for America with her father and young sister the 26th of September, 1789. They did not sail from England until the 22d of October, and after a passage of thirty days reached Norfolk in safety late in November.

From Paris to Norfolk,—from the metropolis of the world to a little sea-port town, where it was difficult to find a hotel in which decent lodgings could be had for the night. The change was terrible, and could but affect the spirits of the travelers, no matter with what delight they landed on their native shores and felt they were within reach of the dear home for which

all three sighed. The lovely little Polly, who had shed so many tears on leaving Virginia, seems to have shed quite as many on her return. Rather a querulous little beauty, she stood what was disagreeable in the situation with less equanimity than either of her companions. But the depth of her misery was sounded when a little boy in the hotel, after making desperate love to her, gallantly kissed her hand. Her sister, knowing how sensitive and diffident she was, said a few soothing words to her; but she was inconsolable, and sobbed forth, "Mais c'est bien différent de Paris."

There were no stage-coaches in those days, and the journey from Norfolk to Monticello was performed with horses lent by friends, and in easy stages from one friend's house to another, visiting in turn on their way homeward those whom they had not seen for years, and stopping at places with which, after such a long absence, there were associations both pleasant and sad. For an account of their final arrival at Monticello, I must here ask the indulgence of the reader for the repetition of words used in describing the same scene in another work:

"A letter written by Mr. Jefferson to his overseer had been the means of the negroes getting information of their master's return home some days before he arrived. They were wild with joy, and requested to have holiday on the day on which he was expected to reach home. Their request was, of course, granted, and they accordingly assembled at Monticello from Mr. Jefferson's different farms. The old and the young came, —women and children,—and, growing impatient, they sauntered down the mountain-side and down the road until they met the carriage-and-four at Shadwell (four miles distant), when the welkin rang with their shouts of welcome. Martha Jefferson speaks of their 'almost' drawing the carriage by hand up the mountain; her memory in this instance may have failed her, for I have it from the lips of old family servants who were present as children on the occasion, that the horses were actually 'unhitched,' and the vehicle drawn by the strong black arms up to the foot of the lawn in front of

the door at Monticello. The appearance of the young ladies, before whom they fell back and left the way clear to reach the house, filled them with admiration. They had left them when scarcely more than children in the arms, and now returned—Martha a tall and stately-looking girl of seventeen, and the little Maria, now in her eleventh year, more beautiful and, if possible, more lovable than when, two years before, her beauty and her loveliness had warmed into enthusiasm the reserved but kind-hearted Mrs. Adams."

Mr. Jefferson and his daughters reached Monticello on the 23d of December, 1789, and on the 23d of February, 1790, Martha was married to her distant relative, young Thomas Mann Randolph, of Tuckahoe. The marriage was probably hurried that her father might set out for New York, where he was to take his place in General Washington's cabinet as Secretary of State; for a few days after the wedding he left home. Mr. Randolph was of good social position, of distinguished appearance, and a man of talent; he had been educated at Edinburgh.

Young as she was, her accepted lover was not the only one who had paid his addresses to Martha Jefferson, and, if we are to believe some of her Paris correspondents, there were more than one on that side of the Atlantic who had made an effort to keep her there. The charm of her manner and conversation, even at that early age, is represented as being very great, and but for the contrast with her singularly beautiful little sister she might have been thought handsome.

When she first returned from Europe she was not very favorably impressed with Virginian society, but on visiting the families of some of the owners of large landed estates she found handsome, well-bred men and women, who in refinement and dignity of manner did not differ from those she had left abroad. There were still traces of the old colonial style of living, and of its school of manners, which would have compared favorably, in its day, with any in the world. But the establishments where this style of life was kept up when Martha Jefferson returned home were rather the exception

than the rule. It is difficult to realize what the change must have been from the gayest and most brilliant society of the world, with all its excitement, to the primitive country life in Virginia, with no amusements whatever, and which, contrasted with the scenes in which she had been living, must have seemed almost barbarous in its extreme simplicity.

It was well therefore that a suitable husband appeared so soon, and that in the novelty of married life the young bride and wife lost all thought of a society and existence now far beyond her reach. The first winter and summer of their marriage were spent by the young couple at Monticello. They then moved to Varina, an estate belonging to Mr. Randolph, below Richmond, where they seem to have been very pleasantly situated and to have passed two very happy years. The only glimpse I find of this period of Mrs. Randolph's life is through the letters of her friends who had visited her; one of these being her old convent school-mate Brunette, who found an asylum in the house and home of her "*chère Jeff*," on her arrival with her husband and children in America, refugees from Guadaloupe. She writes with enthusiasm of her friend's happy situation and of "ce bon pays de la Virginie que j'aime à la folie."

Mrs. Randolph's sister, now no longer "Little Polly," as her school-mates always called her, but a beautiful young lady on the eve of marriage, writes to her father from Varina early in the year 1796, and, after announcing her safe arrival, says,—

"I found my sister and her children in perfect health; she enjoying the satisfaction arising from the consciousness of fulfilling her duty to the utmost extent. But it is one she has always had. It would please you, I am sure, to see what an economist, what a manager, she has become. The more I see of her the more I am sensible how much more deserving she is of you than I am; but, my dear papa, suffer me to tell you that the love, the gratitude she has for you could never surpass mine: it would not be possible."

After her return to Virginia, Polly's name was changed to Maria, that being the Virginia pronunciation of Marie, as she

was called in France. The self-distrust and self-depreciation betrayed in the lines just quoted from her letter were prominent traits in her character. She does not seem to have had the bright, gay, and happy temper which her sister possessed. To deserve and retain their father's unbounded love was the highest aim in life for both the sisters, and the youngest was always troubled with the fear that not having her sister's talents she would not have an equal share in his affections. When therefore her sister would exclaim, sportively, "Oh, Maria! if I only had your beauty," she did not receive it as a compliment, but rather as an insinuation that she was praised for her beauty because she could not be praised for talent: so little did she value good looks.

Maria Jefferson was married in the autumn of 1797 to her cousin John Wayles Eppes. Her winters were spent at the house of her husband's father in Chesterfield County, and her summers at Monticello.

About the time of this marriage Mr. and Mrs. Randolph moved to Belmont, an estate in Albemarle, not more than six miles from Monticello. Their family now consisted of three children, Anne, Jefferson, and Ellen.

As giving the best picture of Mrs. Randolph's life at this period, I give the following letters and extracts from letters written to her father. The first contains a striking illustration of the manner in which children were made hardy in the past generation,—the little boy alluded to in this letter being not quite six years old:

MARTHA JEFFERSON RANDOLPH TO THOMAS JEFFERSON.

"BELMONT, May 12, 1798.

"DEAREST FATHER,—Nothing makes me feel your absence so sensibly as the beauty of the season; when every object in nature invites one into the fields; the close monotonous streets of a city, which offers no charms of society within-doors to compensate for the dreariness of the scene without, must be absolutely intolerable, particularly to you who have such interesting employment at home. Monticello shines with a

transcendent luxury of vegetation above the rest of the neighborhood as yet. . . . We have been all well but Jefferson, who had declined rapidly for some time from a disorder which had baffled every attention and change of diet. But Mr. Sneed opening school and Jeffy being hurried out of bed every morning at sunrise and obliged, after a breakfast of bread and milk, to walk two miles to school, his spirits returned, his complexion cleared up, and I am in hopes that his disorder has left him entirely. He is much mended in appearance, strength, and spirits, which had been low to an alarming degree. Anne just begins to read, and Ellen points at grandpapa's picture on the chimney when asked where he is. Adieu, my dearest father. Blest as I am in my family, you are still wanting to complete my happiness. Monticello will be interesting indeed when with the prospect of it the loved idea of yourself and dear Maria will be so intimately blended as they will in a few weeks, I hope. Once more adieu, and believe me, with every sentiment of affection, yours."

"BELMONT, June —, 1798.

"It is easier to conceive than to express the sensations with which the sight of the preparations for your return inspires us. I look forward to Thursday with raptures and palpitations not to be described; that day which will once more unite me to those most dear to me in the world. Adieu, dearest and adored father. The heart-swellings with which I address you when absent, and look forward to your return, convince me of the folly or want of feeling of those who dare to think that any new ties can ever weaken the first and best of nature. The first sensations of my life were affection and respect for you, and none others in it have weakened or surpassed these. The children all send love to grandpapa, and count the days with infinite anxiety. Yours with tenderest love and reverence."

In the beginning of the year 1800 Mr. Randolph moved with his family to his own estate, Edgehill, a mile from Belmont, and nearer Monticello than that place. The house at

Edgehill was small, but there seems to have been always a spare room for company.

Mrs. Randolph was now the mother of four children, another little girl, Cornelia, having been added to the number. She also had the care of her husband's sister, Virginia, whose mother dying when she was very young, her brother's house became her home. Mrs. Randolph bestowed on her the same affectionate attention which she would have shown her own sister, and added to her other kindnesses that of educating her. Mrs. Randolph's intercourse with her husband's family was marked by the most perfect self-abnegation, and there was not a member of it whose affection and boundless esteem she did not command. A proof of this was the fact that if the brother was ever the object of any ill will it was never extended to his wife.

Her husband's family not only visited Mrs. Randolph in her own house, but in her father's. She was always a comforter to them in distress, and not rarely a nurse for themselves and their children in sickness. One of her sisters-in-law being with her on one occasion in delicate health, she took the trouble to attach the invalid's little boy to her, though she had her own young children around her, that his suffering mother might be relieved of the care of her son, who soon became devoted to "auntie." The following letter was written soon after the move to Edgehill:

MARTHA JEFFERSON RANDOLPH TO THOMAS JEFFERSON.

"EDGEHILL, January 30, 1800.

"I have this moment received your two letters to Mr. Randolph and myself (together), and by the same post one from Mr. Eppes, informing me of the loss of his child. My heart is torn by an event which carries death to hopes so long and fondly cherished by my poor sister. I would give the world to fly to her comfort at this moment; but having been disappointed before in doing what perhaps my anxiety only termed a moral duty (visiting her during her confinement), I am afraid to indulge any more hopes upon that subject. To your in-

quiries respecting poor Jupiter,* he too has paid the debt to nature. Finding himself no better on his return home, he unfortunately considered himself poisoned, and went to consult the negro doctor who attended the Georges. He went into the house to see Uncle Randolph, who gave him some brandy, which he drank, and seemed to be as well as he had been for some time past, after which he had a dose from his black doctor, who pronounced that it would kill or cure. Two hours and a half after taking the medicine he fell down in a strong convulsion fit, which lasted from ten to eleven hours, during which time it took three stout men to hold him. He languished nine days, but was never heard to speak from the first of his being seized to the moment of his death. Ursula,† I fear, is going in the same manner with her husband and son. . . . The doctor, I understand, had also given her 'means,' as they term it, and upon Jupiter's death has absconded. I should think his murder sufficiently manifest to come under the cognizance of the law. . . . Adieu, my dearest father. I have written this with the messenger who is to carry it, at my elbow, patiently waiting."

The picture of the negro doctor and his method of practice given in this letter is a perfect illustration of the strange ideas of the science of medicine entertained by his race. To them it is half science, half witchcraft. In by-gone days in Virginia, on almost every plantation there was some favored individual, either male or female, among the slaves who was thought to be endowed with the power of effecting wonderful cures by means of curious signs and mysteriously compounded drugs. Their ideas of physiology were particularly striking; the palate, for instance, being supposed to be held in place by a particular lock of hair on the crown of the head. If in an attack of sore throat the palate "was down," the inspired physician was called in to raise it by tying up the "palate-lock."

Hospitable as Jefferson and his daughter both were, the

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* Mr. Jefferson's coachman and favorite servant.

† Another servant.

crowds of visitors who thronged the open doors at Monticello were naturally at times a great annoyance and burden. The two interesting letters which follow show how much this was the case in the summer visits which Jefferson paid to Monticello during his terms of office.

MARTHA JEFFERSON RANDOLPH TO THOMAS JEFFERSON.

"EDGEHILL, January 31, 1801.

". . . I am delighted that your return will be at a season when we shall be able to enjoy your company without interruption. I was at Monticello last spring one day before the arrival of any one, and one day more of interval between the departure of one family and the arrival of another; after which time I never had the pleasure of passing one sociable moment with you. Always in a crowd, taken from every useful and pleasing duty to be worried with a multiplicity of disagreeable ones, which the entertaining of such crowds of company subjects one to in the country, I suffered more in seeing you always at a distance than if you had still been in Philadelphia; for then at least I should have enjoyed in anticipation those pleasures which we were deprived of by the concourse of strangers which continually crowded the house when you were with us. I find myself every day becoming more averse to company. I have lost my relish for what is usually deemed pleasure, and duties incompatible with it have supplanted all other enjoyments in my breast,—the education of my children, to which I have long devoted every moment that I could command, but which is attended with more anxiety now as they increase in age without making the acquirements which other children do. My two eldest are uncommonly backward in everything; much more so than many others who have not had half the pains taken with them. Ellen is wonderfully apt; I shall have no trouble with her; but the two others excite serious anxiety with regard to their intellect. Of Jefferson my hopes were so little sanguine that I discovered with some surprise and pleasure that he was quicker than I had ever thought it possible for him to be. But he

has lost so much time, and will necessarily lose so much more before he can be placed at a good school, that I am very unhappy about him. Anne does not want memory, but she does not improve. She appears to me to learn absolutely without profit. Adieu, my dear father; we are all fearfully anxious to see you. Ellen counts the weeks and continues scoring up complaints against Cornelia, whom she is perpetually threatening with your displeasure. Long is the list of misdemeanors which is to be communicated to you, amongst which the stealing of two potatoes, carefully preserved two whole days for you, but at last stolen by Cornelia, forms a weighty article. Adieu again, dearest, best-beloved father. Two long months before we shall see you. In the mean time rest assured of the first place in the heart of your affectionate child."

To this letter the following beautiful and touching answer was written,—beautiful in its efforts to quiet the anxieties about her children of an inexperienced and ambitious young mother; touching in the cry with which it closes for that rest in the bosom of his family which this devoted father was never to enjoy:

THOMAS JEFFERSON TO MARTHA JEFFERSON RANDOLPH.

"WASHINGTON, February 5, 1801.

"MY DEAR MARTHA,—Yours of January 31st is this moment put into my hands, and the departure of the post obliges me to answer on the same day. I am much afflicted to learn that your health is not good. . . . I have formed a different judgment of both Ann and Jefferson from what you do; of Ann positively, of Jefferson possibly. I think her apt, intelligent, good-humored, and of a soft and affectionate disposition, and that she will make a pleasant, amiable, and respectable woman. Of Jefferson's disposition I have formed a good opinion, and have not suffered myself to form any opinion, either good or bad, of his genius. It is not every heavy-seeming boy which makes a man of judgment, but I never

yet saw a man of judgment who had not been a heavy-seeming boy, nor knew a boy of what is called sprightly parts become a man of judgment. But I set much less store by talents than good dispositions, and shall be perfectly happy to see Jefferson a good man, an industrious farmer, and beloved among all his neighbors. By cultivating these dispositions in him,—and they may be immensely strengthened by culture,—we may insure his and our happiness; and genius itself can propose no other object. Nobody can ever have felt so severely as myself the prostration of family society from the circumstance you mention. Worn down here with pursuits in which I take no delight, surrounded by enemies and spies, catching and perverting every word which falls from my lips or flows from my pen, and inventing where facts fail them, I pant for that society where all is peace and harmony, where we love and are beloved by every object we see; and to have that intercourse of soft affections crushed and suppressed by the eternal presence of strangers goes very hard indeed, and the harder as we see that the candle of life is burning out, so that the pleasures we lose are lost forever. But there is no remedy. The present manners and usages of our country are laws we cannot repeal. They are altering by degrees, and you will live to see the hospitality of the country reduced to the visiting hours of the day, and the family left to tranquillity in the evening. It is wise, therefore, under the necessity of our present situation, to view the pleasing side of the medal, and to consider that these visits are evidences of the general esteem which we have all our lives been trying to merit. The character of those we receive is very different from the loungers who infest the houses of the wealthy in general, nor can it be relieved in our case but by a revolting conduct which would undo the whole labor of our lives. It is a valuable circumstance that it is only through a particular portion of the year that these inconveniences arise. The election by the House of Representatives being on Wednesday next, and the next our post-day, I shall be able to tell you something certain about it by my next letter. I believe it will be as the people

have wished; but this depends on the will of a few moderate men, and they may be controlled by their party. I long to see the time approach when I can be returning to you, though it may be for a short time only. These are the only times that existence is of any value to me. Continue, then, to love me, my ever-dear Martha, and be assured that to yourself, your sister, and those dear to you, everything in my life is devoted. Ambition has no hold on me but through you. My personal affections would fix me forever with you. Present me affectionately to Mr. Randolph. Kiss the dear little objects of our mutual love, and be assured of the constancy and tenderness of mine to you. Adieu."

Read in the light of subsequent events, the interest in these letters increases; for the "heavy-seeming" boy, the object of such tender solicitude, grew up indeed to be the "man of judgment," whose loving arms in the hour of adversity were the stay and support of this anxious mother and fond grandfather, as the warmth of his affections was their joy. After a long life of usefulness and self-sacrifice, sinking to rest with the declaration on his lips that it had been his rule through life to repress all feelings of resentment for any wrong done him, he was borne to his grave amid the most touching expressions and evidences of the love which his friends and neighbors bore him, while with him was buried a fund of varied information, knowledge, and wisdom which there are few who might not envy.

As usual, Mr. Jefferson spent the summer this year (1801) at Monticello, his two daughters and the little grandchildren being with him. In a letter written in the spring of 1802, Mrs. Randolph alludes to her father's return home in the summer, and to the pleasure of their meeting at Monticello,—"though not, on my side," she adds, "unmixed with pain when I think it will be a precursor of a return to the world from which I have been so long secluded and for which my habits render me every way unfit." This dreaded "return to the world" was an anticipated visit to Washington, which did not take

place, owing to the illness of Mrs. Randolph's children. In the same letter written to announce this disappointment to her father, she tells him of the illness of one of his servants, and speaks of having sat up with him, together with a lady friend, "all night, until the doctor could arrive, which was not until after daylight." She expresses great sympathy with the sufferings of her "fellow-creature," and speaks of "the fortunate circumstance of his being with us rather than at home, for if nursing and the most unwearied attention can save him, he shall not want; for Mr. Randolph, the doctor, and myself have been hourly with him." What could be more pleasing than this picture of the high-bred lady watching beside the bed of her father's faithful slave during the long hours of the night, and not being willing during the day to intrust the care of him entirely to others?

The two sisters, with their families, again passed the summer with their father at Monticello in 1802, and in October, after his return to Washington, he wrote to insist on their coming to pay him the long-promised visit there. In reply to this summons the following letter was written:

MARTHA JEFFERSON RANDOLPH TO THOMAS JEFFERSON.

"October 29.

"DEAR PAPA,—We received your letter, and are prepared with all speed to obey its summons. By next Friday I hope we shall be able to fix a day; and probably the shortest time in which the horses can be sent after receiving our letter will determine it, though as yet it is not certain that we can get off so soon. Will you be so good as to send orders to the milliner,—Madame Peck, I believe her name is,—through Mrs. Madison, who very obligingly offered to execute any little commission for us to Philadelphia, for two wigs of the color of the hair inclosed, and of the most fashionable shapes, that they may be in Washington when we arrive? They are universally worn, and will relieve us as to the necessity of dressing our own hair, a business in which neither of us are adepts. I believe Madame Peck is in the habit of doing these

things when desired, and they can be procured in a short time from Philadelphia, where she corresponds, much handsomer than elsewhere. Adieu, dearest father."

The long-delayed visit to Washington was made this fall, and the two sisters gladdened their father's heart by spending a portion of the winter with him. Mrs. Randolph was in very bad health, having an abscess on her lungs, and her physician, fearing she might have consumption, advised her to spend the winter in Bermuda. She left home, therefore, with the intention of staying a short time only in Washington, and then going on to Bermuda.

The journey from Edgehill to Washington was generally accomplished in four days. The roads were execrable, and the only mode of conveyance was a private carriage. For Mrs. Randolph the journey itself, so much dreaded, proved to be most beneficial, as at the end of the first day the abscess on her lungs broke, and the improved condition of her health which followed was such that the intended trip to Bermuda was abandoned.

The pleasure of this trip to Washington seems to have been unalloyed, and the two sisters, who thus emerged from the seclusion in which they had been living in their quiet country homes in Virginia, to plunge into the gayeties of the capital of the nation, showed no want of zest in the enjoyment of them. To Mrs. Randolph it was the first glimpse of the world which she had seen since she had enjoyed the delights of the brilliant society at the court of Louis XVI. As the daughters of the President they would, under all circumstances, have received attention and admiration; but there were graces of mind and person in the two sisters which would have secured these for them had they been no other than what they assumed to be, Virginia ladies. Years afterwards Mrs. Madison would describe with great delight the impression which they made when going into society together that winter. The singular beauty of Mrs. Eppes caused all eyes to be riveted on her when her lovely face and graceful form appeared in the door-

way, while the charm of Mrs. Randolph's manner, her vivacity and her powers of conversation made her the centre of a group not less enthusiastic in their admiration of her than of her beautiful sister.

There was the usual round of balls, parties, and dinners, in all of which Mrs. Randolph participated. To Mr. Jefferson the burdens and cares of public life were lightened by the presence of the two beings who were dearer to him than life itself, and it was one of the very few occasions in his public career when he enjoyed, while at his post, the sweets of daily family intercourse.

The two sisters left Washington in January and returned to the quiet of their country homes in Virginia. The family was again reunited at Monticello in the summer, when the condition of Mrs. Eppes's health was such as to excite grave apprehensions about her, which were too sadly realized in the course of the twelvemonth. Mr. Jefferson's two sons-in-law following him to Washington in the fall to take their places in Congress, Mrs. Eppes was easily persuaded to spend the winter with her sister at Edgehill. She needed indeed the tender care and attention which her sister alone could give, and these last months that they were destined to be together on earth were thus passed in the closest and most intimate intercourse. It was a period of great physical suffering to one and of the keenest mental anguish to the other.

Every attention that love and tenderness could suggest Mrs. Eppes received from her sister, who left her chamber and her own infant that she might assist in taking care of the invalid and her child at night. That there was no improvement in her condition during the fall and winter we learn from the anxious tone of her father's letters, in one of which he expresses the hope that the evening post would bring news of her.

But the good news of the invalid never came. Her child was born in February, and there was a flare-up of her strength which revived hopes of her ultimate recovery, and, in an outburst of joy betokening the relief of long-restrained anxiety, her father writes to congratulate her on hearing of her well-

doing. "A thousand joys to you, my dear Maria," he writes, adding, "I rejoice indeed that all is so well." Alas for hopes destined so soon to be blighted! for Mrs. Eppes soon grew worse, and sank steadily until, about the middle of April, surrounded by those she had loved first and last, this beautiful young woman passed away from earth.

For the first few hours after her sister's death Mrs. Randolph's grief was so violent that one attack of hysterics succeeded another. At last she received a message from her father begging her to come to him. She made a desperate effort to control her feelings, and went to his room. She found him with the Bible in his hands and composed, but on seeing her enter the room he gave way to his feelings, and a violent outburst of grief ensued from both. As soon as he recovered himself sufficiently to speak, he exclaimed, "Oh, my daughter, I did not send for you to witness my weakness, for I thought I could control myself, but to comfort me with your presence." Those words, and the thought they suggested, that she alone could be his comforter, instantly gave her strength to master her grief for his sake. "I felt at once strong," she said in after-years to one of her children, in describing this painful scene. It was, perhaps, the greatest proof she could have given of her filial devotion, that even in the first wild moments of her agonizing grief for the beautiful young sister to whom she had been half mother, her father's first cry of distress should have centred her thoughts on him and made her control her own feelings in her desire to soothe his.

The loss of this loved daughter made Mr. Jefferson cling with increased tenderness to the one still spared him. The winter after her sister's death Mrs. Randolph had a severe illness, of which her father was not informed until she had recovered from its effects. As soon as he heard of her having been ill, however, he wrote to reproach her for not having told him sooner of the danger she had been in, and assured her that but for business he should have gone to her even then as "fast as my horses could carry me." The anxiety he

expresses about her health, and his entreaties to her to take care of herself, are touching. In reply she writes,—

"Nothing could have been farther from my mind, dearest father, than the idea of exciting alarm in that bosom which it has been the study of my life to soothe and comfort. . . . I feel my importance with regard to yourself, my helpless little girls and their father, whose joint affection gives to life a value which cannot fail to render me sedulously attentive to the preservation of it. For your sake, my dear father, particularly will I be careful of myself, that your declining years may not be embittered by the loss of their last prop. Adieu, with every sentiment of affection."

Mrs. Randolph only visited Washington twice while her father was President. The first visit was made, as we have seen, with her sister; the second in the winter of 1805–6, when she took with her her whole family, now consisting of six daughters and one son. On the occasion of this visit the wife of the British Minister sent to ask if Mrs. Randolph had come to Washington as the President's daughter, or as the wife of a Virginia gentleman. If as the first, she would make the first call; if as the second, she would expect it. It not being the etiquette for natives, whether residents of the city or not, to call first on foreign ministers, Mrs. Randolph, under her father's instructions, replied that she was in Washington as the wife of a Virginia gentleman, and as such expected the first call from the wife of the British Minister. It is almost needless to add that the ladies did not exchange visits.

Mrs. Randolph had ample opportunities for indulging her taste for society during this winter spent in the President's house. He entertained a great deal, and in a style becoming the station which he held. This he did more from a sense of duty than a taste for company, which was often a serious burden to him and added greatly to the fatigues of his official duties. Three times a week he had dinner-parties, the company invited being members of Congress, or the citizens, and any distinguished foreigners who might be in town. Among the distinguished guests entertained by the President this winter

was the ambassador from Tunis, who, being the latest arrival, was the lion of the day.

True to their Oriental ideas, this embassy came loaded with superb presents for the President and his daughters, and, equally true to his ideas of propriety, Mr. Jefferson did not allow these to enter his house. They were accepted with due form and courtesy at the State Department, then sold, and the money from the sale placed in the Treasury as belonging to the government.

In a society composed of such varied elements as that which was entertained at her father's hospitable board, naturally many incidents occurred which afforded amusement to one with such a keen sense for the ridiculous as Mrs. Randolph. Those who knew her well can remember still with what zest she related even late in life many a good story with which that winter furnished her. A close observer of everything going on around her, and a good judge of character, she had a fund of anecdotes which added not a little to the interest of her conversation, always gay and sprightly.

But there were incidents, partaking in no way of the ridiculous, which revealed to this high-toned lady party hate and malignity such as she had never dreamt of in the simple and pure life of her quiet Virginia home. In the early part of Mr. Jefferson's administration gambling was indulged in to a great extent in Washington, the vice extending to women of high position. On the occasion of some evening entertainment, when perhaps cards formed one of the amusements, a Northern member of Congress asked Mrs. Randolph to join him in a game. She declined, but in a short time he renewed his invitation. She again declined; but on his repeating the request the third time she assured him, in a manner which could but carry conviction, that there was not a game of cards that she could play. "Is it possible, madam!" the gentleman exclaimed. "Why, with us the universal impression is that you are the greatest gambler in the country, and that if a person wants office nothing would favor him so much as having lost money with the President's daughter."

John Randolph of Roanoke was at this time in Congress. It must have been in his intercourse with Mrs. Randolph during this winter that he learned to know her so well and so to appreciate her worth and talents that later, when her health was proposed at a gentleman's dinner in Virginia, at a time too when he was one of her father's bitterest political foes, he seconded the toast with the exclamation, "Yes, gentlemen, let us drink to the noblest woman in Virginia." The impression she made on foreigners was not less favorable. The polished Marquis de Yrujo, who was then Spanish Ambassador in Washington, said she was fitted to grace any court in Europe.

But not in the delights of society, not in the charms of conversation with men of talents and polish,—charms so fascinating to a woman of culture,—did she find her greatest happiness in this visit to Washington. That was in being so constantly in her father's society, and in the intimate and unreserved intercourse which existed between them. Her reverence for him, which amounted almost to adoration, did not prevent her sharing every thought with him and finding in him the tenderest sympathizer with her every joy and sorrow, whether trivial or great. The death of the beautiful and tenderly-loved member of this devoted trio seemed to have drawn the two remaining more closely together than ever. Mrs. Randolph had access to her father's apartment at all hours; and when an unusual press of business left him no spare moment to give even to her, the key of his room was put in the lock on the outside of the door; as a sign that if possible he must not be disturbed, but that if she chose *she* could enter.

From an interesting account of Mrs. Randolph's life at this period, written by her daughter Mrs. Trist, I make the following extract:

"My mother's second visit to her father was in the winter of 1805–6. She had then lost her sister. My aunt left two children, Francis and Maria Jefferson. The little girl was only a few months old, and did not long survive her mother.

Francis passed that winter under my mother's care, his father being still in Congress. One of my brothers was born that same winter,—the first birth which took place in the White House. He was called James Madison. Mrs. Madison was an intimate and much-valued friend of my mother's, and her amiable playful manners with children attracted my sisters and myself and made her a great favorite with us. . . . My oldest sister, Anne, completed her fifteenth year that winter, and was not yet going into society; but my mother permitted her to go to a ball under the care of a lady friend, who requested that my sister might go to her house to dress and accompany her own daughter, near her age, to the ball. My sister excited great admiration on that occasion. She had a 'remarkably classic head,' as I remember hearing an Italian artist remark at Monticello upon seeing her there after she was the mother of several children. Her hair was a beautiful auburn, and her complexion had a delicate bloom very becoming to her; and with the freshness of fifteen I can readily imagine how strikingly handsome she was. My mother, accompanied by Mrs. Cutts, went to the ball at a late hour. She was very short-sighted; and, seeing my sister entering the ball-room, she asked Mrs. Cutts, 'Who is that beautiful girl?' Mrs. Cutts, much amused, answered, 'Why, woman, are you so unnatural a mother as not to recognize your own daughter?'

" . . . A lasting impression was made on my memory by the reception in one of the drawing-rooms of the Tunisian Ambassador and suite,—the brilliantly-lighted room, the odd appearance to my puzzled senses of the rich Turkish dresses, and my alarm at receiving a kiss from the secretary of the ambassador, whilst one of my sisters, just two years old, whose Saxon complexion and golden hair made her a beautiful picture, was honored by a kiss from the ambassador. I heard of the elegant presents brought by them for my mother and aunt, which were publicly exhibited and sold. My mother wished to purchase one of the shawls intended for her; but when Mrs. Madison went to make the purchase she found that she had been anticipated by another person.

The talk about these presents could not, of course, fail to greatly excite my curiosity; but my desire to see them was not gratified. My grandfather did not allow them to be brought to the President's house."

The following letter, written after Mrs. Randolph's return home, is a vivid picture of the anxious mother at the bedside of an ill child:

MARTHA JEFFERSON RANDOLPH TO THOMAS JEFFERSON.

"EDGEHILL, July 12, 1806.

"I have suffered so much from fatigue and anxiety since my return home that I have not had spirit to write to my dearest father. The day Mr. Randolph left me I discovered my dear Ellen to be very ill. . . . The speed with which Mr. R. moves and accomplishes his business prevented my sending for him, as he could only have been brought back two days sooner than he intended to return. His business was very urgent; and the heat of the weather, his anxiety and fatigue would have endangered his health so much that I determined to depend on my own strength and the advice of the physician. The complaint from the beginning seemed to be of the most inveterate kind, with so much fever that she became through the day delirious, but employing every lucid interval in reading. Judge of my feelings, my dearest father, at seeing her escaping from me so rapidly, and often, when hanging over her in agonies indescribable, to have some question of natural history, which she was reading at the time, addressed to me by the little sufferer, the activity of whose mind even the most acute bodily pain was never capable of subduing! She sank at last in a state of stupor, which, however, seldom left her. She was as certainly saved by bleeding, my dear father, as others have been killed by it. Thank God, the fever has intermitted. Ann wrote to you when the crisis had taken place in consequence of the bleeding, and myself, exhausted with watching, want of food, and anxiety, had taken to my bed under a severe illness. But, thanks to the very judicious and friendly attention and management of my case by Doctors Everett and

Gilmer, who by sitting up with Ellen relieved me from care and anxiety, I was not confined more than five days. The feverish derangement lasted ten days; and to the false strength which that gave me I was indebted for the incessant attention night and day which it enabled me to give my darling, and by which perhaps she was saved. The others were all of them sick at the same time, and required also unwearied attention to their diet, that they might not be suffered to get too low. Jane from home, and not a female friend to assist me,—I reflect, with horror that no language can depict, upon that week."

The two years which elapsed between Mrs. Randolph's visit to Washington and her father's final return to Monticello, freed at last from the splendid torments of public life, were spent by her in her quiet home at Edgehill. Though her life there was so hidden from the world, its duties and its cares were very great. The mother of seven children, the mistress of a Virginia plantation, and with her husband's finances always in an embarrassed condition, she had her full measure of troubles and care. Yet her good sense, her spirit of self-sacrifice, and her bright, happy temper bore her in triumph through every trial. The "little girls," for whose sakes we have seen her expressing such anxiety to live, never had any other instructor than their mother; and few women could boast a better education than they received. So admirable was her system of instruction, and so great her power of inspiring her young scholars with a desire to learn, that she found it oftener necessary to use the curb than the spur with them.

Excellent as she was both as the loyal wife and devoted attentive mother, yet it was perhaps as the kind and thoughtful mistress that Mrs. Randolph's superior traits of character shone forth. Only those thoroughly familiar with plantation-life as it was in Virginia can appreciate the fact that the mistress of a large landed estate was the greatest slave on it. On her devolved the duty of seeing that the slaves were properly provided with clothes and abundance of wholesome food, and

that when sick they received every attention. She, too, was their friend in every trouble, in sickness or in health, and into her sympathizing ear were poured their idle or just complaints of wrongs, fancied or real. With what patience, with what fidelity, and with what kindness of heart Mrs. Randolph discharged these various duties, the devotion of her slaves sufficiently testified. Sunday, she often said, was no day of rest to her, for that was the chosen day on which the old negro women asked an audience of their mistress and made their wants known to her.

On every well-regulated Virginia plantation the wool from the flocks upon it was spun into yarn and manufactured by the women into very excellent cloth. To have an eye to all the details of this operation was no easy task, and required no little executive talent; but Mrs. Randolph proved herself equal to it. No greater proof, perhaps, of the almost Homeric simplicity of life in Virginia at that day could be given than the picture of this lady, with the tastes and accomplishments which might have adorned a princess, giving out to her maid-servants wool which they were in due time to return to her manufactured into a given amount of properly-woven cloth. One is reminded of the Greek matrons presiding over the work of their handmaidens.

Occasional visits from a friend or neighbor, new books sent by her father, her harpsichord, and the constant companionship of her children, were the relaxations Mrs. Randolph had in her busy but, as far as variety and amusement went, dull and monotonous life at Edgehill. All visits from neighbors were generally to spend the day,—taken in its literal sense,—and not to make morning calls. Nor was it a mark of intimacy to make such a visit without special invitation: a carriage driving to the door was often the first intimation the hostess had that she was to have company to dinner. Such being the custom, it was the necessary fashion to come early, as early even as eleven or twelve o'clock, that the lady of the house might have time to make suitable additions to her dinner. The visitors generally came with their knitting

or embroidery, sustained an animated conversation with the ladies of the house for an hour or two, which was followed by a mutually agonizing period of suppressed yawns, until dinner—always an excellent one—was announced. The meal being over, the company set out almost immediately for home, which was generally reached after dark and after a drive of seven or even twelve miles over execrable roads.

The happiest days in all the year for the mother and children at Edgehill were those on which the dear grandfather came from Washington to spend a few weeks at Monticello. His journey was generally so timed that he arrived at Edgehill to breakfast, and when he started for Monticello, a few hours later, he was accompanied by his daughter and the little grandchildren, whose bright, happy faces were radiant with delight as they turned towards the beautiful spot which they already knew and loved as their home. At last the days of separation were ended; and great was the joy which filled the hearts of this father and daughter the morning he arrived, not as the President of the United States on a hurried visit to his country home, but as the private citizen, who was never again to be deprived by the discharge of official duties of the sweet pleasures of domestic life for which he had so long sighed. The move to Monticello this time was permanent, and during her father's life it never ceased to be the home of Mrs. Randolph and her children.

The early days of this return home, before he began to realize the extent of his financial embarrassments, was, perhaps, both to Jefferson and his daughter the happiest period of their lives. It must have been with infinite satisfaction that she saw herself established with her family in the home of her childhood, and her children growing up around her father with a love and veneration inferior only to her own. His intercourse with them was very charming, and many a spring day they were seen trooping after him as he went from flower-bed to flower-bed, planting seed that were soon to present to their longing and impatient gaze flowers which they thought wonders of beauty.

Mrs. Randolph presided over her father's establishment, and, in addition to the trouble which the entertainment of crowds of visitors involved, the "spinning-room" fell under her province here, as at Edgehill. Years afterwards, an old negro woman, while speaking with some pride of having been one of the "spinners" at Monticello, added, "Oh, we were so bad and troublesome, I wonder how mistress had the patience to bear with us as she did!" Her favorite recreations were reading and the cultivation of flowers. Music, too, remained a great resource to her, and it was her habit to play after tea every evening for her father, whose passion for music is well known. After his death she did not play as much as she had formerly done, but it was noticed that she was careful not to forget his favorite pieces, which she continued to play to the day of her death.

Now and then the arrival of a distinguished foreigner at Monticello afforded Mrs. Randolph an opportunity of listening to conversations whose wit and eloquence reminded her of the brilliant talkers at the court of Louis XVI. Few men of note came to America who did not visit Monticello. There Kosciusko told the tale of Poland's wrongs and sorrows to a sympathizing and eagerly listening audience; there the Abbé Corréa de Sena, the accomplished Portuguese philosopher, displayed his wonderful powers of conversation, so eloquent and so brilliant, yet so simple and full of grace, that even children felt the spell of its charm; there, too, La Fayette moved his hearers to tears by the recital of the horrors of the dungeon of Olmütz, whence he had emerged shattered in health and maimed for life by the hardships undergone there.

Enlivened as it occasionally was by such visitors, the life at Monticello was very delightful. The place being surrounded by scenes whose beauty baffles description, mere existence there would have been a pleasure to one so appreciative of nature as Mrs. Randolph. Great was the delight of a life when to this pleasure was added the far greater one of daily and intimate intercourse with those she loved best, and the frequent enjoyment of a society at her father's table

which in refinement and intelligence could compare favorably with any in the world. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that, with such surroundings and associations, Mrs. Randolph and her children should have been devotedly attached to their home at Monticello.

The most welcome perhaps of all the guests was the Abbé Corréa, called in Paris the learned Portuguese, and ranked by De Candolle with, if not above, Cuvier and Humboldt. He resided for many years in Philadelphia, and visited Monticello every summer or autumn, staying sometimes three weeks at a time. The least troublesome of visitors, the most amiable of men, as well as the most charming and interesting of companions, his arrival was hailed with delight by the servants, children, and grown people of the household. Botanizing was his favorite occupation, and in this he found an enthusiastic companion in Mr. Randolph himself, the best botanist in Virginia. They spent hours almost every day in wandering together through the woods and fields, studying the flora of the country. In these long strolls he often stopped short to talk awhile with his companion, when his conversation was so animated and earnest that it was impossible not to listen to him with interest, though the inconvenience of these long delays in the return home was often great. He was of low stature and ungainly in his appearance, but with a noble head, and large dark eyes beaming with intelligence and good humor. The great cordiality and perfect simplicity of his manner were exceedingly attractive to children, of whom he was very fond. He was well versed in the history and politics of Europe, and his powers of conversation were unsurpassed, the delight and admiration of all who were with him. The room which he generally occupied while the guest of Jefferson is still pointed out as the "Abbé Corréa's chamber."

In 1824, Mrs. Randolph welcomed to Monticello, as a broken-down old man and refugee from his country, the General La Fayette whom she had known as a dashing young officer, the darling of the French nation. The touching meeting between himself and his loved Jefferson has been

often described by those who witnessed it. But not less interesting than their meeting were the conversations between these two old men on the occasion of this visit. When in the freedom of conversation over their wine after dinner they reverted to the stirring scenes of their early lives, its reminiscences and incidents, so animated did they become, with such eloquence did they speak, that, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, the rest of the company involuntarily left their seats at the table and grouped themselves around the two sages, that they might not lose one of the eloquent words which fell from their lips.

It was while dining at a neighbor's house with one of his distinguished guests that an incident occurred which so well illustrates the extreme amiability of Jefferson's character that I cannot refrain from inserting it here. The gentleman of the house was noted for his imperious and peevish temper. It was already past the hour, and dinner not announced, and the host's darkened brow betrayed his ill-suppressed impatience. Mr. Jefferson and some other guests happened to be standing near a door in the hall that looked down a side-passage into which the staircase leading from the kitchen opened. A servant, aware perhaps of his master's brewing wrath, came running in all haste up the staircase carrying a dish with a roast turkey in it, and as he made a sudden turn out flew the turkey and fell upon the floor. The poor domestic stood dumfounded, with the empty dish in his hand; but Mr. Jefferson, who alone had seen the catastrophe, stepped forward instantly, and, picking up the turkey by its two ends, with the tips of his fingers replaced it in the dish, as he whispered kindly to the frightened waiter, "Never mind: put the turkey on table, and say nothing of this."

Mrs. Randolph was the mother of twelve children, five sons and seven daughters. Of these last the second died when an infant, and the youngest, from being the seventh, was named Septimia. In allusion to this, the Abbé Corréa used to say, "Your daughters, Mrs. Randolph, are like the Pleiades: they are called seven, but six only are seen." The

eldest daughter, Anne, who is described as having been so beautiful, was married when quite young to Mr. Bankhead. Some years later, while Monticello was still their mother's home, two of the other sisters were married, Ellen to Mr. Coolidge, of Boston, and Virginia to Mr. Trist.

The clergyman who officiated on these occasions was Mr. Hatch, of Charlottesville, an Episcopal minister, and the only clergyman of any denomination in the village. An incident occurred connected with him which is too illustrative of the primitive customs of the country at that day not to be related here. Mr. Hatch was on a visit to Monticello one day, when Mr. Jefferson was suddenly summoned from his library to see some persons awaiting him on the lawn in front of his door, and who had come on "urgent business." On going out he found two countrymen on horseback, each with a woman mounted *en croupe* behind him. Their business was soon explained. They had come from their homes, fifteen or twenty miles off, to Charlottesville, one couple to be married, the other, as their friends, to witness the ceremony, and they were all to return home that day. When they reached Charlottesville they were told Mr. Hatch had gone to Monticello to spend the day. Not being able to await his return, they had followed him, and called Mr. Jefferson out to lay the state of the case before him. Assuring them that everything should be arranged to their satisfaction, he kindly insisted upon their dismounting, and, conducting them into the house, sent to the drawing-room for Mr. Hatch, and had the ceremony performed in his own presence in the large hall, with such members of the household as chose to witness the ceremony. This being over, the happy couple, accompanied by their friends, mounted their steed, and made their wedding-journey back home, and have doubtless since related many a time to their children's children the story of their trouble about the parson, and of the kind way in which they were helped out of it by the old man who lived on the little mountain.

The happy days at Monticello were happy indeed, but there was a reverse to the medal. With some charming guests

there came crowds who were attracted either by curiosity to see the retired statesman or by the desire to spend a few days, or even weeks, at a pleasant country place. The number thus entertained was very great; and, annoying as it was to have one's home so thronged with company,—often self-invited,—the expense it entailed was a still greater evil, for with the guests came their servants and horses. The state of Mr. Jefferson's affairs, already so embarrassed when he left public life, could not stand this additional burden, and the correspondence of both himself and his daughter betrays an anxiety as to their finances increasing with each year. It was but the foreshadowing of the grave results which were to follow.

Mr. Randolph's generosity to others brought bankruptcy on himself, and Mrs. Randolph could now look only to her father, whose own fortunes were tottering, for aid and support for herself and children. In one of her letters written at this time she speaks of her son Jefferson's assuming his father's unpaid debts, of his exertions in his grandfather's behalf which had saved his property from a forced sale; "and the sacrifices made by such," Mrs. Randolph writes, "would have deprived his revered head of a shelter in his old age. My spirits," she adds, "and consequently my health, are beginning to recover from the dreadful effects of this agitating crisis." What mental anguish these lines reveal! And yet there was a sorer trial in store for her. A few weeks after they were written, her daughter Mrs. Bankhead died, in February, 1826.

The two following letters so touchingly reveal the sorrows of this sorely-tried family that I cannot refrain from inserting them here. Mr. Jefferson Randolph was in Richmond at the time they were written, trying to get permission from the legislature for his grandfather to sell a portion of his property by lottery.

THOMAS JEFFERSON TO THOMAS JEFFERSON RANDOLPH.

"MONTICELLO, February 11, 1826.

"Bad news, my dear Jefferson, as to your sister Anne. She expired about half an hour ago. I have been so ill for

several days that I could not go to see her till this morning, and found her speechless and insensible. She breathed her last about eleven o'clock. Heaven seems to be overwhelming us with every form of misfortune, and I expect your next will give me the *coup de grâce*. Affectionately adieu."

THOMAS JEFFERSON RANDOLPH TO THOMAS JEFFERSON.

"RICHMOND, February, 1826.

"MY DEAREST GRANDFATHER,—Last night I received yours of 11th conveying the heart-rending intelligence of the death of my beloved sister, an event for which I had been in a manner prepared by previous letters from home, and adding another pang to your afflictions. Let me entreat you to restrain yourself and cheer up with the hope of better times. We have proceeded slowly, but surely, we hope, in your business here. The vote given the other day was without debate on the reading of the bill. . . . It will be certain to be taken up day after to-morrow, and by the next mail I hope to communicate its passage. Preserve yourself for our sakes. If the worst should happen, which I again repeat I do not in the least apprehend, neither my mother nor yourself can ever want comforts as long as you both live. I have property enough for us all, and it shall ever be my pride and happiness to watch over you both with the warmest affection and guard you against the shafts of adversity. How wretched are those possessing large property and unfortunate in the vices and ingratitude of their children! How rich you are in the virtues and devoted attachment of yours! Preserve your health and spirits, and all other ills are but comparative and imaginary, and we shall all, under the worst possible circumstances, be rich enough for our desires. On the passage of this bill, which is not doubted by its friends, our ills will vanish like smoke. Your devoted grandson.

But the ills did not "vanish like smoke." To Mrs. Randolph the great agony of her life—the death of her father—came early in the summer of 1826; a few weeks later another

blow, which could have been second only to that in bitterness, —the almost certain loss of her home,—forced itself on her. In the depreciated condition of property it was found that Jefferson's debts would swallow up his whole estate, and leave his daughter penniless.

The autumn after her father's death, with many anxieties for the future, so veiled in painful uncertainty for her, and with her great sorrow still fresh upon her, Mrs. Randolph went to Boston to spend the winter with her daughter Mrs. Coolidge. Removed from the scene of her recent affliction and the daily cares of her life there, it was thought the change would be beneficial to her health and spirits, as indeed it proved to be. Enjoying the society and being under the watchful care of a much-loved daughter, she received from her son-in-law, Mr. Coolidge, to whom she was sincerely attached, every attention that kindness of heart and the utmost delicacy of feeling could suggest. In the haven their home afforded her she therefore found rest from the trials through which she had just passed, and time to gather strength to meet those still in store for her.

In this visit to Boston Mrs. Randolph was accompanied by her two youngest children, Septimia and George, while the rest of her family spent the winter with her eldest son, Jefferson, who was never so happy as when his mother and her children made his home theirs. The two children with her were placed at school in Boston, Septimia being the first and only one of her daughters who ever went to school. The little George, the youngling of the flock and his mother's darling, who grew up to be a man of such mark and distinction, was not taught his letters until he was eight years old. There was, consequently, some difficulty in finding a suitable school for him, and in one of her first letters from Boston, in mentioning this fact, his mother says,—

"The difficulty seemed irremovable, and I determined to devote myself to him all the morning till the time for dressing for morning visitors, which frittered up my time so that I could do nothing. But a young man who has just left college has

opened a school for the higher branches, but to which he agreed to admit George, with many kind and affectionate expressions for his grandfather, whose name he venerates, and whose grandson he said he should consider it an honor to be permitted to teach anything and everything he knew. So the poor little boy, with tears of shame and mortification at his own ignorance, accompanied Mr. Coolidge yesterday for the first time, and after his return seemed so determined to have his lessons ready that he hardly allowed himself time for his meals."

In another letter she writes of the little boy,—

"George is a very fine boy, and has excited a good deal of interest,—so industrious, so sensible, and so affectionate. The child's attachment to me is becoming a passion. The moment he is out of school he runs home and throws his arms around me. He said yesterday that he thought so much of me in school that it made him unhappy till he returned, and in going he said, 'Thank God, at two o'clock I can see you again.'"

The letters written by Mrs. Randolph from Boston are full of interest, and give a perfect picture of her life at that time. They are addressed to her daughters Mrs. Trist and Miss Mary J. Randolph, whom she had left behind her in Virginia, as we have seen, at their brother Jefferson's house. From these letters I give the extracts which follow. They tell their own sad tale, revealing to us, as they do, the touching picture of a gentle and high-born lady suddenly cast down by fortune and writhing under a great sorrow, which was embittered by the loss both of a home and a support. Yet, unselfish in adversity as in happier days, she feels more for those dear to her than for herself, and bears with courage, calmness, and dignity the reverses of fortune which had fallen so heavily upon her. The first of these extracts was written years after those which follow, but finds its appropriate place here:

EXTRACTS.

"I can well understand what you have suffered for the loss of poor H., and the recurrence of the mind to the days of

early childhood is the natural effect of grief in the first hours of its bitterness. When my dear father first died, my mind for some time was in the state of one in a vision. I lived over my life with him, every circumstance appeared to pass in review through my memory, and if at that moment my thoughts could have been transmitted to paper, it would have constituted a memoir of his private life more complete and perfect than can ever again be written. The journeys that I had made with him in my childhood were still so fresh in my mind that in traveling the same road afterwards in my journey to Boston I was overwhelmed with melancholy recollections. As much as every object had changed, the old scenes, associated with the names of the places we had visited together, rose fresh in my mind to make the contrast yet more bitter. Yet I must do myself the justice to say that, great as that contrast was, it was not that, it was not the loss of fortune and of hope, but of the being on earth I most idolized, and one of whom the thought had for years past become a habit of my mind. His age and his infirmities, and the near termination of that precious life, had long weighed upon my spirits, and the darkness of the future, impervious even to the eye of the imagination, admitted not one ray of light or hope to enlighten the gloom."

"November 22, 1826.

"Now that I shall have my mornings free, I can write regularly to you all, dear children of my heart. I have thought of you but once since I left you, and that was from the morning of our sorrowful parting until the present moment. My health, strength, and spirits have all recruited very much. If hope could ever exist again in my heart, I should say that our prospects are brightening. But I shall never expect good fortune until I lay my hand upon it, and even then I shall wash my face to see if I am really awake and not dreaming. Now that I have become reconciled to the prospect of earning my bread by a school, it remains to be proven whether when the cup of bitterness is actually pressed to my lips I can take it with the same philosophy that I do a necessary medicine that

is to restore health. God help me if that fail! I should not long be here to eat the bread of dependence, or to see my children beggars. Upon their success in life I believe mine depends. Adieu, dearest Virginia. I dare not think of you, or rather give way to my thoughts, anywhere but in the retirement of my own bed-chamber; for, though I can command every other demonstration of grief, the tears will occasionally drop from my eyes when I forget to restrain my sad thoughts, which will revert to past, present, and future scenes, all fraught with wretchedness and anxiety. Adieu again, and God bless you and my other dear children and grandchildren, from N. down to my precious little Willie and P. Remember me to every one of them; to my good neighbors all, and the servants every one. God knows my heart is overflowing with love for many and kindness to all."

"December 12, 1826.

"Perhaps I may get one thousand or twelve hundred dollars from Congress, if they see fit to pay a just debt,—money actually advanced by my dear father, originally five hundred dollars, now, with the interest of twenty years, more than doubled. But that is uncertain, although I have looked to it as a resource to fix up my school. I have fixed my eye so steadily upon the Gorgon's head that it is producing its effect, and I am every day more callous or more resigned to the drudgery of it. If we should succeed and make anything, those profits might be placed in the funds, so as to give a support for the years in which I may no longer be able to do anything for myself. Unfortunately, I was educated as the heiress to a great estate, and was learning music, etc., etc., when I ought to have been acquiring dexterity with my needle; but I believe no good management of mine could, under the circumstances in which we have been placed, have saved the estate, although it might have added, and no doubt would, to the comfort and elegance of our living; but my education may still be the means of procuring us food and raiment."

"December 28, 1826.

"With regard to a removal from the neighborhood, whatever place will be most favorable for our future business will be best for us. Although I still believe we should have the advantage of respect and affection—everything to persons who have lost everything else—in a degree in our own neighborhood, where we are known and appreciated, that as strangers we could hope for nowhere else; but this, after all, is a secondary consideration. I received a letter from your brother (Jefferson) yesterday of so cheerful a tone that it has made me feel more light-hearted than usual, although he still repeats that we have nothing but our own exertions to depend upon. I have never for one moment believed otherwise; but we are all young, and the struggle is over, our minds being made up for the future, and I trust we all have strength of mind sufficient to make the necessary exertion gracefully and cheerfully. I hope Jefferson will be able to assist his brothers, at least till *I* can contribute my share. I write that *I* boldly, because with returning health and strength I feel an energy that I trust will not spend itself in words. . . . We were at an oratorio Christmas eve, where there was certainly a *tintamarre de tous les diables;* but if you ask me about the music I must answer you by a quotation from old Alberti, 'De damn dog make such a noise me no hear de music;'* but I was obliged to keep that to myself, and, praising that which was good, say nothing of the bad. Tell my dear Lewis that I have been made truly happy by hearing how steadily he has been going on with his studies since I left; but they have none of them written to me. Ben's energy of character I depend on to make him a useful member of society if properly applied, and I hope James will not be deficient when he sees us all cheerfully laboring for the same end. God bless you, my dear Mary. Nicholas furnished us with a motto that we ought to adopt: a tree without leaves, and 'reflorebo.' Brighter days will come. This winter will be very serviceable

* A speech made by Alberti when taken to a fox-hunt and asked how he liked the music of the pack of hounds in full cry.

to us all, and when we meet it will be, I hope, to show ourselves worthy of our origin. Through life I have had a bright example of fortitude, cheerfulness, and dignified resignation to unavoidable evil. Once more, God bless you all, my beloved ones.

"Your own devoted mother."

"———, 1826.

"Comfortable as I am here, and sorry as I shall be to leave Ellen, yet, in truth, 'Home is home, be it ever so homely,' and my heart is constantly hovering around it. For myself, as I must resign the spot which sheltered whilst living, and now contains the only earthly remains of my dear, dear father, on my own account I do not care where I go; for your sakes, I wish to do that which is most for your interests, my dear children; but I cannot but look back to Monticello, as Eve did to Paradise after they were driven forth into the wilderness of the world. . . . Excuse this illegible scrawl, but really, inexplicable as it may seem, I have even less time here than at home, and nothing to show for it. We breakfast at half-past eight; at nine the children are gone, and it is nearly ten before I get to my room; at eleven I dress for morning visitors; we dine at half-past two, and the days are already as short here as they are at their shortest in Virginia. The broken intervals in the forenoon I 'mend' for the children and myself, and write. After dinner I strum a little on the piano, and help George and Septimia with their lessons. A most unsatisfactory day it makes, and a very idle one. Mr. C. insists much on my walking, and I really, unless it was the day we played truant from a stupid preacher, have never had time. Adieu."

"December 21, 1826.

"I judge from the manner in which George's schoolmaster encourages and praises him that he has never required the spur. I can say with truth that *I* have never eaten one meal in peace since he has been going to school, for his 'Come, mamma, we are losing time,' rouses me from many a pleasant

conversation. Poor little fellow, it is the only trouble he gives me."

"January 17, 1827.

"When I return we will determine on our future home,—as dear Monticello is out of the question, I presume, for the present at least. I acknowledge I have looked forward to the possibility of returning there at some future day, when our income in money, clear of the enormous encumbrance of those large families of negroes, would permit us to control our expenditures; but it has rather been a vague wish than a hope. However, one prospect of more certain happiness is, my dear daughter, that we shall all meet again and be blessed in each other's society. Wherever our home is, there also will be love and harmony. . . . In writing me the particulars of the sale" (of the furniture at Monticello) "tell me what arrangements have been thought of with regard to a residence; for no doubt the subject must have been much talked of and some places suggested as most desirable. Remember, in all deliberations of the kind, that I shall have no choice but the interest of the family. I still think we shall have to keep a school; and wherever we can do the best in that line will be the wisest choice."

"January 22, 1827.

"I have been very anxious to hear the particulars of the sale at Monticello, and whether the paintings have been taken down yet. My father's two, Jefferson's and mine, will, of course, remain; Mr. Madison's also; I do not think it would be treating so excellent a friend well to sell it. . . . I should also wish that the gold medal given my father by one of the agricultural societies of France, and the beautiful medal of Bonaparte, and Oliver Cromwell's picture, should be retained; also Coffee's bust of Mr. Madison. I hope Jefferson will not think me unreasonable in wishing to retain these. If he thinks it wrong, however, they must go. There were some articles of the furniture that I should have wished bid in for me, but, except my dear father's bedroom furniture (not the clock), and what belonged to you girls, and Septimia's and

George's little presses that your aunt Jane gave them, I did not think I had a right to keep anything else. My heart has been continually hovering about that dear home, and my imagination at work with a minuteness of detail that has spared me nothing but the sight. I know it is necessary; I do not repine; but I cannot but remember that such things were and are most dear to me. Do not think that I give way, my dear daughters, to low spirits. You will find that I have as much exertion and self-command as our necessities demand. I can say no more, nor must you be surprised if at times when I cannot be occupied the unbidden tear will start. The images at the bottom of my heart naturally recur when my attention is not forcibly called from them, and that every hour, nay, every moment, of the day."

"February 13, 1827.

"The marble clock* I should have prized beyond anything on earth, and if, in our circumstances, I had felt myself justifiable in retaining a luxury of that value, that clock, in preference to everything else but the immediate furniture of his bedroom, I should have retained. However, in addition to the loss of the clock, which I regret the more bitterly since I know how near we were getting it, let us not alienate so near a relation and friend, who, I dare say, is sorry for it now that it is past. I am very glad nobody would buy the old sofa, as many a time will my weary limbs rest upon it, without the self-reproach of having retained a luxury, however cheap, that could have been sold. As it was, the high sales of the old furniture only showed the kind disposition of the neighborhood to us."

"February 19, 1827.

"The approach of spring makes my heart turn to dear home and my still dearer children, only to remember that I have no home and am seven hundred miles from so many objects of my love."

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*This clock—the dial between two black marble obelisks—stood on a bracket over Jefferson's bed.

"March 21, 1827.

"Your father speaks of joining McKinney, if he has not a partner, 'somewhere in sight of Monticello.' Oh, how often the words 'dear home' tremble upon my lips and dim my eyes! Will it ever again be my home? And until that question is decided, where is our home to be? I believe it would be more convenient for me to remain here till the fall."

"June 20, 1827.

"God bless you all, my beloved children, from Jefferson down to little P. Remember me to the old ladies particularly, and kiss all the others, boys and girls. Do not forget to say something to our kind neighbors,—they are too many to name them all,—and to the servants, individually and generally. Perhaps if I mention the names of Wormley, Burwell, and Johnny, it will give them pleasure; and I certainly think of them all, male and female, with great kindness."

"———, 1827.

"In our poverty we have still some of the greatest luxuries of wealth,—consideration and respect. I never feel my own dignity more than when in company with a rich *parvenu*. Our poverty is an honorable one. Our wealth, which was great, was not spent in riotous living nor in extravagance, but it was lost by the time and attention which others devote to their private affairs being exclusively devoted by my dear father to his country, in whose service he was worn out. He retired from public life too old to learn, and too infirm to attend to his own business; and this, with causes of expense incident to his situation, is sufficient to account for our condition."

So end the extracts from letters written by Mrs. Randolph during this sad period of her life. She remained in Massachusetts, where she had been joined by one of her daughters, and where she boarded part of the time in Cambridge, until the spring of 1828, when she returned to Virginia. Monticello had not yet been sold, and Mrs. Randolph went there to

spend the summer with her daughters. Her husband, who had been traveling at the South a part of the time which she had spent at the North, was at Monticello when she arrived. She found him in very bad health, and on June 26, 1828, he died.

This stay at the old home, besides being saddened by her husband's death, must have been too fraught with painful associations to have given her any pleasure. The venerable figure of him whose memory consecrated every spot of the loved home was gone; the probability that the place itself would pass into the hands of strangers had now become a certainty; and the lovely landscapes surrounding it, transcendent still in their beauty,—could the joy of hourly gazing upon them, with all the soothing influences of such scenes, be unalloyed while the thought was ever present that that joy would soon belong of right to others? Monticello was sold in December, and Mrs. Randolph removed with her family to the house of her son Jefferson, who lived in sight of the home for which she only ceased to sigh with life itself.

The present condition of the home which it cost this loving woman such a pang, such a heart-wrench, to give up, presents so great a contrast to what it was when occupied by her and those dearest to her that it can but be noted as a striking illustration of the vicissitudes of life. Over a scene whose cheerful aspect and serene, tranquil beauty had seemed to mark it as safe from the changes of fortune there now breathes the spirit of ruin and desolation. The lawn whose soft turf was so often pressed by the eager little feet of the young children of the house, as they ran the race marked off and witnessed by the aged grandfather, is now a waste overgrown with weeds. The terraces, from whence the visitor looked down on scenery unrolled at his feet whose magnificence is almost dazzling, are falling in and not to be trodden.

But within the house the scene is still more painful. The rooms known as the Madison and Abbé Corréa's chambers have within the past few years been sometimes occupied by negro families. The drawing-room, where, amid surroundings which betokened ease and good taste, Jefferson was wont to

spend his evenings with his family, now presents four bare walls, while its beautiful inlaid floor generally bears marks of the dance which the latest picnic party has had upon it. Admission to what were his private apartments is almost always refused. Perhaps it is as well that this should be the case; for I imagine there are few so curious as not to prefer passing by the closed door of Jefferson's library to looking in and seeing it used as a kitchen and the cook busily engaged in giving their dinners to the negro laborers of the farm, while everything about the apartment, black and filthy as it is, would make an Irish hovel seem neat and orderly beside it.

But Nature has remained constant to a spot on which she has lavished so many of her charms. The same lovely views, the same rich scenes, surround it still as those through which she shed her sweetest smiles on its former occupants. She would honor the dead as much as the living; and the undimmed brightness with which the stars pour their soft light upon the graves on that lonely mountain-side shows that as pure an atmosphere still enwraps the whole as when they moved as living beings through scenes in which for long years they have slept the silent sleep of death.

During the year which Mrs. Randolph spent with her son, the plan of keeping a female boarding-school, with her daughters as assistant teachers, was again suggested. While it was under discussion, however, the necessity for it was removed by the generous donation from South Carolina of ten thousand dollars to Mrs. Randolph. Louisiana soon followed the example of her sister State, by giving her the same sum; and thus the fear which had haunted her day and night, of seeing her children in want and having herself to eat the bread of dependence, was removed from the breast of this gentle and suffering but brave and high-spirited lady. She now had the means to secure for herself and those dearest to her the necessaries of life; and more she did not ask. Nor more did the country her father had served so well intend her to have. The plan that each State should give her ten thousand dollars apiece was forgotten as soon as South Carolina and Louisiana

made their donations; while the just debt of the paltry sum of twelve hundred dollars due from Congress to her father for money advanced by him was never paid.

Mr. Clay having secured a clerkship in the State Department for Mr. Trist, Mrs. Randolph's son-in-law, she determined to live in his house in Washington with her daughters and her two orphan grandchildren, the son and daughter of her daughter Mrs. Bankhead. She therefore turned her back on her beautiful native mountains, with all their lovely landscapes and tender associations, in the fall of the year 1829. In Washington she was received with every mark of attention and respect. The ladies of the cabinet, and Mrs. Donelson, who presided at the White House, cast aside etiquette and hastened to make the first call; while the President, General Jackson, and the members of his cabinet paid her the same mark of respect. Nor did General Jackson during the whole time of her residence in Washington omit to call on her once a year, accompanied usually by the Secretary of State.

In alluding to her destitute condition before receiving South Carolina's gift, I find her, several years later, saying, in a letter to one of her daughters,—

"But time, that blessed friend of the unfortunate, had comforts in store for us that the most sanguine dared not to anticipate; and I have been saved the horror of seeing my dear children withering in poverty and the drudgery of a school. Can I ever forget South Carolina? But for her liberality, her gratitude to my dear father, where and what should we have been now? God preserve me from the sorrow of ever seeing the hand of one of my children raised against her; for to us she has given the comforts of life, without which life itself would have been a burden."

Of her life in Washington at this time, her daughter Mrs. Trist writes,—

"During the years which she passed in Washington she resumed many of her old occupations: her taste for flowers revived, and good music afforded her enjoyment, although she no longer played much herself after my grandfather's death.

Her habits of reading she never lost; and she always began the day with some chapter of the New Testament. She was an early riser, in summer and in winter. She liked an east window in her bedroom, because it enabled her to read in bed before the household were stirring. Every year she visited alternately my elder brother at his residence near Monticello, in the southwest mountains of Virginia, or my sister, Mrs. Joseph Coolidge, in Boston.

"In the spring of 1831 she was called on to make a painful sacrifice such as mothers only can appreciate,—she gave her consent to George's entering the navy. After passing a winter with her in Washington, he had entered a school near the University of Virginia, when a midshipman's warrant was procured for him; but he was yet a mere child, and his mother's heart sickened at the thought of his going forth alone to encounter the naval perils as well as brave the hardships of a sea-faring life. She had, however, the fortitude to approve of what was judged best for his future, and her sorrow was borne with the patient and cheerful resignation which belonged to her character. The recollections of that parting as a trial for her stir up, even at this distance of time, the long-dormant feelings which I thought my last tear had been shed for."

In allusion to this painful parting, Mrs. Randolph herself writes to her sailor-boy, a year after he entered the navy, "The great sacrifice, perhaps the greatest I have ever made in my life, was giving you up in the first instance. I hope my old age will be spared such another day of agony as the one on which I parted with you, my dear child; but time has reconciled me to the separation."

In the spring of 1831 there was a hope of recovering possession of Monticello; and I find Mrs. Randolph's letters written from Edgehill, where she was staying with her son Jefferson, filled with feverish delight at the bare prospect. After speaking of her plans in the event of her getting the place, and of the place itself, she says,—

"Cornelia spent the day there, and, as everybody who has

been absent from it any time, was surprised to find it such a paradise. All these are delightful visions, which serve to amuse the hours of work, always dull enough to require some balm to the spirit."

To the letter from which this extract is made, I find a post-script written by one of Mrs. Randolph's daughters; and the touching devotion of the whole family for the old home which it betrays must justify the following quotation from it:

"I have not been to Monticello yet; the day I was to have gone I was taken sick and obliged to stay at home; but I often amuse myself by looking at it through the little pocket-telescope which I dare say you remember. A part of the north end of the house only is visible; the rest, including the portico, is completely shrouded by the trees; but I recognize one of our beloved old willows, and carry my eyes over all the cleared spots and woods which chequer the mountain, the playground of our childhood. A part of it at least lies before me, smiling in the sunshine, and some well-known objects—the roof of the stone house and stable—are distinguishable; and even the solitary tobacco-house, standing not very far from the river, has the air of an old acquaintance. Mamma has told you of our delightful castles in the air; and C. and myself are talking of having silk-worms, when we go back, in one of the pavilions."

When Mrs. Randolph first visited Edgehill after it became the home of her son Jefferson, all view of Monticello was entirely cut off by a group of magnificent tulip-trees. To be so near her old home and not to have it constantly in sight was more than she could bear. Her son, therefore, on returning from his usual morning ride over his plantation one day, was appalled to see these superb trees lying prostrate on the ground, and one of the old Monticello servants busily engaged, with others under his command, cutting them up. To stick spurs into his horse and rein him up in front of the old servant to ask how he dared "touch those trees," was the work of a minute for Mr. Randolph. The servant, while appreciating fully his young master's wrath, knew the power there

was in this instance behind the throne, and answered, in a tone not at all apologetic, "I am acting under my old mistress's orders, sir." "Then you are doing just what you ought to do," was her son's instant reply. Devoted as he was to his mother, nothing, perhaps, could have given him more pleasure than this assumption of authority on her part over anything belonging to him. Those who have often heard him relate this anecdote will remember the countenance beaming with satisfaction with which it was always told.

The intimacy and affection existing between Mrs. Randolph and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jefferson Randolph, was such as is rarely found in similar relations in life, and added not a little to the happiness of both. Each had undergone the suffering of having the home of her childhood—consecrated in their hearts by the tenderest associations in life—sold under the auctioneer's hammer. This, perhaps, made the daughter-in-law particularly sympathetic with her husband's mother in her sorrow. I well remember with what feeling she always spoke of having on one occasion, when Mrs. Randolph was on a visit to her at Edgehill, gone to her door and, getting no response to her knock, having crept in softly. She found the gentle lady lying on a couch in front of a window which looked up to Monticello through the vista she had herself had opened. She was asleep. Her face was turned to the window; a half-closed book had slipped from her grasp, and on her cheek stood a tear,—the unbidden tear, doubtless, which we have seen her declare would start when the thought of the past forced itself upon her.

Mrs. Randolph returned to Washington in the fall of 1831. The second year of her residence there she was joined by her son Lewis, then in his twenty-second year. Conspicuously handsome, full of life and talents, and with a winning ease and grace of manner which made him the darling of every society in which he appeared, few things, perhaps, could have added more to the happiness of his mother and sisters than to have him living under the same roof with them once more. Fascinating as he was in society, his tender affections, his gayety,

and his strong domestic tastes made him still more charming in the home circle. He married later Miss Martin, moved to Arkansas to practice law, and died there not many months after his mother's death.

Mrs. Randolph visited her daughter Mrs. Coolidge in the summer of 1832, and I find her writing from Boston to one of her daughters as follows:

"If I had lost the power of walking and eating, for both of which I seem to have renovated powers, I should resemble the unfortunate hen whose brains had been extracted and who sat still and fattened in her stupidity. I have lost my memory entirely, but not my taste for reading, and if I forget what I read at least it amuses me for the time, although it leaves but a vague, misty impression. I have read lately one of the most poetical books of travel I ever met with,—Chateaubriand's Itinèrary from Paris to Jerusalem. . . . . After once having known the happiness of a comfortable home of our own, how bitter is the moment that drives us from it, and how little interest has any other spot after it! A mere resting-place for the while, where everything is confined to the present; no future which brings anything but a change of place, nothing to amuse the heart or interest the fancy. If ever I can afford it I will have a permanent residence somewhere, a home, in fine,—a feeling I never shall know in a rented house."

In a letter written later she expresses great sorrow and sympathy for a friend who had just lost a sister, and says, "What can enable her to bear up under her loss! Religion, only, that never-failing friend of the afflicted, and time; but the first wretched days nothing can soothe or shorten."

Mrs. Randolph did not return from Boston to Washington until the spring of 1833. Late in the summer she went to Edgehill, and remained in Virginia for more than a year. In January, 1834, she lost her son James, who died in his twenty-seventh year. In the summer of the same year she was made happy by the arrival at Edgehill of her daughter Mrs. Coolidge, with her children, to whom their grandmother was pas-

sionately attached. A happy summer was thus spent with her children and grandchildren around her in the home of her beloved son, amid the scenes of the happiest as well as saddest days of her life. In the fall, accompanied by Mrs. Coolidge, she returned to Washington, where she spent the winter, and for the last time had all of her daughters with her. Her health, which had been good, gave way in the spring of the year 1835, when she had an illness that her physician pronounced the "breaking up of her constitution," and which was so serious as to call her sons from Virginia to her bedside. She rallied, however, and, as soon as her strength permitted, followed Mrs. Coolidge to Boston.

She never again stayed in Washington for any length of time. The few old friends now living who knew her there still speak with animation of the loveliness of her character, the tranquil dignity of her manner, and the peculiar charm of her conversation. A gentleman who perhaps knew her more intimately than any other friend she had in Washington, being asked not long ago to describe her manner and address, replied, "She was dignified, even majestic, in her manner, a little reserved when she first met you, but soon melting into cordiality quickly fascinated you with the delights of her conversation."

The summer of 1835 and the winter following it were spent by Mrs. Randolph in Boston. On her way to Virginia in the spring she stopped in Philadelphia, and sat to Sully for her portrait. She arrived safely in Virginia, and was joined at Edgehill by all of her daughters except Mrs. Coolidge. The devotion which her children lavished on their mother amounted almost to adoration. Her sons, active, energetic men, with the cares of life often resting heavily upon them, clung to her, even when married and settled with families of their own, with the same warmth of affection as when they had hung around her knee in childhood. Even the blight on their lives which the loss of their home was to them was not felt in its full bitterness by this united family as long as their mother was spared to them. And as she visited each

in turn they felt their homes blessed by her presence. Her letters have shown with what warmth and tenderness of affection she returned this devotion. In a letter to one of her daughters she writes, while speaking of her children,—

"My life is a mere shadow as it regards myself. In you alone I live and am attached to it. The useless pleasures which still strew my path with flowers—my love for plants and books—would be utterly heartless and dull but for the happiness which I derive from my affections; these make life still dear to me, and will make death painful."

The stay at Edgehill this summer was saddened to Mrs. Randolph by the thought of the separation from her children which must soon follow, for her son-in-law, Mr. Trist, being consul at Havana, it was decided that Mrs. Trist, accompanied by two of her sisters, should go thither in the fall. Mrs. Randolph herself was to return to Boston with her daughter Mary, to spend the winter. Her son Jefferson never saw her leave his home but with pain, nor did he ever cease to urge her to make his house her permanent home. It was with peculiar regret that he saw the preparations made for her departure on this occasion, and so urgent was he for her to remain that she half promised his wife and himself to make their home hers on her return from Boston. The day was now near when the family party was to break up and the different members of the home circle be so widely scattered. All dreaded the sad hour of parting; but how much more severe was the trial in store for them than any anticipated! how bitter the cup that was soon to be pressed to their lips!

The fatigue caused by the preparations she made for her departure gave Mrs. Randolph a severe headache; but, being subject to such attacks, the apprehensions of the family were not excited about her. She remained in bed for the day, and received every attention which the tender and vigilant care of her daughters could bestow, and the family retired for the night without an anxious thought as to the condition of the loved being who was the heart-centre of their home circle. But at sunrise the next morning the alarm was given that she

had suddenly grown worse, and her children hastened to her bedside. At an exclamation from her of "My God, what a pain!" as she pressed her hand to her head, her son Jefferson raised her in his arms. The next instant the long slanting rays of the rising sun crept into the room and fell on her face as, laying her back on her pillow, the words, "Our mother is dead," fell from his lips.

She died as she would have wished, in sight of the home of her childhood, and in the arms of the son so dear to her heart. Her death, which was caused by apoplexy, took place on the 10th of October, 1836. Two days later she was buried at Monticello, in that desecrated graveyard on the lonely mountain-side. She sleeps well, lying at the head of the mother she lost so young, of the father she loved so devotedly, and of the fair sister for whom she had such tender affection. At her head lies her sailor-boy, whose dying request was, "Bury me as close to my mother as I can be placed," and whose career and success in life are marked by the words inscribed on his tomb, of "Sailor, Soldier, Statesman, Scholar." A few yards off, a newly-made grave marks the last resting-place of her first-born son, whose noble life will not soon be forgotten.

The same vulgar, almost brutal, mania of obtaining from their graves relics of the distinguished dead, which has mutilated and desecrated her father's tomb, has extended to the modest stone which marked her grave. The remnant of a marble slab is all that now indicates the resting-place of this highly-gifted, unselfish, tender, and true woman. But when marble itself shall have crumbled, when the memory of what the world calls greatness shall have passed from men's minds, and the secular oaks shall have perished whose interlocked branches over-arch the graves of this father and daughter, the touching story of their singular devotion for each other, of their dignified resignation in adversity, and of the purity of their lives, will form not the least interesting page in American Biography.

SARAH N. RANDOLPH.

MRS. PHILIP SCHUYLER.

A SKETCH.

"The General's wife must not be afraid!"

"Love to sweet Kitty Van Rensselaer, if you see her."

This gentle message was sent from New York, September 21, 1753, by a youth recently arrived in the regular packet schooner from Albany. The schooner lay at Ten Eyck's wharf, and the letter closing so tenderly was written in haste, for the skipper, Captain Wynkoop, was to sail on his return voyage that afternoon, and Billy, the negro boy, must hasten with it to the wharf in half an hour. The message was sent through "Brom," and the writer was "Philip of the Pasture." Such was the familiar name borne in early life, among his relatives, by Philip Schuyler, a young man of great intelligence, spirit, and high personal character. The Schuyler family was numerous, and Philip John, to distinguish him from others of the same honorable name, was called "Philip of the Pasture," a farm belonging to his own branch of the family. His widowed mother was Cornelia Van Cortlandt, a woman of superior character. At the time of this visit to New York the youth was about eighteen, known in society as a remarkably pleasant companion, tall, slender, with dark hair and eyes, decided features, and a fine expression of countenance. The great ability, energy, fortitude, and noble fidelity to duty which marked his later career could not then have been foreseen.

Precisely two years after the visit to New York, in 1755,

this "sweet Kitty" became the wife of the young man, as appears from a record in the family Bible:

"In the year 1755, on the 17th of September, was I, Philip John Schuyler, married [in the 21st year, 9th month, and 17th day of his age] to Catharine Van Rensselaer, aged 20 years, 9 months, and 27 days. May we live in peace and to the glory of God."

Catharine (or Catalina) Van Rensselaer was the daughter of Colonel Johannes Van Rensselaer, of Claverack, a little village near the eastern bank of the Hudson, about forty miles—then a day's journey by coach or on horseback—from Albany. A charming bride the young lady must have been, very pleasing in form and feature, with dark eyes and hair, and a richly colored complexion; rather below the medium height, but particularly graceful in movement, with a sweet and winning manner, and a low soft voice. The goodly company collected to grace the occasion may well be imagined. Doubtless young "Brom," at a later day General Abraham Ten Broeck, was there. And chief among the wedding guests must have been the stately forms of Colonel Philip Schuyler of the "Flats," and his admirable wife—"Madam" to the world at large; the revered "Aunt" to half the society in Albany,—the honored heads these of the important Schuyler clan, and near relatives of the groom. Simple in their daily life, our Dutch ancestors could be grand on state occasions, when the best rooms in the house were opened, the sideboards brilliant with plate, and family portraits looked down upon powdered gentlemen and ladies in rich dresses of velvet, satin, and brocade, whose lace ruffles and diamond buckles were as much a necessity as sword and fan. And no doubt a score of broad black faces, smiling, wondering, gleeful, made up the background, dimly haunting doors and windows. Perchance a cry was heard from the street, "Bonnie bride, bonnie bride, throw out your cookies!" when windows were opened and showers of sweet cakes were thrown down to the merry crowd of old and young gathered before the house. Such was the kindly custom at important weddings in Albany of the last century.

Probably there was more Dutch than English spoken among the company,—especially among the elders. The marriage ceremony was, no doubt, performed in Dutch by that most excellent man Dominie Frelinghuysen, pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church in Albany. The Dominie, good man, was in trouble about that time. An English regiment was quartered in the town, and the officers got up a play, which they performed in a barn,—the first theatrical performance in Albany. This was considered a terrible enormity by the good Dominie, whose sermons for a time were chiefly devoted to bitter denunciation of these proceedings. One Sunday the sermon was especially severe. On Monday morning the Dominie found just within the front door of his gabled parsonage a staff, a pair of old shoes, a crust of black bread, and a silver dollar; an old custom, apparently,—a broad hint that the person to whom these gifts were offered had better change his abode, a staff, provisions, and money for his journey being thus provided. Not very long after this incident the good Dominie sailed for Holland and was lost at sea.

The young groom was in the army, and only a few days earlier he had fought his first battle. The colonies were then at war with Canada. In June Philip Schuyler had raised a company of volunteers, and had joined General Johnson's army at Lake George. After the battle of September 8, and the victory won by the colonial army, Captain Schuyler was sent to Albany to make arrangements for the prisoners. Then it was that the "sweet Kitty" became his wife; he seized the moment to complete the marriage already planned. The wedding was scarcely over when General Dieskau and his aid, Colonel Bernier, both wounded, arrived from the camp, and the young man devoted himself to making arrangements for their comfort: he spoke French fluently, a rare accomplishment in those days, and one which rendered his society very acceptable to the French officers. At the end of a week he returned to the army, but before leaving home he commended the aged general, severely wounded, as an especial charge to his mother and his young wife. Very

faithfully were his wishes complied with. Both ladies seem to have taken pleasure in doing all in their power for the comfort of the two wounded officers. It is charming to think of this gracious beginning of the married life of Mrs. Schuyler, who had scarcely thrown aside her bridal dress when, at her husband's request, she devoted herself to these kindly offices. And this pleasing opening scene was but the earliest of many similar labors which marked every succeeding year for half a century. Her life was thoroughly filled with gracious womanly charities,—quiet, unobtrusive, and kindly,—now in her home, now among the poor, and very frequently also the same generous spirit assumed the form of graceful hospitalities to the stranger.

General Dieskau was very grateful for the kindness he received. His aid, Colonel Bernier, wrote to Captain Schuyler from Albany,—

"One can add nothing to the politeness of Madame your mother, and Madame your wife. Every day there come from them to the Baron fruits, and other rare sweets, which are of great service to him. He orders me, on this subject, to express to you all that he owes to the attentions of these ladies. If it was permitted to me to go out, I should already have been often to present to them his respects and mine."

Anxious months followed for the young wife. During the entire war—and indeed throughout all those colonial wars—Albany was always a central point; now fearing an attack from the French and Indians; now in a turmoil, crowded with English troops billeted on the inhabitants sorely against their Dutch will. Captain Schuyler was, from the first, very actively employed, engaged in important duties, and gaining rapidly a high personal position. A high sense of honor, strict integrity, promptness, and a resolute discharge of duty were already his characteristics. A year after his marriage he was on the western frontier at Oswego, with Colonel Bradstreet, as assistant commissary. Widowed mother, and wife were anxiously following from a distance the young officer's second campaign. There were often distressing intervals of

silence; the rumors spreading through the town were often alarming, often false. Then perhaps a wild figure would slowly approach with noiseless step, wrapped in a blanket, bareheaded, with scalp-lock and feather, with face strangely painted, and, opening the skin pouch at his girdle, would present to the ladies a dirty letter from the far-away camp. The Indian runners passed very swiftly over the narrow forest trails, but once within the town they assumed their usual quiet, noiseless movement. Or perhaps some soldier, with military clatter, riding express, would gallop to the door of the gabled house, and with military salute deliver a packet of letters. One incident of Captain Schuyler's campaign of '56 must have warmed the hearts of mother and wife when it reached them. It was during the skirmish on the Oswego River. Colonel Bradstreet was compelled to retire suddenly from an island where he had posted his party; the enemy were approaching in force; there was but one bateau, already overcrowded with troops. "For the love of God do not leave me here to perish alone by hunger and thirst!" cried a poor wounded Canadian prisoner. "Rather throw me into the river!" Captain Schuyler looked at the wounded man, then at the crowded bateau; suddenly throwing sword and overcoat to a comrade, he seized the poor fellow, bore him to the river in his arms, swam across the deep channel with him, and placed him under the surgeon's care. The Canadian lived to express his gratitude twenty years later.

The death of Colonel Philip Schuyler, the venerable head of the house, marked the year '57 very sadly for his many relatives and friends. His noble wife continued to live at the "Flats," gathering about her the younger generation. Captain Schuyler and his wife, with their infant children, passed much of their time with her, and many of the better class of English officers were often her guests. Among others, the young Lord Howe was a frequent visitor, and became a great favorite with the aged lady, who saw with pleasure an intimacy growing up between her nephew "Philip of the Pasture," as he was still called, and the English officer. The two

generous young men became friends. The army of General Abercrombie was now gathering in force for the invasion of Canada,—a larger army than had ever yet marched through Albany. On the 5th of July they embarked proudly on the clear waters of Lake George, bound for the conquest of Ticonderoga,—sixteen thousand men in nine hundred bateaux, with one hundred and thirty whale-boats, led by Lord Howe in a large boat somewhat in advance. Major Schuyler was not with the fleet: his duties as commissary detained him at the head of the lake. As he stood on the strand watching Lord Howe proudly leading the fleet, he saw him for the last time in life. On the 6th a solitary boat came slowly up the lake, bearing the body of the gallant Englishman, and the arrival of the boat was the first tidings Major Schuyler received of the death of that most promising young officer, "the soul of the army," as he was called. An express was immediately sent to Albany with the sad news. As this man, riding at a gallop and bareheaded, passed the "Flats," the family rushed to the doors to hear his tidings. "Lord Howe is dead!" he cried, as he flew past. "Lord Howe is dead!" echoed long and loud through the house, amid sobs and lamentations; and the following day the wail was renewed, when a bateau was seen on the river rowing slowly past the house, bearing the body of Lord Howe, and Major Schuyler guarding it. He had asked permission to escort the remains to Albany, brought his dead friend through the forest on a rude bier to Fort Edward, and thence down the river in a boat. The doors of the Schuyler vault were opened to receive the soldier; and there he lay for many years, until he was removed and placed beneath the chancel of St. Peter's Church. On changing the wooden coffin for a leaden one before placing him in the church, it was found that the naturally luxuriant hair, which the young officer had sternly cropped as an example to the army, had again grown long and fine in the grave.

Within a few weeks after the ignoble defeat at Ticonderoga, in which General Abercrombie's inefficiency as a commander

was made so lamentably clear, a bold expedition against Frontenac was planned by Colonel Bradstreet. Major Schuyler hastened in advance to Oswego. There, in the space of three weeks, far away in the wilderness, he built a rude but strong schooner for transporting the troops across Lake Ontario. The craft was named the "Mohawk." In August the brilliant surprise of Frontenac cheered the heart of the colony after the disgraceful defeat at Ticonderoga. One by one the principal French positions were beginning to fall before the English armies.

So successful had been the services of Major Schuyler, as assistant to Colonel Bradstreet in the commissary department, that he now received the appointment of commissary general, an office of the very highest importance in those colonial wars. The very life of the armies depended on his exertions. The difficulties to be overcome were great and peculiar. It was no easy task to collect supplies in a country so thinly peopled and of such great extent, and when collected the transportation was often a tremendous labor. Wagons and horses and oxen in sufficient numbers for the draught must be brought from a distance, and when ready for movement a wilderness lay before them; roads must be cut through the forest, bridges must be thrown over streams. Probably no other man in the country could have discharged these duties so well as Major Schuyler, prompt, methodical, resolute, and strictly upright as he was acknowledged to be.

While these public duties frequently carried Major Schuyler to a distance from the home he loved so well, Mrs. Schuyler was gradually fitting herself by practical experience for taking charge of her husband's private affairs. The young lady so gentle in manner was endowed with great latent energy, which was now aroused, and, guided by natural good sense, rendered her assistance very valuable. Her life soon became one of active duty and constant care. Her whole character was a singular union of sweetness and strength, and she was rewarded for her exertions not only by her husband's full affection, but also by his confidence and respect. His private

affairs were frequently intrusted to her discretion while he was absent on public business.

In 1761, Major Schuyler went to England on business of importance for Colonel Bradstreet, whose health prevented his crossing the ocean. It was necessary to lay the colonel's accounts as quartermaster-general before the British government. Major Schuyler left his family in Albany early in the winter, and in February sailed for England. Wife and friends were very anxious for his safety, as the ocean was then swarming with French men-of-war and privateers. The voyage was eventful. But it was not until the middle of May that Mrs. Schuyler heard the details. On the 14th of May the regular packet from England arrived at New York, and Colonel De Lancey, a friend of the family, immediately forwarded the letters to Mrs. Schuyler by express. Great was the wife's joy and thankfulness on receiving them, and eventful was the story they told. Major Schuyler, from the moment of sailing, became interested in nautical matters, especially in the navigation, which he studied carefully. The captain died. The passengers and crew united to request him to take command of the vessel, which he did. They met a dismantled slaver in distress, her water and provisions exhausted. Mr. Schuyler transferred the crew to his own vessel, and ordered the hatches of the slaver to be opened to give the two hundred poor creatures a chance for life. Soon after he spoke a vessel laden with horses, bound to the West Indies. He urged the captain to look up the slaver and feed the poor negroes on horseflesh. A few days later Mr. Schuyler's vessel met a French privateer, and was captured. They were not long, however, under the white flag of France. An English frigate hove in sight, when Mr. Schuyler's ship and his captor were both seized and taken to London. Such were the tidings Mrs. Schuyler found in her first package of letters. Rather later came others more agreeable in character. Colonel Bradstreet's accounts had been laid before a committee of Parliament, and Major Schuyler had been highly complimented on their accuracy and neatness. He was indeed a very skillful accountant.

It was said there was but one man in England who could compute more rapidly than himself. Of course the wonderful sights of London, the Tower, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, were visited. But one of the marvels which especially interested him was the canal of the Duke of Bridgewater, the first work of the kind in England, then recently completed. He examined this canal closely, and his active mind almost immediately seized the idea of carrying out similar works in his native colony. He would thus seem to have been the first American to conceive the germ of the important canal system of our country. In the autumn he returned to his happy fireside.

Mrs. Schuyler had been very much occupied during his absence in building a new town-house in the southern suburbs of Albany,—a brick building of ample size, surrounded by extensive grounds reaching to the river. The family home of Major Schuyler at the time of his marriage was an old building of large size, highly ornamented in the Dutch style, with gabled roofs and small windows, which stood very nearly on the ground now occupied by the city hall at Albany. The new home was built according to modern ideas; and on the return of Major Schuyler the household fires were lighted on the new hearthstone,—brilliant, generous fires of hickory wood, no doubt.

The wives and mothers of Albany were now relieved from the terrible anxieties by which they had been haunted for many a long year. Oswego, Niagara, Quebec, and Montreal had fallen,—the English flag waved over those posts. All fears of savage incursions, of French and Indian bands, had ceased. It was a period of relief. Mrs. Schuyler probably thought that never again would her husband be called to severe duties at the frontier posts on Lake George and Lake Champlain. If such was her belief it was but a delusive dream. The most arduous duties of her husband and his severest trials were connected at a later day with the same region of country. But happily for her this fact could not have been foreseen. Quiet days of peaceful occupation fol-

lowed. At no period was the life of the young couple a sluggish one. Both husband and wife were too healthful, too generous by nature, to be satisfied with mere self-indulgence, and they worked in harmony. They were one in spirit. In every community living essentially under Christian influences the happy marriage is the rule, the unhappy marriage the exception. The tone of family life at Albany was sound and healthful. But the attachment between Mr. and Mrs. Schuyler would appear to have been peculiarly strong; they were truly one in feeling and in action. And now the thoughts of both were much occupied with improvements going on upon a valuable estate which Major Schuyler had inherited in his boyhood from an uncle of the same name. This estate lay at Saratoga. The uncle, Colonel Philip Schuyler, had built some thirty years earlier a substantial brick house, pierced with loop-holes for defense, and surrounded by valuable mills and a little hamlet. One luckless night in the "Old French War" of 1745, a marauding band, Indians and French, under Marin, burned the house, killed the owner, destroyed the little colony, sang "Te Deum" on the ruins, and went their way to Canada. It was upon this valuable property that improvements on an extensive scale were now going on. A pleasant country-house of ample size was built. The clearings were enlarged. New mills were added to those already built. The house stood near the banks of a brawling stream, called the Fishkill, flowing out of Saratoga Lake, and the Hudson ran within a quarter of a mile. As soon as the dwelling was completed the family came to Saratoga, and it continued their home during eight or nine months of every year. The mills on this estate were of peculiar interest and value, and among them was the first flax-mill worked in America. There were large fields of flax and hemp cultivated under Major Schuyler's supervision; and no doubt a portion of the flax was spun in Mrs. Schuyler's household, not only by her handmaids in the workroom, but also by herself and her daughters in her drawing-room at Albany. A pretty little spinning-wheel was in those days as much a lady's companion as the tambour-

frame. A great deal of the finest thread used in families was spun in this way for choice pieces of table and household linen. Pretty table-cloths and napkins spun by the ladies of those days are still preserved in many families. Even good Queen Charlotte and the princesses her daughters amused themselves with turning their dainty little wheels in the drawing-rooms of Windsor and Kew. To-day the spinning-wheel has vanished from the land; though perchance the ghost of one may be found in some old farm-house garret. At Saratoga in the good olden time "Adam delved and Eve span." The master of the house was busily at work making inroads upon the ancient forest, which then covered all the hills in sight, planning new fields of wheat and maize, new meadows for his large herds and flocks. An English friend promised to send him the model of a machine invented in Switzerland for pulling up trees by the roots very expeditiously. Was this the origin of our stump-extractor of the present day?

In the autumn the family returned to the town-house, where the winter months were usually passed. Many were the guests of interest who, in succession, shared the generous hospitality of the Albany home. Colonel Bradstreet, now very infirm, became an inmate, one of the home circle, sharing in the gentle kindness of Mrs. Schuyler. A flock of children were gathering in the nursery, prattling Dutch, no doubt, with their negro nurses, sung to sleep by Dutch lullabies, calling the blossoms gathered in the grass by names known in the meadows of Holland, singing Dutch hymns on Sunday, and all eager for Santa Claus at Christmas-tide. There was a little child's hymn sung by the Albany children in those days in especial honor of Santa Claus, "*Goedt heyligh man.*" There were troops of blacks of all ages, from the dignified white-headed patriarchs to the toddling round-faced little ones,—most fascinating imps, as they always are,—all considering themselves as life-long members of the household, and strongly attached to the family, whose interests they made their own, sharing heartily all joys and sorrows in common. We have not a word to say in behalf of slavery in the abstract; but

probably the evil never took a happier form than among the old Dutch colonial families, where there was so much kindliness of feeling on both sides. The slaves were never very numerous, and their names were usually recorded in the family Bible with those of the sons and daughters of the house. Over-indulgence was the common rule with the masters. But Mrs. Schuyler's very large household are said to have been remarkably well trained for their different duties. With the gentle manner and sweet voice which gave an especial charm to her presence, she could also be firm, and never failed in energy. Like most ladies of the Dutch families, she was a thoroughly good housekeeper: diligent, prudent, wise, there was harmony in all her arrangements. The style of living was generous, her table handsomely served, the savory dishes rich combinations of meats and sweets and spices. Many an admirable recipe might be found scrawled in very uncouth letters, and in Dutch words often misspelt, no doubt, in the old Albany housekeepers' books. The education of the ladies was simple and practical. They had few accomplishments, and no learning whatever. They were generally taught to read and write and cast up simple accounts by their mothers. There were no schools in Albany, not even for boys, in the first half of the last century. The daughters of the house learned to sew, to embroider, to spin, as a matter of course; they were natural, modest, merry, and often very attractive, making excellent wives and mothers; and those who were in prominent positions knew how to do the honors of their house with simple courtesy. Among those ladies not one was more beloved, more respected, than Mrs. Philip Schuyler; her thoroughly womanly nature won for her the regard and affection of all who knew her. It was said of her that she carried with her the glow of sunshine.

The new house at Albany became a centre of the most generous hospitality, a hospitality which included not only the very large circle of old friends and relatives, not only the most important people in the colony, but also the poor and afflicted. Old and infirm, widow and orphan, lame and blind,

Dutch, negro, Indian,—all these were often seen coming over the well-trodden path for alms, receiving food, clothing, medicines, for which they gave a blessing in Dutch or Mohawk. A kindly hand was always held out to them by the lady of the house, with a gentle word softly spoken, a pleasant smile, to cheer the sad heart. Charities in this form, the dole from the Christian fireside, were absolutely necessary in those days. There were none of the many societies for the relief of different classes of sufferers which are to be found in every town at the present hour.

Colonel Schuyler—he was now in command of a regiment raised by his own exertions—delighted in these hospitalities, and in these charities also. He was very liberal and helpful to the poor. Among the frequent guests from New York were the different governors and their families in succession. Sir Henry and Lady Moore came in '67; and a little later a very different company appeared. A band of nine of the principal Cherokee warriors, headed by their chief Attakullakulla, came into the Iroquois country to sue for peace. There had been war between the Six Nations and the Cherokees, and the last had been worsted. Colonel Schuyler met the rude embassy as they landed from the sloop, and conducted them to his house. It seems a strange wild company to have filled Mrs. Schuyler's drawing-room; but Indian warriors from many tribes were frequent guests under the Schuyler roof. These wild visitors from a far-away region soon moved westward and accomplished their errand: the calumet of peace was smoked and the war-hatchet buried at Onondaga.

Mrs. Schuyler was now preparing for a temporary removal to New York. Colonel Schuyler was elected a delegate to the Colonial Assembly. The parents wished to carry their flock of children with them; but how to dispose of them was the question. There were apparently no boarding-schools in New York at that day. Negotiations were opened with a good widow lady living in Hanover Square, with whom it was proposed to place two of the children. Fifty pounds a year, two pounds of tea, one loaf of sugar, for each child, were the

terms demanded; their stockings and clothes were to be mended, "but new work must be paid for the making."

The Assembly of which Colonel Schuyler was a member consisted of twenty-nine gentlemen, all men of character. Fourteen bore Dutch or Huguenot names, and probably there were not more than one or two of unmixed English lineage.

The great political storm was arising. With manly decision Colonel Schuyler took his stand on the side of his native country. The oppressive measures of the Crown and Parliament of England aroused his honest indignation. Resistance to those measures marked his course in the Assembly. From the first he took a high personal position in the House, although one of its youngest members, only thirty-five. Several important measures proposed by him were carried. It is easy to imagine the anxiety which pervaded every American home in those years. Wives and mothers were all sad at heart. Those whom they loved most dearly were about to throw themselves into a struggle terrible in its dangers and its magnitude, a handful of colonists in arms against the mother-country, against the nation which at that date was the most powerful in Europe. Anxious days were succeeded by sleepless nights or troubled dreams. Peace and repose were banished from the fireside. Kindred were divided in opinion and in action. Bitter denunciation and violent measures prevailed in every part of the country. The wife of Colonel Schuyler, beloved and admired among her friends for the sweet womanly gentleness of her nature and manner, showed herself fearless and firm in the hour of trial. Her nature was too healthful to be cowardly. Modestly and quietly, but yet firmly and bravely, she stood at her husband's side throughout the great struggle of twenty years' duration; yes, twenty years. The war of Independence began with the first meeting of the Privy Council of England in which it was resolved to tax the colonies without their consent. It was England herself which thus called the colonists to arms. "Colonies exist only for the benefit of the mother-country," was the assertion of a leading statesman of the day. Those

words contain the key to the whole question. That opinion, and the feeling connected with it, cherished alike by Crown and Parliament, set the armies of England in motion and drove the colonists to arms. Brave, hardy, resolute, as they had proved themselves from their first landing on the Western Continent, the American colonists were not the race to submit tamely to unreason, oppression, and insult so gross. Gradually the crisis drew near; and very gradually the colonists themselves, as they were compelled by their opponents to take one important step after another in the path of resistance, awoke to the full importance of the struggle. There had been no secret conspiracy on the part of the Americans; there was no treachery lurking in their hearts; there was nothing of blind prejudice, nothing of fanatical violence, in their tone or action. They were indeed very slow to believe that separation and independence must ere long become a necessity. And it was this simple, manly honesty of purpose which gave the full force of moral strength to the war of Independence.

Many of Colonel Schuyler's friends were warm loyalists. His opinions on all the unjust measures of the mother-country were well known and always frankly uttered. He never faltered in his course. But his kindliness of nature and his gentlemanly manner prevented all needless disturbance, and in social life he still continued on friendly terms with the leaders of the Tory party. Governor Moore and Governor Tryon were frequently his guests during that period. In 1773 Mrs. Schuyler was busy preparing for the reception of the governor and his family, while her husband was looking out for "a good vessel" in which "the voyage" from New York to Albany could be made with comfort. Mrs. Tryon remained a month with Mrs. Schuyler, passing part of the time in what may be called the gay world of Albany, in which grand dinners and suppers and other entertainments prevailed, where the stately figures of the ladies, with powdered heads, high heels, and long trains of brocade and satin, moved about the handsome rooms; and somewhat later they were in the

pastoral wilds of Saratoga, robed in linen *négligés* and high muslin caps over their powdered locks, peeping into the flax-mill and the saw-mills, gathering wild strawberries in the meadows among great herds of cattle, or in the evening sitting on the *stoop* watching the humming-birds, or listening to the wren and the oriole, or perchance to the howling of the wolf in the nearest forest. The gentlemen were away in the Mohawk country, holding "talks" with Sir William Johnson and the Indian chiefs.

From early youth Philip Schuyler had been a frequent sufferer from severe attacks of hereditary gout, the first seizure occurring when he was a lad of fourteen. And now, during the year 1774, the period of the tea-troubles, he was much too ill to attend to his duties in the Assembly. He was a close prisoner at his house at Saratoga, a great sufferer, under the loving care of his wife as nurse, for several months. Like all good, natural women, Mrs. Schuyler was often engaged in the office of nurse to those she loved,—her gentle manner, quiet movement, and sweet voice adding peculiar charm to her services of this kind. Her flock of children was large, fourteen in all, and of these six died in childhood. Six times in succession the tender mother was called to bow over the death-beds of the little ones so precious to her. Of sorrows like these the world takes no note; but in the record of a mother's life they must assuredly find a place. These are heart wounds which open and bleed at many a touch long years later. The memories of those lost little ones are always precious to the good mother. And the stern soldier-father's heart was also very sore at such times. His family attachments were very strong. When absent he often wrote of his children in the most endearing terms. Six times in succession the doors of the Schuyler vault were opened to receive these little children, who were placed beside their father's friend Lord Howe.

The first Colonial Congress was now about to assemble. Colonel Schuyler was strongly urged to accept the nomination as delegate from New York. No man in the country had

thrown himself more frankly into the cause of the colonies. But he was much too ill at that time for duties so important. The Congress met, and those two important measures were passed,—the American Association for Non-Intercourse with the Mother Country, and the Declaration of Rights.

With every month the country became more agitated, more determined upon resistance. A convention of the colony was held in New York in the spring of 1775, composed of members chosen by different modes of election, and, Colonel Schuyler's health having improved, he took his seat at the head of the delegation from Albany. They assembled on the 20th of April. They remained in session only three days. Blood had already been shed at Lexington the day before this first independent convention met in New York. But no news of the important struggle had reached them. Colonel Schuyler returned to Albany, and from thence went to Saratoga; and it was not until late on the evening of the 28th that the grave tidings reached him. His resolution had long since been taken: that evening he wrote to a friend, "For my own part, much as I love peace, much as I love domestic happiness and repose, and desire to see my countrymen enjoying the blessings flowing from undisturbed industry, I would rather see all these scattered to the winds for a time, and the sword of desolation go over the land, than to recede one line from the just and righteous position we have taken as free-born subjects of Great Britain. War has now actually begun. I care not what others may do: as for me and my house, we will serve our country."

Most faithfully was that declaration carried out, through the long and varied trials of the great struggle. The following day was Sunday. Colonel Schuyler was in his usual place with his family, in the little chapel near his house. The service over, the people gather about him. "He was the oracle of our neighborhood," says an eye-witness. "We looked up to him with feelings of respect and affection. His popularity was unbounded; his views on all subjects were considered sound, and his anticipations almost prophetic. On this occa-

sion he expressed his belief that a crisis had arrived which must forever separate us from the parent state."

The whole country now flew to arms. The battle of Bunker Hill was fought. Congress voted to raise an army of twenty thousand men. Colonel Washington was appointed commander-in-chief, and of four major-generals, Colonel Schuyler was one. He was placed in chief command of the Northern Department. The colonial troops of New York amounted at that date to rather less than three thousand men. General Schuyler on his return to Albany as commander of that department received a formal military and civic reception: he was escorted to his house with full ceremonies, and the town was illuminated in the evening.

Mrs. Schuyler must have looked at those lights with mingled feelings of pride and anxiety. And how anxiously the devoted wife must now have listened to every rumor, every convention, every incident connected with the war-cloud gathering so darkly over her home! Assuredly she gave little thought to any personal risks or trials of her own. Good women are always self-forgetful in the hour of danger,—they may be even brave and resolute in spirit, ready to face danger fearlessly in the hour of peril,—but for those they love they are sure to be full of alarms and anxieties, even to weakness. The good wife knew but too well the risks of the great struggle in which her husband now held a position so important. Still, it is said that she never attempted to hold him back from duty. She gave him her full sympathy, and was ever ready with the loving gentleness of her nature to cheer and support him in the hour of trial. And often she was of great practical assistance by attending to many details of his private affairs while he was absent on urgent public duties.

Journeys, conferences with military men, Indian councils, now followed each other with increasing rapidity. There was difficulty and embarrassment at every step. But every difficulty was faced by the general with energy and resolution. Reform was needed everywhere. The deficiencies in the supplies were inconceivable. "No arms, no powder, no blankets."

—"The troops can be of no service to you," wrote the authorities of the colonies, with remarkable frankness: "they have no arms, clothes, blankets, or ammunition,—officers no commissions,—treasury no money." And this was the force, or rather the weakness, with which General Schuyler was expected to conquer Canada!

In August he returned from the frontier posts to hold what proved to be the last Indian council ever held in Albany. He was always a favorite with the red men; his family had been their fast friends for several generations, and he had been personally adopted into the Mohawk tribe by the title of "Tho-rah-Thau-yea-da-Kayer." The Indians were asked to remain neutral. The missionary, Mr. Kirkland, was the interpreter. The result of the council was satisfactory, as the Indians had already decided that their true course was neutrality. "This is a quarrel between father and son: we will stand aside and have nothing to do with it." Such was their determination at the time. At a later day Sir John Johnson induced them to take up arms against the colonists.

Preparations for the campaign in Canada were now pushed forward by General Schuyler, in spite of severe illness. He was reduced to a skeleton by gout, fever, and rheumatism. The tremendous difficulties constantly arising in his path must have greatly aggravated his illness. "I hope in a little while," he said, "to make all obstacles vanish. Much may be done when people set to work with hand and heart." But deficiencies in stores and equipments were not the worst evils: jealousies personal and political did infinite harm; clashing authorities, the Congress on one side, provincial Assemblies on the other, aggravated the difficulties. Insubordination was rife. "Connecticut privates are all generals," wrote General Montgomery. Neglect, dishonesty, peculation, were only too frequent. "If I had not arrived here on the day I did, as sure as God lives, the army would have been starved." "If Job had been a general in my situation, his memory would not have been so famous for patience." Ill health compelled him to return home to Albany; the sooth-

ing, tender care of his wife had never been more needed. His headquarters were then fixed at Albany; and in spite of severe illness he continued his indefatigable labors, taking upon himself the duties of commissary, quartermaster, muster-master, and hospital superintendent. Congress did not spare him. He was ordered to suppress a threatened rising of the Tories and Indians in Tryon county,—to have explorations of the St. Lawrence carefully made,—to repair Ticonderoga,—to build a fleet of bateaux on Lake Champlain,—to send supplies of timber for ship-building at Poughkeepsie. All these different labors he carried on at the same time. The state of his health caused the deepest anxiety to his wife and children; they saw him suffering acutely while at the same time he was laboring under a combination of duties likely to exhaust a man in robust health. All that tender, loving services could do to alleviate his sufferings, to soothe and cheer him, never failed while he was in his own home. But he was constantly called to a distance by the important duties of his department. His health was indeed at this time the cause of much public anxiety. Military men of the highest rank were constantly urging him to prudence. Prayers, both public and private, were offered for the preservation of his life. The President of Congress wrote, "I am extremely sorry to find you recover health so slowly. The Congress have the most anxious concern for you." It is indeed remarkable that a public man suffering so frequently from acute forms of disease should have been able to accomplish such a vast amount of labor, physical and mental, as fell upon General Schuyler.

In one of his many expeditions of inspection to the northern posts he was taken seriously ill at Ticonderoga with gout and malarial fever. Mrs. Schuyler hastened to his bedside. The journey was one of exposure and fatigue far beyond what is now felt in crossing the continent from the banks of the Hudson to the Pacific. Leaving her children with a sad heart, we may be sure, and well laden with all that could add to her husband's comfort, the anxious wife set out on the first day's

journey, accompanied by an aide-de-camp sent by the general to escort her. Mrs. Schuyler has left no record of her pilgrimage, but from other sources we gather many details which tell the story for her. The first stage from Albany was Saratoga, the wretched condition of the roads rendering a halt for rest at the country-house necessary. Hurrying through the country was impossible at that date, even for men. Few were the women who passed through the wild region between the Hudson and Lake Champlain. From Saratoga the next stage was to McNeill's Ferry,—a short one, only two miles and a half,—traveling in an open wagon. The ferry was crossed in a raft-like boat, wagon and baggage passing over at the same time. On the eastern bank of the river the travelers again took their uneasy seat, and were jolted on their way to Fort Miller. There is a fall in the stream at this point; a mile beyond they embarked in a rough bateau for Fort Edward. The voyage was short, only seven miles, but fatiguing, and even dangerous, from the great rapidity of the current. The bateaux were strong, however, and worked by companies of picked men paid for this service by Congress,—a hundred men and their captain, each receiving four pounds ten shillings per month. They were expert, and all their skill was needed to stem the current in critical places. They were four hours working their way through the seven miles. Fort Edward was in ruins; but there was a large inn here, and a regiment quartered in it. A respectable dinner was found here, bear's meat being one of the delicacies provided for distinguished guests. Seven miles of a fearfully bad road had now to be traveled over before nightfall. Those forest roads were always bad, but now worse than ever, broken up into deep ruts by the constant passage of heavy wagons and artillery. Frequently the track lay through forest swamps over the trunks of trees,—the "corduroy" road of the frontier; frequently some petty stream was crossed on a bridge of logs. Occasionally the travelers would rise to the summit of some sandy knoll, looking down upon the Hudson, and noting the spray from some one of the different falls in the stream. There was ample time to enjoy

the beauties of nature, for the wagon moved at a snail's pace, scarcely more than a mile an hour. Doubtless the good lady took little heed on that occasion of the picturesque points on the road; her thoughts must have been now with her children in the Albany nursery, now with her suffering husband at Ticonderoga. Night found her at Wing's tavern, half-way to Fort George, within sound of another cascade of the Hudson. With daylight the next morning the journey was continued to Fort George, some eight miles or more, part of the way over swampy ground, and then over the mountains which shut in the lake. Fort George, like Fort Edward, was a ruin,—none but ruined forts, it will be observed, to oppose an invading force. But there was a barrack here, where Mrs. Schuyler could rest and dine. Then came the voyage down Lake George, on a craft of the rudest sort,—a large bateau used for transporting troops. There was a sort of mast, and a square blanket for sail; an awning making a shelter had been prepared for the general's wife. There was not a single boat boasting a cabin on that lake. The blanket sail could only be used when the wind was abaft, and against a head-wind the bateau-men made slow progress. Had a storm come up, the lady must needs have landed on a desolate island or slept beneath the awning and without a bed. The bare plank was both bed and berth in those rough boats. The banks of the lake were entirely desolate,—a mountain wilderness clothed with a ragged forest,—with the single exception of Sabba'day, or Sabatay Point, as the word was occasionally written at that time. At that spot there were a few scattered cabins and about fifty acres of cleared land. That night the lady stood by her husband's bedside, cheered, no doubt, by that look of loving trust and gratitude so touching in the wan face of a sick man at the approach of wife, mother, or sister to whose tender care he resigns himself. Thank God, that is a look often seen on earth! Repeatedly during the severe attacks of the general Mrs. Schuyler left her family and went to the frontier post where he had been taken ill, to nurse and cheer him. He always rallied under her care. And on the occasion re-

ferred to he soon recovered partially, and both returned to Albany.

In the spring of 1776 three especial commissioners were ordered to Canada by Congress, at the suggestion of General Schuyler. These were Dr. Franklin, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carroll. They were invested with extraordinary powers. Their first destination was of course Albany. They sailed from New York on the afternoon of April 2, accompanied by their black servants, in a sloop well provided with stores, and also with beds brought from Philadelphia. The first afternoon they coasted the entire length of Manhattan Island, and anchored. April 3 proved rainy, with a head-wind, which compelled them to anchor opposite the place of Colonel Philipse, at Yonkers. Towards evening they "got under way, and ran with a pretty even gale as far as the Highlands, forty miles from New York." There they encountered serious difficulties. "In doubling one of these steep, craggy points, we were in danger of running on the rocks; endeavored to double the point called St. Anthony's Nose, but all our efforts proved ineffectual; obliged to turn some way back in the straits to seek shelter; in doing this our mainsail was split to pieces by a sudden and most violent blast of wind off the mountains. Came to anchor. Blew a perfect gale all night and all day the 4th. Remained all day in Thunder Hill Bay. Our crew were employed all this day in repairing the mainsail. 5th. Wind northeast; mainsail not yet repaired." So wrote Mr. Carroll. The different batteries were visited, and situations for others pointed out. About nine at night they weighed anchor with a favorable tide, and came-to again about two in the night of the 6th. A fine breeze carried the sloop gallantly up the river on the 6th, and in the evening she anchored within four miles of Albany, after "a glorious run of ninety-six miles. 7th. Weighed anchor about six o'clock, wind fair, and, having passed over the Overslaw, had a distinct view of Albany, distant about two miles. Landed at Albany at half-past seven. Received at landing by General Schuyler, who, understanding we were coming up, came from his house, about a mile out of town, to receive us and invite

us to dine with him. He behaved with great civility; lives in pretty style; has two daughters (Betsey and Peggy), lively, agreeable, black-eyed girls. . . . The citizens chiefly speak Dutch, being mostly descendants of Dutchmen; but the English language and manners are gaining apace."

On the 9th the commissioners, with Generals Schuyler and Thomas, left Albany early, traveling in a large wagon, Mrs. Schuyler and the young ladies being of the party. A little before sunset they arrived at the country-house at Saratoga. The roads were in very bad condition. Poor old Dr. Franklin was sorely jolted and bruised. "General Schuyler informed me," says Mr. Carroll, "that an uninterrupted water-carriage between New York and Quebec might be perfected at fifty thousand pounds' expense, by means of locks and a small canal. . . . The distance is not more than three miles." Here, it is said, we have the first official suggestion of what became afterwards the great canal system of the State of New York. Only a few months later, General Schuyler was called upon by Congress to take the first steps in the work. "The lands about Saratoga are very good, particularly the bottom-lands. Hudson's River runs within a quarter of a mile of the house, and you have a pleasing view of it for two or three miles above and below. A stream called the Fish-kill, which rises out of Saratoga Lake, about six miles from the general's house, runs close by it and turns several mills,—one a grist-mill, two saw-mills (one of them carrying fourteen saws), and a hemp and flax-mill. This mill is of a new construction, and answers equally for breaking hemp or flax."

A week passed pleasantly for the commissioners under that hospitable roof. Mrs. Schuyler, with her never-failing kindness, proved a good nurse to dear old Dr. Franklin: the rest and good care of his hostess put the old man in traveling condition again, although at one time he thought the tempestuous voyage up the Hudson, and the fearful roads from Albany, must shorten his days, and he set about writing farewell letters to his friends. The young ladies, a few years later Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and Mrs. Stephen Van Ren-

selaer, entertained Mr. Carroll very agreeably. "April 16th, I parted with regret from the amiable family of General Schuyler. The ease and affability with which we were treated, and the lively behavior of the young ladies, made Saratoga a most pleasing *séjour*, the remembrance of which will long remain with me."

But little was accomplished by the commissioners. They found matters in a very discouraging state, and the arrival of a British fleet in the St. Lawrence rendered retreat a necessity. Dr. Franklin returned to Albany exhausted by the journey and its hardships. As a matter of course he stayed at General Schuyler's house. The general was again at Ticonderoga, but Mrs. Schuyler received him with her never-failing kindness, and once more her care and attention revived the old philosopher. The doctor wished to continue his journey to New York in a "sulky," driving himself. This, his hostess would not hear of: the roads were much too bad; he himself was not well enough for the exertion of driving. No, he must let her make arrangements for his comfort; he must be satisfied to take the easiest carriage she could provide for him, and he must submit to be driven by "Lewis," a particularly careful coachman. It was well that Mrs. Schuyler persisted in having her own way on this occasion, for the road along the Hudson—one of the best in America—was in such a condition that the doctor confessed, on arriving in New York, that he and the "sulky" would doubtless have been wrecked together, and that it required all the skill of "Lewis" to bring him through safe in life and limb. He was very grateful to "good Mrs. Schuyler."

Never were General Schuyler's labors more arduous than at this moment, and never, apparently, did he more need repose. He was still a great sufferer, but wonderfully active. "The Indians, the Tories, the exchequer, the commissariat, the transportation, the recruiting, the general supervision and direction of military and Indian affairs,—all claimed and received his attention," says Mr. Lossing, in his interesting biography. And what was to be the reward of exertions so

great? New England had never done justice to General Schuyler. The part he had taken as chairman of the committee which upheld the legal claim of New York to the territory also claimed by New Hampshire—the present State of Vermont—had laid the foundation of this prejudice, and sectional jealousy added force to the feeling. There is always childishness in these sectional prejudices, which are generally strongest in the infancy of a nation, and which form no true element of love of country. Strong and partial attachment to home ground, to familiar scenes, to the thousand ties connected with them, is a perfectly natural and healthful feeling. But contempt, hatred, and abuse of all that lies beyond the border become absurd, unworthy, dangerous. That supreme satisfaction with one's own canton, that supreme contempt for the adjoining parish, was very general throughout Europe among the ignorant and half educated only as late as a hundred years ago. Nay, even your philosopher was not always free from the weakness. How seldom did the Englishman do justice to the Scotchman! how widely sundered in feeling were the different provinces in France, the different cities of Italy, of Germany! Such a state of feeling is essentially puerile, a combination of vanity and ignorance. The different colonies of America were no exception to the general rule, but in New England there was a force in the feeling beyond what existed elsewhere. It was probably the Puritan spirit which gave exaggeration to the self-complacency to which they were in many particulars very justly entitled. We are all wiser to-day, but in the year of grace 1776 one of the best men in the country was to be the victim of this miserable prejudice and jealousy. The expedition to Canada had failed. That failure was laid to the charge of General Schuyler. In truth the blame lay with Congress, who had strangely neglected to send the reinforcements and supplies without which success was impossible,—reinforcements and supplies most earnestly and unceasingly asked for by General Schuyler. Calumnies as absurd as they were outrageous were uttered against him. The active man was called a sluggard. The

frank man was called a traitor, a spy. The brave man was accused of cowardice. The generous, self-sacrificing man was accused of venality. But where is the calumny which party prejudice will not utter? There was a frenzy of popular passion aroused in New England against the upright leader.

How precious must have been the peaceful haven of his home at such moments,—the tender love, sympathy, and respect of the good wife, the guileless affection of his children! How happy the wife, the children, who can, in the hour of trial, cheer, soothe, console husband and father!

But General Schuyler was not the man to allow these attacks upon his personal character to pass unrebuked. He demanded a court of inquiry. "It is a duty I owe to myself, to my family, and to the respectable Congress of this State, that I should exculpate myself from the many odious charges with which the country resounds to my prejudice." He did not abandon his post, however. In the winter of 1777 he was very actively engaged preparing for the next campaign, which all foresaw must be of vital importance. In April, on a journey to New York, he wrote to his family that there was a rumor he was to be superseded by General Gates. The answer from wife and children reported "all well at home; that nothing seemed wanting but his presence as Philip Schuyler, Esq., to make them happy." General Gates arrived in Albany, and was graciously received by Mrs. Schuyler, who offered him the hospitalities of her house. The guest seems to have felt rather uncomfortable, but was civil. A few weeks later came the court of inquiry. May, 1777, Congress appointed a committee of one member from each colony to form the court. General Schuyler's vindication was not only complete, it was triumphant. Never had his character stood higher than after he had himself read his manly defense before the committee. His appointment as commander-in-chief of the Northern Department was renewed, with increase of powers.

Early in the summer it became evident that an invasion from Canada by Oswego and Lake Champlain was intended, Albany being, as usual, the point aimed at. General Schuyler

was indefatigable in his exertions during those eventful summer months. And one might almost assert that the inaction of Congress as regarded that particular department was also as marked as usual. They were sadly wanting in "military electricity," as General Lee declared. It would seem as if General Schuyler was expected to raise his own armies, to feed, clothe, and equip them with little support from the government. There was lamentable deficiency in every branch of the supplies,—food, clothing, and ammunition. Reinforcements were called for in vain. Then, in June, came the proud advance of General Burgoyne, with an army of nearly eight thousand men, admirably equipped, under the command of experienced officers, moving gallantly up Lake Champlain.

From the first, in spite of all deficiencies, General Schuyler, and General Washington also, had felt confident the enemy's expedition would prove a failure. The evacuation of Ticonderoga and the retreat of General St. Clair were a shock to this opinion. That step had been taken without orders. It was known to the superior officers that the post could not be long defended against a powerful invading force unless strengthened; but it was expected that the approach of the enemy would be retarded, at least, at that point. General St. Clair was, however, compelled to retire, was pursued, and a portion of his army defeated at Hubbardton. General Burgoyne advanced to Skenesborough. The whole country was thrown into agitation. The alarm in Albany was great; people were running wildly about the streets, half distracted, sending off goods and families. They dreaded the tomahawk of General Burgoyne's Indian allies. General Schuyler wrote most urgent appeals to Congress, to the Colonial Assemblies, to General Washington, for reinforcements; and at the same time every hour was employed in making the best possible disposition of his available force, or in throwing every conceivable obstacle known to frontier warfare in the way of the enemy. Roads were thoroughly broken up, great trees were felled across them, trenches were dug, all bridges were burnt, the navigable streams were filled with obstructions. The

cattle were driven off or killed. The forage was removed or destroyed. The region between Skenesborough and the Hudson became once more a wilderness. Rude defenses these, but in the end more effectual than the walls of Ticonderoga. The fall of that post had again aroused the popular cry, fierce and loud, against General Schuyler. The Eastern militia refused to serve under him. It was harvest-time, July, 1777. More than half the militia who came into the camp withdrew to their farms, under the excuse of cutting their grain. On the 29th of July the hapless Jane McCrea was murdered by the Indians. The women and children on the Upper Hudson were all hurrying into Albany for safety. As parties of these fugitives, in wagons or on foot, were flying southward, they met a single carriage traveling northward, guarded by one armed man. Within sat Mrs. Schuyler. The fugitives were amazed at her daring. Had she no fear of the tomahawk? Were not parties of Indians known to be lurking in the woods, now here, now there? She would have to pass through miles of the dark forest, and but a single armed man to guard her. Had she not heard of the fate of Jane McCrea? Mrs. Schuyler knew many of these people; she leaned from the carriage to speak to them, to inquire after the women and children; she thanked them for their friendly remonstrances; but she would not listen to their entreaties to turn back. She took leave of them with her usual kindly manner, and smiling said, "*The general's wife must not be afraid!*" The fugitives hurried towards Albany, and the solitary carriage went its way towards Saratoga. No lurking Indian appeared. The journey was accomplished safely. Mrs. Schuyler's object in going to the country-house at that moment was to make arrangements with the general for the removal of all valuables to a place of safety. It was her last visit to the favorite home where she had passed so many happy months with her husband and children, among a simple people to whom her kindness had much endeared her. The groves were then in their midsummer glory. Ere the leaves fell, that pleasant, cheerful home, the mills, even the very fences, were to be destroyed by

the firebrand of the enemy. Already the adjoining country had a desolate aspect. The meadows and grain-fields had been laid waste by the general's orders, in order to cut off the enemy's supplies. There is a family tradition that on this occasion Mrs. Schuyler herself, to aid in the necessary work of destroying the forage, set fire with her own hand to one of her husband's wheat-fields.

August 10, General Schuyler was again at Albany, hurrying forward supplies, when letters reached him stating that he had been superseded by General Gates. Mr. Jay wrote him an explanation: "Washington and Congress were advised that unless another general presided in the Northern Department the militia of New England would not be brought into the field. The Congress, under this apprehension, exchanged their general for the militia,—a bargain which can receive no justification from the supposed necessity of the times." Never was General Schuyler's devotion to the country proved more clearly than on this occasion. He received General Gates politely, offered all the assistance in his power, and remained with the army in citizen's dress, without military rank, to bring forward the Albany militia. Already before General Gates appeared there had been a striking change for the better in the Northern Department. The fall of Ticonderoga had at last thoroughly aroused the country to the necessity of exertion; the success at Bennington and Fort Stanwix gave encouragement to the militia. The harvest was nearly over; troops applied for earlier by General Schuyler were now advancing; supplies gathered by his indefatigable labors were already moving towards Saratoga; provisions purchased with his own funds or on his personal responsibility were filling the storehouses. Everything was prepared for the repulse of the advancing enemy. And it was at this precise moment that General Gates took the command. The result is well known. The gathering of the American army on the Upper Hudson, the slow approach of General Burgoyne, his advance impeded at every step by the obstacles thrown in his path by General Schuyler, pausing to fill up ditches, to rebuild

bridges,—no less than forty of these within a few miles,—to cut new roads through the old forest, to lay corduroy roads of a mile or two in length across swamps, and at length the successive battles on the banks of the Hudson. After the battle of July 7, when the ammunition of the American army was all but exhausted, General Schuyler sent window-leads from Albany for bullets. The American force was increasing every day by the arrival of fresh troops. On the 7th of October came the decisive battle, that most important victory for America. General Burgoyne began a very ill-managed retreat, passing his days in making up his mind as to the next step, passing his nights in carousing and singing. General Schuyler's house had been his headquarters at Saratoga; he returned there after the battle of the 7th, and passed a merry night on the 9th, carousing while his army lay around him actually suffering from cold and hunger. "Schuyler's house was illuminated, and rang with singing, laughter, and the jingling of glasses. There Burgoyne was sitting, with merry companions, at a dainty supper, while the champagne was flowing." So wrote a German officer. The next morning on leaving General Schuyler's house General Burgoyne ordered it to be burned, with the neighboring mills. On the morning of the 17th the English commander surrendered himself and his army amid the smouldering ruins "on the ground where Mr. Schuyler's house stood." And there General Schuyler himself, in citizen's dress, saw the surrender which in justice should have been made to himself.

A few hours later, Madame de Riedesel, the wife of the German general, with her three little children, came into the American camp. "When I approached the tents, a noble-looking man came towards me, took the children out of the wagon, embraced and kissed them, and then, with tears in his eyes, helped me also to alight. 'You tremble,' said he: 'fear nothing.' 'No,' replied I, 'for you are so kind, and have been so tender towards my children, that it has inspired me with courage.' He then led me to the tent of General Gates, with whom I found Generals Burgoyne and Philips, who were

upon an extremely friendly footing with him. Burgoyne said to me, 'You may now dismiss all your apprehensions; for your sufferings are at an end.' All the generals remained to dine with General Gates. The gentleman who had received me so kindly came up and said to me, 'It may be embarrassing to you to dine with all these gentlemen; come now with your children into my tent, where I will give you, it is true, a frugal meal, but one that will be accompanied by the best of wishes.' 'You are certainly,' said I, 'a husband and a father, since you show me so much kindness.' I then learned that he was the American General Schuyler. He entertained me with excellent smoked tongue, beefsteak, potatoes, good butter and bread. Never have I eaten a better meal. I was content. I saw that all around me were so likewise; but that which rejoiced me more than everything else was seeing that my husband was out of all danger. As soon as we had finished dinner, he invited me to take up my residence at his house, which was situated in Albany. I sent and asked my husband what I should do. He sent me word to accept the invitation. General Schuyler was so obliging as to send with me a French officer, who was a very agreeable man. As soon as he had escorted me to the house where we were to remain, he went back." The house was an inn, half-way to Albany. General Schuyler had already sent Colonel Varick to Albany to ask Mrs. Schuyler to prepare for guests. The next day Generals Burgoyne, Riedesel, and Philips, and their suite, arrived. Twenty-two of the chief prisoners of war were presented to Mrs. Schuyler in her drawing-room that evening, including the charming German lady and her three little children. "They loaded us with kindness," said Madame de Riedesel, "and they behaved in the same manner to General Burgoyne, though he had ordered their handsome houses to be burned, —without any necessity, it was said. Even General Burgoyne was deeply moved at their magnanimity, and said to General Schuyler, 'Is it to me, who have done you so much harm, that you show so much kindness?' 'That is the fate of war,' said the brave man; 'let us say no more about it.' We re-

mained three days with them, and they seemed very reluctant to let us go." There is apparently a misprint in the number of days thus spent with Mrs. Schuyler: it was probably ten days. When the excellent German lady left Albany, she carried with her three little daughters,—Gustava, Frederica, and Caroline: later she had two more, bearing the peculiar names of America and Canada. The good lady also carried with her the colors of the German troops, concealed in a bag by General Riedesel, who would not surrender them at Saratoga. They were afterwards sewed up in a mattress "by an honorable German tailor," and thus smuggled out of the country.

General Burgoyne remained ten days at Mrs. Schuyler's, while preparing his dispatches. At a later date, in speaking in Parliament of the kindness of General Schuyler, he made a strong acknowledgment: "He sent an aide-de-camp to conduct me to Albany, in order, as he expressed it, to procure better quarters than a stranger might be able to find. That gentleman conducted me to a very elegant house, and, to my great surprise, presented me to Mrs. Schuyler and her family. In that house I remained during my whole stay in Albany, with a table of more than twenty covers for me and my friends, and every other demonstration of hospitality." The English general remained in Albany until October 26. Colonel Varick wrote to General Schuyler, October 25, "Generals Burgoyne and Riedesel and their retinue are still here. They give Mrs. Schuyler no small trouble. The former's dispatches are not yet completed. On Saturday he mentioned to Mrs. Schuyler, with tears in his eyes, his situation, that he had received so much civility from you, and again from Mrs. Schuyler, whose property he had destroyed, but pleaded that it was thought necessary to save his army. He behaves with great politeness."

"The British commander," says M. de Chastellux, "was extremely well received by Mrs. Schuyler, and lodged in the best apartment in the house. An excellent supper was served him in the evening, the honors of which were done with so much grace that he was affected even to tears, and said, with a

deep sigh, ' Indeed, this is doing too much for a man who has ravaged their lands, and burned their dwellings.' The next morning he was reminded of his misfortunes by an incident which would have appeared gay to any one else. His bed was prepared in a large room, but, as he had a numerous suite, several mattresses were spread on the floor for some officers to sleep near him. Mrs. Schuyler's second son, a little spoilt child of about seven, very forward and arch, as all American children are, but very amiable, was running about the house all the morning, according to custom, and, opening the door of the saloon, he laughed at seeing all the English officers collected, and, shutting the door after him, cried, ' You are all my prisoners.' This innocent cruelty rendered them more melancholy."

Mrs. Schuyler's skillful management as the head of a large household must have been put to a severe test by this numerous and sudden invasion. The strain upon the domestic commissariat must have been heavy. In winter there was always abundance of game brought into Albany by Indians and other hunters; venison, bear's meat, wild turkeys, grouse, and wild ducks were almost as common as beefsteaks are to-day; and the supply of fish was very rich. But in autumn some of those delicacies were probably wanting. The old negro cooks must have been half distracted. But happily not one of them suffered the fate of Vatel: the bill of fare was complete. Mrs. Schuyler in the drawing-room and her negro aids in pantry and kitchen all came off with flying colors.

The court-martial demanded by General Schuyler was delayed until October, 1778. He was then tried upon the charge of " neglect of duty," in being absent from Ticonderoga at the time of the evacuation. As all his friends anticipated, he was acquitted with "*highest honor.*" He then, early in 1779, resigned his commission as major-general. He was now a delegate to Congress. He was anxious that Mrs. Schuyler and his daughters should go with him to Philadelphia. The Albany house was accordingly closed, and the ladies accompanied the general to what was then the political capital of

the country. They shared for a time in the usual gayeties, but most of the winter was passed at Morristown in the camp. General Schuyler was strongly attached to General Washington. He was, indeed, on terms of intimacy with the noble chief, who had a great regard for him, and frequently in writing to him signed his letters "your affectionate friend," or "yours affectionately," an honor conferred on very few of his correspondents. General Schuyler occupied a modest house near headquarters. Mrs. Washington and a number of other ladies, wives of the superior officers, were in the camp that winter, and the society was very agreeable. The ladies were busy making shirts and knitting stockings for the soldiers. No doubt Mrs. Schuyler's knitting-needles were actively at work, and the young ladies must have taken part in the shirt-making. One of General Washington's aides, Colonel Hamilton, became attached to Miss Eliza Schuyler. An engagement took place, and in the spring they were married. The eldest daughter, Miss Angelica Schuyler, had been already married several years earlier to Mr. Church, an English gentleman.

A few months later, during the winter, M. de Chastellux visited Albany, and was a guest of General Schuyler. "A handsome house half-way up the bank opposite the ferry seems to attract attention, and to invite strangers to stop at General Schuyler's, who is the proprietor as well as architect. I had recommendations to him from all quarters, but particularly from General Washington and Mrs. Church. I had besides given rendezvous to Colonel Hamilton, who had just married another of his daughters, and was preceded by the Vicomte de Noailles and the Comte de Damas, who I knew were arrived the night before. The sole difficulty therefore consisted in passing the river. Whilst the boat was making its way with difficulty through the flakes of ice, which we were obliged to break as we advanced, Mr. Lynch, who is not indifferent about a good dinner, contemplating General Schuyler's house, mournfully said to me, 'I am sure the Vicomte and Damas are now at table, where they have good cheer and good company, while we are here knocking our heels in hopes

of getting this evening to some wretched ale-house!' I partook a little of his anxiety, but diverted myself by assuring him that they saw us from the windows, that I even distinguished the Vicomte de Noailles, who was looking at us through a telescope, and that he was going to send somebody to conduct us, on our landing, to that excellent house, where we should find dinner ready to be served; I even pretended that a sleigh I had seen descending towards the river was designed for us. As chance would have it, never was conjecture more just. The first person we saw on shore was the Chevalier de Mauduit, who was waiting for us with the general's sleigh, into which we quickly stepped, and were conveyed in an instant into a handsome saloon, near a good fire, with Mr. Schuyler, his wife and daughters. While we were warming ourselves, dinner was served, to which every one did honor, as well as to the Madeira, which was excellent, and made us completely forget the rigor of the season and the fatigue of the journey. General Schuyler's family was composed of Mrs. Hamilton, his second daughter, who has a mild, agreeable countenance; of Miss Peggy Schuyler, whose features are animated and striking; of another charming girl, only eight years old; and of three boys, the eldest of whom is fifteen, the handsomest children one can see. He is himself about fifty, but already gouty and infirm. The government are at present paying their court to him and pressing him to accept the office of Secretary at War."

Miss Margaret Schuyler, mentioned by M. de Chastellux, married a few months later Stephen Van Rensselaer, the Patroon of Albany. The charming girl of eight was Cornelia, who married Washington Morton. The three sons were John, who died early, Philip, a member of Congress in 1820, and Rensselaer, an officer in the army.

Among the many guests whom Mrs. Schuyler received with her usual courteous kindness at this period was Aaron Burr, coming to Albany to practice law,—he who twenty years later brought such grief upon her family by the death of General Hamilton.

The summer of 1781 was marked by an important incident. A secret plot was formed to capture General Schuyler and carry him a prisoner to Canada. John Walter Meyer, a bold and reckless partisan, holding an officer's commission in the British service, was employed to carry out the plan. This man knew General Schuyler personally, and had been a guest at his table. The moment chosen for the capture was in the month of August, when the general was at his town-house, about half a mile below Albany. Several abductions of importance had recently taken place, and others were known to be planned. General Washington wrote to General Schuyler urging caution upon him. Accordingly, a guard of six men were on duty at the house. Meyer brought his band of Indians, Canadians, and Tories into the neighborhood, concealing them for ten days among the pine woods, while he reconnoitered the ground. Seizing a Dutch laborer, he forced the man to give him the information he needed about the condition of things at the house, and then released him under an oath of secrecy. The laborer, however, went immediately to the general and revealed the plot,—very probably in Dutch. A loyalist friend of the general also gave him a hint at the same time. Towards evening of a sultry day in August the general, Mrs. Schuyler, and their children were collected in the hall; an infant, the youngest child of the house, lay asleep in its cradle in an adjoining room. The servants were scattered about in various ways. Three of the guards were off duty, asleep in the basement; the other three were lying on the grass in the garden, their arms within reach. A servant came to the general, saying that a stranger wished to see him at the back gate. General Schuyler understood the summons. Doors and windows were instantly closed and barred, and the family collected in an upper room. The general ran to his bedroom for fire-arms, when from the window he saw a wild band gathering stealthily around the house,—Meyer and his gang. He fired a pistol from the window to arouse the sleeping guard and alarm the town. The guard sprang to their arms, but were soon overpowered. The Indians burst open

the doors and rushed into the house. Suddenly Mrs. Schuyler, in wild anxiety, looking over the family group, missed her youngest child, the infant in the cradle! In the wild confusion, the safety of the general being the first object, the sleeping child had been forgotten. The mother ran to the door of the room, but one thought in her heart,—to recover her child. But the general detained her, saying that her own life must not be sacrificed. Margaret Schuyler, the brilliant young girl, heard her mother's cry, saw the detaining hand of her father, and sprang to the door herself, flew down two flights of stairs, rushed into the din and confusion below, snatched her little sister from the cradle, and was running upstairs with the baby in her arms, when an Indian aimed a tomahawk at her. Her dress was cut; the weapon passed within a few inches of the infant's head, and lodged in the railing of the stairs. Most of the band were now collected in the dining-room, plundering the plate-closet. Meyer saw the young girl running up-stairs with the infant, and, taking her for the nurse, called out, "Wench, wench, where is your master?" "Gone to alarm the town!" was the answer, and in another moment she had gained the upper room in safety and laid the child in her mother's arms. There are few actions recorded of young girls so generous and so brave as the rescue of her baby sister from that wild band by Margaret Schuyler. Her answer to Meyer had also alarmed the marauders; they paused a moment in their plunder; the voice of the general was heard calling in a loud tone, as if speaking to a large party of men, "Come on, my brave fellows! Surround the house; seize the villains who are plundering!" Anxious to secure the booty, which was very valuable, and fearing a rescue, Meyer and his gang suddenly retreated,—actually put to flight by the general's voice. They carried off a large amount of plate, which was never recovered. It proved the general's ransom, for their desire to secure it saved him from capture. The infant so nobly rescued by her sister was Catharine Schuyler, who died at Oswego, the widow of Major Cochran, in 1858.

The surrender of Cornwallis in October, 1781, was the closing scene of the great drama. Then came the peace in 1783. The life of General Schuyler was, however, scarcely less active than during the war. He became Surveyor-General of the State, and was also Indian Commissioner. At the adoption of the Constitution in 1789 he was elected to the Senate. His political influence and sound judgment are well known to have contributed more than those of any other man to the code of laws adopted by his native State. But the labors which especially marked the closing years of the century were connected with the canals, which had been a dream of his for thirty years. In 1792 the State legislature passed a law carrying out two favorite plans of his own: two canals were to be built, one to open navigation between Little Falls and Oneida Lake, the other to unite the Upper Hudson and Lake Champlain. General Schuyler became president of both companies. It is an interesting fact that among the many guests received by Mrs. Schuyler in those years was a young French *émigré*, an engineer who brought letters to General Schuyler, Marc Isambert Brunel, who was employed in making surveys for the new canals. Many years later the same talent conceived and built the Thames Tunnel.

These cares and interests of the general were in a measure shared by Mrs. Schuyler. The conversation at the cheerful fireside and at the hospitable table now turned upon surveys in distant wilds, on the banks of the Genesee, on the Seneca, or upon locks and canals, or upon practical improvements in agriculture. Good wife as she was, the lady gave her sympathies to these labors of her husband, and took pleasure in doing the honors of her house to the many different guests brought under their roof by the general. Her children were now all grown up, and a flock of grandchildren were gathering about her. To all these she was very dear. As she advanced in life she became less active; she grew large and stout. But the sweet voice, the gentle manner, the pleasant smile, were still there. The brilliant sunshine of youth may pass away with years, but there is a softened glow lingering

over the close of a well-spent loving life, which is even more precious. It was remarked by those who knew Mrs. Schuyler intimately that she was "*much loved by the poor.*" The remark reveals her character. There are many who are kind and liberal to the poor; there are few who really win their love. She herself gave not only alms but loving sympathy also, which was returned with affection.

In preparing this brief sketch, a mere outline of the life of a faithful American wife and mother of the past century, it has been a matter of regret that no letters of her own have been preserved. Probably she wrote very little. This fact is characteristic of the period at which she lived. Few American women at that day wrote easily, fluently. It was probably something of a task to write even to the husband and children she loved so well; and her few letters may have been connected with family matters, considered trifling at a later day. It was chiefly business letters which were held to be of lasting value at that period. But the memory of Mrs. Schuyler has been preserved with so much distinctness, so much affection, by her family and friends, that we receive a very clear impression of her sweet, gracious, womanly character,—a character which also commands our respect from its elements of energy and firmness. Although but an outline, it is too pleasing to be allowed to fade utterly away, especially as hers was a life so closely interwoven with events of great public importance.

Her death was very sudden. She died of apoplexy early in the year 1803. General Schuyler never recovered from the bereavement. He lingered for a time in feeble health, tenderly watched and nursed by his youngest daughter,—"my dear Kitty," as he called her, the child rescued from the Indian tomahawk. He died in 1804, after the fatigue of going over the old battle-field at Saratoga with two distinguished French travelers.

Some weeks after Mrs. Schuyler's death he wrote to a relative,—

"My trial has been severe. I shall attempt to sustain it

with fortitude. I have, I hope, succeeded in a degree; but after giving and receiving for nearly half a century a series of mutual evidences of an affection and a friendship which increased as we advanced in life, the shock was great and sensibly felt to be thus suddenly deprived of a beloved wife, the mother of my children, and the soothing companion of my declining years."

SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER.

MRS. SAMUEL RIPLEY.

CHAPTER I.

In gathering up the treasures of the last century, some record has been desired of the life of Mrs. Sarah Alden Ripley, of Massachusetts.

Mrs. Ripley was known and revered in the region where she lived, as one who combined rare and living knowledge of literature and science with the household skill and habits of personal labor needful to New England women of limited means, and with the tenderest affection and care for the young brothers and sisters whom her mother's delicate health and death left to her charge, and for the seven children of her own marriage who grew up under her eye in the country parsonage at Waltham. To the ordinary cares of her station were added those of assisting her husband in the cares of a boys' boarding-school, both in housekeeping and teaching. These claims were met with disinterested devotion. And amid all the activity of her busy life the love and habit of acquiring knowledge, which was the life of her age as of her ardent youth, kept even pace.

To a friend has now been committed the trust of making some selections from Mrs. Ripley's letters written in youth, in early married life, in the later days when her children had grown up and rest seemed approaching, and in the last days at the "Old Manse" in Concord, her husband's paternal inheritance, to which they had retired in the spring of 1846, as a paradise of rest in age. The letters thus arrange themselves in four chapters. As a continuous history of events, they leave many gaps unfilled. At times of domestic changes,

whether joyful or sorrowful, the family, never widely scattered, drew at once together, and there was no need of letters in the personal presence of filial and friendly sympathy. The friends also who were dearest to her youth and middle life were all within a near circle of residence. Thus, as to many of the most interesting events of her life, no written record from her hand remains.

No better sketch of Mrs. Ripley can be found than the memorial written by Mr. R. W. Emerson at the time of her death. This will be found upon a later page. Their friendship had begun early and lasted long. Mr. Emerson's aunt, Miss Mary Emerson, the half-sister of Mr. Ripley, was a woman of genius, who had much influence in the early training of Mr. Emerson and his brothers. She had heard of the young Sarah Bradford and sought her out* in the household retreat in Boston where she devoted to study the time unclaimed by domestic duties; and the friendship which followed included the Emerson children† so dear to the elder lady. After Miss Bradford's marriage the claims of kindred also brought these boys to their uncle Ripley's house in school and college vacations, and the intercourse so precious to both sides was never interrupted but by death.

Mr. F. B. Sanborn, who in Mrs. Ripley's later years at Concord became very valuable to her as a companion in study and an affectionate minister to her enjoyment in many kind offices of friendship, wrote at the time of her death about her early studies thus: "It should be remembered that in the early part of this century, when Mrs. Ripley laid the foundation of her extensive knowledge of languages, of philosophy and literature, the aids to study were few and imperfect in

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* See Mrs. Ripley's letter to Mr. Simmons of October 7, 1844.

† The names of the Emerson children, excepting two who died very young, were William, Ralph Waldo, Edward Bliss, Peter Bulkeley, and Charles Chauncy. Edward and Charles died in early manhood; they were young men of the greatest promise: their death is commemorated by their brother in his poem entitled "Dirge." In the "May Day and Other Pieces" is another tribute to the memory of Edward.

New England. A good dictionary of Latin or Greek did not exist in English; editions of the ancient authors were rare and often very poor, while of the modern languages, except the French, scarcely anything was known in all this region. But the difficulties in the way did not prevent Mrs. Ripley from acquiring rapidly, and with sufficient correctness, a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, French, and Italian languages, and subsequently the German; with the literature of all which she became familiar, and kept up this familiarity till her failing strength made study, and even reading, irksome."

Wherever it is possible, the editor will avail herself of the reminiscences of Mrs. Ripley's friends in giving such explanation as is necessary for connecting the different series of letters with each other. But the letters themselves will best report the life of the writer.

Sarah Alden Bradford was born in Boston, July 31, 1793, and was the eldest child of Captain Gamaliel Bradford. Two brothers followed her, Gamaliel, afterwards a well-known physician and citizen of Boston, and Daniel, who studied law, and died early in Mississippi. Then followed two sisters, Martha, afterwards the wife of Dr. Josiah Bartlett, of Concord, Massachusetts, and Margaret, the wife of Mr. Seth Ames, now one of the justices of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. George, her youngest brother, whom she almost wholly educated up to the time when he entered Harvard College, and Hannah, her youngest sister, who was the wife and is now the widow of the late Mr. A. H. Fiske, a prominent lawyer in Boston, completed the number of seven children, to the three youngest of whom Sarah stood in the place of a mother: her own children were not nearer to her heart. Her father, who was a sea-captain, was often absent on voyages, and her mother's delicate health gave to the eldest daughter, as she grew up, a large share in the care of this numerous family. The youngest brother and sister still survive.

Sarah attended a school taught by Mr. Cummings, well known in days long past as the author of a school geography, of whom she speaks in one of her latest letters as "my old

school-master, to whom I owe the foundation of all I know worth speaking of." Her teacher asked her one day if she would like to study Latin. It was a fortnight before she could make up her mind to ask her father's leave, but one day she came home and with great timidity said, "Father, may I study Latin?" Her father laughed, and exclaimed, "A girl study Latin! Yes, study Latin if you want to. You may study anything you please." This, as it will be seen, was opening the door into a wide field.

Captain Bradford's father and other relatives lived in Duxbury, near Plymouth. In her occasional visits to this place Sarah had formed an intimate friendship with Abba Allyn, the daughter of Dr. Allyn, the minister of Duxbury. He himself took an especial interest in his daughter's young friend, to which she never ceased to respond in grateful acknowledgment. The girls read together, and explored the woods and swamps in company, looking wistfully at the flowers they gathered, longing for knowledge to detect the laws and secrets of nature. After one of these visits, Sarah wrote to her friend Abba a formal little letter proposing a correspondence. The proposal was accepted, and the first selection from Mrs. Ripley's letters will be a few from the earlier ones in the life-long series which passed between the two friends. The first letter, to which I have referred, is duly dated, "April 15th, 1809." But this is almost the only date in the whole series: so that the editor can only guess at the order in which the letters followed each other by the increased freedom of the style and handwriting, and by the order of studies and topics, when a new book rises to mark the progress of the months; as in Dante's pilgrimage the hours and seasons are marked only by the succession of the constellations. The correspondence, as I have said, began in 1809. The Bradford family afterwards spent a year in Duxbury, returning to Boston in 1811. After that time the letters continued with confidence and affection unabated, and the friendship never ceased through life.

MISS BRADFORD TO MISS ALLYN.

[About 1809.]

"My dear Abba,—

"I am sorry to perceive that you have greatly mistaken the motive which has induced me lately to mix less with the world than heretofore. You ascribe it to depression of mind, for which you entreat me to assign a reason. You are much deceived, my friend. God has continually blessed me since I came into this world, and I should be very ungrateful if I were discontented or unhappy. He has given me life, and hereafter I shall be accountable to him for the manner in which I have improved the time and privileges afforded me. At present I am favored with the means of acquiring useful knowledge. If, instead of employing the season of youth in improving my mind, I spend it in idle visiting, in preparing for balls and parties, neglecting the advantages afforded me, can I reasonably expect that they will always be continued to me? I do not intend to give up all society; I only intend to relinquish that from which I can gain no good. Be assured I wish to conceal nothing from you, and if I were in affliction your participation would greatly lessen it. Write to me the manner in which you employ your time. Your papa informed me you had become an adept in spinning. Have you begun Virgil? I must bid you good-by, my dearest and best friend, and it is my earnest desire that you may be happy in this world and that which is to come. Don't expose this letter.

"S. A. B."

"As the spring advances I am more and more desirous to be with you. The grass in our yard begins to look green, and the lilac-trees have leaved. We consider our yard and garden quite a farm in comparison with the yards belonging to the new-fashioned houses, which are in general about as large as your back room. So that, although I am not in the country, I am better off than many of my neighbors. Do you find any pretty wild flowers? If you have never examined a dan-

delion flower, you will find it very curious,—the downy wings of the seeds, by which they are scattered far and wide, the perfect uniformity of the little flowers, each with its pistil and five stamens, united by the anthers, the filaments separate, almost too small to be distinguished with the naked eye. The same order, regularity, and beauty are visible in the least as in the greatest works of creation. Do you think a dandelion could have been the work of chance? Surely that study cannot be entirely useless which can make even this most despised of flowers a source of admiration and entertainment, a demonstration of the hand of a Creator. I saw the other evening in one of our neighbors' yards a Lombardy poplar in full bloom, a sight I never saw before; but, as my face was swollen with the ague, I could not get a blossom. I believe they are of the same class as the balsam poplar, which I have often seen in bloom. Father has frequently recommended to me a poem called Darwin's Botanic Garden. I think I can borrow it at Judge Davis's; and I am determined to bring it to Duxbury with me, that we may enjoy it together."

In a later letter she says,—

"There are to be botanical lectures next winter in Boston, but I suppose the pine woods must be our lecture-room, and nature our herbalist."

In another letter, after analyzing for her friend the Linnæan System and Darwin's Botanic Garden, her last book, she ends, "But it is washing-day, and I must run and fold my clothes: so good-by. . . . The clothes are not quite dry, so here I come again. I thought at first I would read a little; but when I get in a notion of writing to you I can attend to nothing else till the rage is over. I study or read morning and evening, when not prevented by company. How we might improve these long winter evenings together!"

[1809.]

"Your letter found me in company with one of my Greek acquaintance; but he was obliged to yield to the superior claims of friendship. I cannot sufficiently thank you for it, affectionate and entertaining as it was. The poem* I have long wished to read, written, by the way, by the biographer of our favorite Cowper,—*our* favorite, I say, for I am sure you cannot have read half through his life and not love him as well as I do. He is a most engaging character. Perhaps you may think him a little vain in making his own compositions so frequently the subjects of his letters, particularly his translations of Homer. But I can readily find in my own feelings an excuse for him. How interested I feel in anything you are engaged in! How eager I am to know every step you take in Virgil, etc.! So anxious for the success and fame of her friend was Lady Hesketh that he well knew the most minute details would be interesting to her. . . . A dreadful apprehension of having forfeited the divine favor by his imperfections (when perhaps there was never a man who had less reason for such a fear) seems to have been the occasion of that melancholy which shaded the whole course of his life and especially obscured the end, which so strongly awakens the feeling of sympathy. Do you not relish much more his pleasing descriptions since you know 'his praise of nature most sincere, raptures not conjured up to serve the purpose of poetic pomp, but genuine'? I am delighted to hear you do not desert our old friend Virgil. You need not fear I shall be jealous of any share he may have in your friendship. I have not read anything new since I wrote you, but jog on in the same old road. I have finished Homer's Odyssey, and wish to read the Iliad very much. Your papa has one with a Latin translation, and, if he does not use it this winter, by lending it to me he will add another great obligation to the many he has conferred upon me. You mentioned in one of your last letters an abundance of new story-books,

* Hayley's "Triumphs of Temper."

such as 'Vivian,' etc. I hope Daniel will read some of them to me this long vacation, that I may be able in company to bear some part in the conversation, for they are the only fashionable topics. Dear Abba, since I wrote you I have commenced acquaintance with a Miss Emerson,* a sister of our minister, a pious and sensible woman, between thirty and forty years of age. She was so kind as to make the first advances by calling on me; and from her society I expect to derive the greatest advantages: she appears extremely interested in the religious improvement of the young. When I consider what a price there is put in my hands to gain wisdom, I am alarmed at the little progress I have made in a knowledge of the things that concern my eternal peace. Good-night.

"Your friend, SARAH."

The following was marked by Miss Emerson, "First letter of her childhood in friendship."

MISS BRADFORD TO MISS EMERSON.

[About 1809.]

"DEAR, DEAR MARY,—

"I am afraid you will hear no more about satiety and disgust of life. With every rising dawn your idea is associated. The day no longer presents in prospect an unvaried tasteless round of domestic duties. Bright gleams of hope illumine the dull perspective. The mellow rays of the declining sun sweep the chords of love. Oh that they ceased to vibrate with the gentle touch! Your idea intrudes too often on the hallowed hours. But it will not be always thus. The affection whose object is so pure, so heavenly, cannot, will not, forever militate with devotion. Once convinced the chains are riveted, suspicion, dread to have disgusted or offended, will give place to calm reposing satisfaction. How delightful the thought that

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* See Mrs. Ripley's letter to Mr. Simmons of October 7, 1844, for an account of Miss Emerson and of the beginning of their acquaintance.

our religion sanctions friendship! How does worldliness dry up every spring of pure affection, chill every generous, glowing emotion! I was bantered a little at tea about violent romantic attachments. I was bold in the defense of disinterested friendship. My mother considers it a delusion, innocent as to its object, rather dangerous as to its effects, making me unsteady, as she terms it. But you told me once you hated sentimental epistles. May everything that can make life's journey pleasant be yours in perfection!"

"I was peaceably poring over old Josephus when your affectionate letter came. Its seal was broken with delightful agitation. Poor Josephus! I am afraid he will be obliged to suspend for to-day the tedious narrative of his countrymen's seditions. My interest in him increases as he draws near the illustrious *era* beheld in prophetic vision, ushered in with seraphic song. . . . The Roman annals of this period have for me an amazing interest. I have them from the hand of a master. I am eagerly looking on every page for some mention of characters enshrined on the altar of Christianity. . . . My affection for you has given a new tone to my feelings and animation to my pursuits. . . . I want you to become better acquainted with my old friend Lactantius. He lived to a great age, and had the satisfaction of seeing the clouds that had so long lowered over the Christian world begin to break away. It was the last burst of the tempest of persecution that provoked his elegant defense. His style is very clear, and his standard of morality high as perfection itself. He has some faults, is often fanciful in his interpretation of Scripture language, and sometimes shows great want of candor in interpreting the moral precepts of heathen philosophy. He seems to have fallen into an error natural to the early age of the Church,—considers poverty and persecution necessary to Christian virtue. Is it an error? Do not many graces imply a state of suffering?"

MISS BRADFORD TO MISS ALLYN.

"Miss Emerson has left Boston for an uncertain time. You know how I dislike writing; yet I have already written to her. It was the condition on which I am to expect her letters; and if they are of as much benefit to me as I hope her society has been, I shall be abundantly compensated. Do not be jealous of her, my best friend. My affection for you and her are very different: there is too much of reverential respect mingled with the former to admit of that unreserved confidence which is so strong a bond of union between *us*. Can an acquaintance of a few months, where there is disparity of years and difference in pursuits, be weighed in the balance with a friendship of years, cemented by union in studies as well as sentiment?"

Her friend indorses the following letter, "This letter written when she was seventeen."

MISS BRADFORD TO MISS EMERSON.

[1810.]

"DEAR MARY,—

"I have begun Stewart. (Oh, how you have multiplied my sources of enjoyment!) By bringing into view the various systems of philosophers concerning the origin of our knowledge, he enlarges the mind, and extends the range of our ideas, while he traces to their source those torrents of error, skepticism, and infidelity that have for ages inundated this fair field of science; clearly distinguishing between proper objects of inquiry and those that must forever remain inexplicable to man in the present state of his faculties. Reasonings from induction are delightful. I have read but few works on these subjects. Oh, how I envy the scholar, the philosopher, whose business, whose profession, is science! Continually making new discoveries in this boundless region, where every object bears the impress of Divinity, Linnæus could trace with equal wonder and delight the strokes of a divine, unrivaled pencil, as Newton the omnipotent arm that first gave motion to the

planetary system. Even the humble dandelion exhibits an order and regularity of parts admirable as the harmony of spheres. Yet, as much as I am pleased with your philosophical speculations, I should not be willing to renounce for them entirely the poets of Greece and Rome. Opening Virgil the other night after I was in bed, his fine description of Æneas's descent into the lower regions held imagination entranced for hours. The sombre and terrific images that throng the gloomy portal, the turbid, sedgy stream, the supplications of unburied shades that hover around its banks, thick as autumnal leaves, the grim boatman, the converse of Æneas with the spirits of departed heroes, the expressive look and manner of his injured mistress, described in all the majesty of Virgil's style, wonderfully entertain the fancy. In pathos of sentiment he is unrivaled: he is acquainted with every avenue to the heart. His epic abounds with the most affecting pictures of filial love and heroic friendship. I have almost a mind to blot this long eulogium. I am continually introducing you to one or another of my old friends, that you do not care a fig for, who meet with so much more agreeable society of your own age. I am afraid you will never be rid of their intrusions till you absolutely command them to stay at home. Do call me a good girl for writing again so soon. Good-by.

"Yours with affection, SARAH."

"DEAR MARY,—

"I have just received your valuable letter, and would answer it while warm with gratitude for the affectionate interest it expresses in my welfare. Your caution against an undue devotion to literary pursuits is, I fear, too necessary. Perhaps not more time is allotted to them than conscience would permit for innocent amusements. But their dominion over the affections is the danger. I fear, if called to relinquish them entirely or desert some positive duty, the sacrifice would be made with reluctance. Yet, when I experience how much more easy is the transition to serious meditation from an evening spent in study than one spent in society, where vanity

may have been excited or pride flattered, I am inclined to consider them, if not directly tending to produce, at least not unfavorable to, piety. How ready we are to excuse a favorite passion! It is my constant prayer that my affections may be purified, and with advantages for improvement my sphere of usefulness may also be enlarged. My friend, I should not write thus to any one but yourself. I am almost ashamed when I see that I have as yet been the only subject. Do tell me if you think me vain or presuming.

" . . . You are the only person who ever thought me of any consequence, and I am pretty well convinced other folks are more than half right. I want you to love me, but you must do as you please about it."

MISS BRADFORD TO MISS ALLYN.

"I have been so busily engaged since mother has been at Duxbury in mending old clothes and making cambric bonnets, that I have not had time to read, write, nor scarcely think, except about my work. What will you say,—that I have improved or degenerated, if I tell you I have spent almost a fortnight in making two bonnets? I am afraid if you knew how much anxiety and fretting they have occasioned, you would be at no loss in pronouncing judgment. Be that as it may, I have acquired the fame of being quite a tasteful milliner, and, if you regard the time and pains bestowed, I think there was never any fame of the kind more justly earned."

"You don't want to know what I am doing, but I will tell you to plague you. I study now and then a little Latin. In the daytime while I sit at work Daniel reads some entertaining book to me, and in the evening when there is no company I usually study a chapter in the Greek Testament. I dare not tell you how much of my time I spend in playing with Hannah, who grows a fine little girl: you don't know how much we all love her. Do write to me soon and send me

a translation of some part of the Æneid, written handsomely on a neat piece of paper. Have you begun the History of Rome? Remark particularly the events happening about Cicero's time. It is my favorite history. I expect it will afford us a fund of conversation when we meet again.

"Dear Abba, we go through the same routine of business here,—wash Monday, iron Tuesday, etc. The description of one week would serve for all the rest in the year; no variety, except of books, of which (as is usually the case in vacation) we have abundance. Daniel comes home loaded with new ones, French and English. Among the former I find Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV., valuable both from the style in which it is written and the important events it relates. What would you say if I were to tell you I have begun five different books at once? I am afraid the little leisure I have, divided among so many objects, will not be very profitably employed. I am reading Juvenal, a Roman satirist, who is charming when he lashes those follies that are common among mankind in every age; but when he attacks those grosser ones of his own which are now 'not so much as named among us' he is often so indelicate that I am obliged to pass over a great deal. No one can read the Satires of Juvenal, or St. Paul's picture of his age in the first chapter of Romans, and not perceive how greatly Christianity has refined the tone of morality, though much of her genuine influence be diminished by the bad passions of men.

"I have undertaken to instruct the little ones this winter, and now begin to realize what has been your task for a year or two past. They hate the Latin grammar, but in geography we go on more smoothly: they are pleased to trace countries, rivers, etc., on the map, and George's eyes will sparkle when he hears any place mentioned in conversation whose situation he is acquainted with. To grammar they attach no kind of idea, and I cannot conceive that its study can be useful in any other way than forming a habit of attention. I have been reading to-day part of a charming satire where Juvenal paints glaringly the mistakes of men in their search after happiness.

The book lies before me, with the leaf turned down: I long to read it to you, it is so natural. Where do you think I am writing to you? In my own chamber, which, by the means of a little shoemaker's stove* fixed here this afternoon, is as warm as an oven. Some sweet ingredient is each day mingled in my cup. For all these blessings I cannot be grateful enough to kind friends, and to Him who has given me these friends. Good-night, says one who loves you dearly.

"SARAH BRADFORD."

"I have not read much this vacation, though French books have abounded, for I spent most of my leisure with Theocritus, an old Grecian, the father of pastoral poetry. I like many of his Idyllia better than Virgil's Bucolica. He is much more natural, and to him Virgil is indebted for many of his most beautiful ideas. There is so much of nature in the Idyllium I am now studying, a dialogue between two women on their way to some public show, that I long to recite it to you, as I do a thousand other things I meet with in the day."

"The comet is running off very fast; I shall be sorry to bid him good-by forever. I seldom go to bed without looking to see if the old serpent's head is still above the horizon."

"I am very much interested in Tacitus at present. He has a manner so pleasant of telling his stories, he is as interesting as a novelist. I am impatient for the time when you shall read him. I am sometimes almost tempted to wish I knew nothing about Latin, and had not a taste for studies that subject me to so many inconveniences; for the time I now employ

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* A friend in Boston writes, "I find by inquiry among the old stove-makers that a 'shoemaker's stove' was well known as a cylinder of sheet iron laid horizontally, flattened on the upper side, with a door at one end and a funnel at the other."

in study I should then spend in reading books which would enable me to join in the conversation and partake of the pleasures of fashionable ladies, but now I am as careful to conceal my books and as much afraid of being detected with them as if I were committing some great crime."

So this fair, fragrant lily grew up in the grass of common daily life, pure, peaceable, wise, lovely, of good report: "if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise," she was not found wanting. No desire to evade the lowliest household task which duty or affection laid upon her ever shows itself in her letters. And the same lowly, sincere acceptance of the daily order of Providence in life remains characteristic to the last.

The War of 1812–14, and other causes, brought such interruptions to her father's occupations—which were still connected with commerce, although he had left the sea about the year 1808—that it became expedient for him, in 1813, to accept the office of Warden of the State Prison in Charlestown. After some time he removed his family from Boston to that town. But Sarah's intimacy with Miss Emerson and her young nephews was not broken by this new necessity of crossing a bridge. Their communication by letters, as will have been seen, had begun early, and it was still continued whenever the friends were separated.

MISS BRADFORD TO MISS EMERSON.

"DEAR FRIEND,—

"I spent last night with your little darling.* We vied with each other in telling stories: the little budget of learning and fancy was all emptied, nor were its contents so inconsiderable as the aunt would sometimes represent them.—I have before me a rare banquet of reason and taste, if I had but leisure to enjoy it,—Butler, Tasso, Sophocles, and Euripides. You will

* It is not known which of the nephews is here referred to.

enjoy Butler's Analogy with me. I believe I told you I have Milton's minor poems. With what majesty and sublimity his old-fashioned epithets grace his style! They remind one of the rich brocades and substantial ornaments of our grandmothers, contrasted with the gauze and ribbons of modern bards. In the second book of Paradise Lost, Satan's journey through the realms of Chaos and old Night,—one knows not which most to admire, the sublimity of his thoughts, or their expressive garb of diction:

> 'Who shall tempt with wandering feet
> The dark, unbottomed, infinite abyss,
> And through the palpable obscure find out
> His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight,
> Upborne with indefatigable wings,
> Over the vast abrupt.'

"Every word is an idea, and an idea it seems no other word could so forcibly express. How could Johnson talk about blank verse being unfit for English epic? Your friend E. says he has colored our theology. No wonder! Poets were the mythologists of ancient days. Inspiration was attributed as their peculiar gift, and, in their language, for poet and prophet one word sufficed.

"Why can't you be disinterested enough, after you have inhaled the fragrance of autumnal wild flowers, to press some of them for me? Taylor's Holy Dying will be just the book to entomb withering beauty. The modes of decease, too, in the vegetable world are not destitute of variety: the green brier which taints the gale while it lives, and loses when dry its offensive odor, may comment on 'the wicked cease from troubling;' the fragrance of the faded rose is a good name left behind; and the pappous tribe go off on gossamer wings of immortality. Do write, whether consistent or inconsistent with your pursuits: in the latter case I make the appeal to benevolence.

"Yours most affectionately, SARAH."

Among the letters to Miss Emerson I find one addressed to Ralph Waldo Emerson, then eleven years old,—beginning with a translation from Virgil, which she challenges him to finish:

MISS BRADFORD TO RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

1814.

"My dear young Friend,—

* * * * * * * * * * *

"You love to trifle in rhyme a little now and then: why will you not continue this versification of the fifth bucolic? You will answer two ends, or, as the old proverb goes, kill two birds with one stone,—improve in your Latin, as well as indulge a taste for poetry. Why can't you write me a letter in Latin? But Greek is your favorite language: *epistola in linguâ Græcâ* would be still better. All the honor will be on my part, to correspond with a young gentleman in Greek. Only think of how much importance I shall feel in the literary world. Tell me what most interests you in Rollin; in the wars of contending princes, under whose banner you enlist, to whose cause you ardently wish success. Write me with what stories in Virgil you are most delighted: is not that a charming one of the friendship of Nisus and Euryalus? I suppose you have a Euryalus among your companions; or don't little boys love each other as well as they did in Virgil's time? How beautifully he describes the morning! Do write to your affectionate friend, Sarah."

Thus adjured, her young friend returns in answer a fulfillment of the task assigned him, in a translation of the fifth bucolic from the nineteenth to the thirty-fifth line:

May 6, 1814.

"*Mop.* Turn now, O youth, from your long speech away;
The bower we've reached recluse from sunny ray;
The Nymphs with pomp have mourned for Daphnis dead;
The hazels witnessed, and the rivers fled.
The wretched mother clasped her lifeless child,
And gods and stars invoked with accents wild.
Daphnis! the cows are not now led to streams
Where the bright sun upon the water gleams,

Neither do herds the cooling river drink,
Nor crop the grass upon the verdant brink.
O Daphnis! both the mountains and the woods,
The Punic lions, and the raging floods,
All mourn for thee, for thee who first did hold
In chariot-reins the spotted tiger bold.
Daphnis the Bacchanalian chorus led,
He placed himself at the mad dancers' head.
'Twas Daphnis who with beauteous fingers wove
The stems of leaves he gathered from the grove.
As the great beauty of a tree is seen
From vines entwining round its pleasant green,
As vines themselves in grapes their beauty find,
As the fair bull of all the lowing kind,
As standing corn doth grace the verdant fields,
So to thy beauty every rival yields."

MISS BRADFORD TO MISS EMERSON.

"CHARLESTOWN, Nov. 9th, 1814.

"DEAR FRIEND,—

"You will have me write—what? the interesting detail of mending, sweeping, teaching? What amusement can you reasonably require at the hand of a being secluded in a back chamber, with a basket of stockings on one side, and an old musty heathen on the other? Musty! reiterates father Homer, frowning through his gilt cover. . . . Well, dear Mary, if you will have aught of me this evening, you must be content to pass it with Ariosto or Tasso, for we are inseparable. . . . Ariosto gives free rein to an imagination luxuriant, wild, brilliant as his own enchanted domes with airy touch that fancy fires; Tasso's genius chastised by correctness of taste appears in picturesque description, accurate delineation of character, various and entertaining incident. *Novelty* bestows their charm on visions of unrestrained fancy, but nature pleases always. The gondoliers of Venice, their oars beating time, are heard nightly chanting Tasso's stanzas,—rarely Ariosto's. The poet of nature is a practical metaphysician, acquainted as it were by inspiration with those combinations of passions and affections common to our race, that form all

the varieties of individual character,—skilled to touch those delicate strings of sentiment that find concordant notes in every soul. Our age, I believe, consents to place the English epic poet in the niche with Homer; Tasso dares not aspire so high, yet (though never in sublimity) in beauty of description he might dispute the palm with Milton; and even this towering genius sometimes condescends to borrow a fine simile from his Italian predecessor.

"I dispatched a letter by post this morning: this is for a private conveyance; George stands waiting with his Homer; Betsey teasing to know how the meat is to be dissected; the wind blowing books and papers in every direction; but *cacoethes scribendi*,—I keep on. 'Write, if consistent with your pursuits.' You will be obliged, when tired of paying postage and breaking seals, to explain yourself in more direct terms."

MISS BRADFORD TO MISS ALLYN.

"CHARLESTOWN, April 19th, 1815.

"DEAR ABBA,—

"I had hoped our next communication would have been oral, but, as the Fates do not seem disposed to extend my thread to Duxbury, I come again in the form of epistle. How is it with Greek, Latin, and French? Have you conquered Sallust? and do you meditate an attack on Horace next? If this is your intention, you may prepare for a tight conflict, for it is something more than play, even after Tacitus has nerved the arm and exercised the skill. This last waits your command. Your friend is listening again to the Doric muse of Theocritus, and anticipating the period when we shall enjoy her harmony in company. Virgil is happier than Thomson in the picturesque of poetry: the dazzling splendor of the latter blends his imagery in indistinct confusion, while Virgil's expressive diction throws a soft shade about his

'jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ,'

and marks each object with distinctness. Theocritus excels them both in this master-art of description. Vivid conception of the grand and beautiful in nature, and a talent of discriminating selection, are the gifts of the poetic imagination. Who cannot measure a verse and conclude it with the jingle of rhyme? but to see with a poet's eye and color with a poet's pencil—*hic labor est!*"

"March 19th.

"My dear Friend,—

"We have been turning over the leaves of a German grammar for the last week; have the promise of books, but can procure no dictionary; transition rather harsh from Italian, in which every word ends with a vowel, to consonant upon consonant in *schramme* and *geschwulst*. One meets *in limine primo* with many words like the English, which is accounted for by the Teutonic derivation of both. Mme. de Staël says that it, the German, resembles the Greek language in its construction; which is certainly observable in the number of its declensions and the variations of its articles. Perhaps the similarity of structure may be accounted for by peculiar circumstances in the early state and progress of the two nations. Homer presents us with a picture of the primeval polity and manners of his country, numerous independent tribes, each electing its own chief, dignified in heroics with the royal title, frequently embroiled in petty contests with each other, all uniting for the purpose of public defense or retaliation. In this state they continue to make progress in arts and civilization, unconquered by any foreign power, till the memorable invasion of the Persians serves but to exercise their military talents and confirm the national spirit of freedom. Tacitus gives nearly the same account of the manners of ancient Germany, which, however, is but a general description of the early history of every nation, the natural or rather the simple form of government founded on the universally acknowledged right of parental authority. Germany seems neither to have been civil-

ized nor corrupted by its intercourse with the Roman soldiery; the regular construction of its language and the gradual refinement of its manners to have been its own work,—like those of Greece, the natural progress of society. . . . Perhaps I shall tell you when I know more of the crooked letters the analogy between the two languages is as imaginary as the attempt to account for it is fanciful. And now we come to the matter in hand, to thank you for your entertaining letter, to entreat you not to sit up too late nor rise too early, not to wet your feet or fatigue yourself through too violent exercise; in short, to take care of your health. I suppose by this time the *epigæa repens* begins to peep through the withered leaves. Do press me a bunch, as I have never examined it particularly.

"Wedn. week.—A German dictionary! We begin to think our own language has the best claim to relationship to the German: the verb is commonly the concluding word in the sentence, which will make it fine for poetry. You do not tell me where to find you in Greek. You will probably begin the Iliad after 'Minora.' I long to hear what you think of the venerable (Samian or Chian) bard. Has not Tacitus yet described anything worthy of a mark? In May I am to see your mother and yourself. Do not disappoint

"S. A. B."

"There is indeed a striking analogy between the German and Greek in the number of compounded words: abstract and general terms are composed of words expressing the simple ideas included, and thus explain themselves without definition. From this peculiarity the Greek has become the source from which every modern science has drawn its nomenclature; and indeed it must be a marked feature in every idiom which, without being indebted to foreign or ancient languages, has grown out of the necessities and improved with the taste and science of the age. We are now laboring at one of Klopstock's dramas, the subject of which is the famous destruction by the Cherusci of Varro's three legions, whose remains were afterward found in the sacred forests of the Germans by Ger-

manicus's army,—which Tacitus finely describes, I think, in his first book. . . . My mother is very sick to-day, and I have cake in the oven to take care of: so good-by.—Saturday.—George has been reciting from one of Sallust's prefaces. What a philosopher he would fain be! he has moralized us all to sleep. His motto, '*Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus*,' and his inference, of course, that it is better to be an historian than a consul. He traces with a masterly hand the causes of great revolutions and events to the secret passions of the human heart. He can draw a striking portrait—witness Jugurtha's; but how insufferably affected in style!"

TO MISS ALLYN.

"Do you read the Greek Testament? It will take many a rainy Sunday to exhaust the new ideas one may acquire by divesting one's self of the prejudices of education and the peculiar sanctity distant and superstitious time has thrown around the epistolary parts of these records of our faith; with a distinct idea of the character of their author to place ourselves at Corinth, Athens, or Jerusalem, as they really existed in the time of the apostle,—not as seen with the glass of faith through the long postern of eighteen centuries; to find full of interesting meaning, passages which appear obscure, extravagant, or contradictory to those who receive every epistle as applicable *in toto* to the Church at the present day."

The "having picked up Lowth's Isaiah" is the occasion of a lively statement of "the general identification of poet and prophet among ancient nations. It was natural," she adds, "to ascribe to supernatural influence the utterance of genius which untaught by man soared far above the common level, and the solitary taste of the bard for nature in her sublime and awful attitudes might have strengthened the persuasion.

Ζεὺς δὲ θεῶν ἀγορὴν ποιήσατο τερπικέραυνος
ἀκροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδειράδος Οὐλύμποιο.

". . . What of all this? I was going to add, I know not what, about divine truth coming with superior authority from lips already, without the evidence of miracles, believed to be touched with celestial fire."

"Brilliant imagination is all Ariosto has to boast, but so wild and extravagant as rather to astonish and entertain than to interest the feelings. Sympathy seldom goes beyond the bounds of nature."

"We are expecting you daily. When you come you shall be treated to a peep at Herodotus in green and gold: '*dulcis et fusus et candidus Herodotus.*' Margaret is waiting to say her lesson. Do make haste,—May is almost past."

"I have found a French work on chemistry and natural history in five volumes, quite elementary, perfectly intelligible, and am up to the mind's elbows in carbon."

After comparing the style of Cicero with that of Tacitus, she says,—

"A nation's taste as well as literature has its rise and decline. It seems to be the fate of humanity that, arrived at the height of eminence in any attainment, it must begin to descend again ere it has time to view the goodly prospect. Happily, the heights of natural science are 'Alps on Alps.'"

"My dear Friend,—

"You have become Tacitus *ad unguem.* Excuse me if once and again I break in on your retirement, disturb your reverie, or add a provoking third to your society. What a striking feature in the delineation of Tiberius's character are those ambiguous letters to the Senate,—the arbitrary tyrant

under the specious garb of deference to pristine manners! Gothic ignorance, or Father Time's more barbarous hand, has provokingly made *bonne prise* of some dozen pages in the latter part of this Emperor's history: this gap is admirably supplied by Juvenal's tenth satire.

"By the way, I have a new Delphini edition of Juvenal, with notes explanatory to every sentence; at your service, of course. It will be hard labor, but in a diamond mine. The originality of his ideas will surprise and the fine strokes of nature will delight you. The poet of genius who can distinguish between artificial manners modified by local and occasional circumstances, and those genuine springs of feeling and principles of action which mark man's fraternity to man, writes for every age,—raises a monument to his fame '*perennius ære.*' Novelty and a splendid imagination may throw a momentary halo around forms unnatural and extravagant; but the emotion of surprise is transient, and it can never boast the charm of sympathy. Nature speaks to every heart; we view the pictures of antiquity which her pencil traces, with the traveler's delight who recognizes well-known features in a distant land: they please if common; but if genius animate them, what is the emotion!

"Your Greek was grateful as a milestone on a long journey to mark the distance gone; as to its critical merit, you are as well qualified to judge as your humble servant, who blesses her stars if she can by dint of digging arrive at the ideas without pretending to analyze the soil which covers them. Gam just enters, and calls for toast and coffee: so good-night. . . . Do you know it is almost three months since you have entered into the detail of books and business? If Procyon, who keeps a steady eye upon you, were but a looking-glass to reveal your secret doings! Do note him peeping in at your eastern window every evening between seven and eight. Daniel has attacked Thucydides and Juvenal; Martha, Italian; I distill and calcine with Fourcroi, smile with Voltaire at the superstitious follies of barbarous times, and now and then break Morpheus's head with an Italian drama, viz., Goldoni's,

which has not much to boast as to plot or incident, and is nevertheless entertaining from the nature ease, and humor of the dialogue.

"Always obliged, dear Abba, by your affectionate sympathy. I am so happy as to be able to tell you that Gam is on the recovery, has a good appetite, and appears to be free from any symptoms of disease. He is, however, extremely weak, and unable to sit up more than five minutes at a time. . . . I have had a dainty morsel in 'Eichhorn on the Apocalypse:' he considers the book as a drama, imagines a plot, lays the action in heaven, and adorns and illustrates the scenes with treasures of ingenuity and curious learning. But the hour of twilight in a dark chamber, where the only glimmerings are those that peep through certain longitudinal crevices in the window-shutters, is neither the most convenient nor inspiring for epistolizing, whatever it may be for friendly chat. No doubt you are as poetically sentimental as 'rocking winds' and 'heaven's pure expanse' can make you; while I am content if one vagrant ray of Phœbus makes its way by noon through my key-hole. In short, I have not been out of doors since the 1st November; but of this no complaint, while I converse ideally—that is, not in fancy, but in black and white—with worthies both dead and living; above all, since anxious suspense and distressing apprehension have been dispelled by returning hope."

MISS BRADFORD TO MISS EMERSON.

1816.

"My dear Friend,—

"Charles's understanding and manners do his instructress much credit, but sincerely I fear the dear little boy must yet through much tribulation become initiated into the mysteries of *hic, hæc, hoc.* He has not yet formed a habit of application, if I can judge from this morning's lesson. The labor of turning over his dictionary wearied him; and, as he came for a visit of

pleasure, I had not the heart to tease him. Nothing but the responsibility of an interested instructor or the anxiety of a parent can reconcile one to the tedious labor of thoroughly perfecting a child in all the minutiæ of a language without the aid of emulation or fear, the moving springs of a public school. To the last you would be unwilling to expose a darling so early as seven; but I really think that unless Charles's time could be profitably occupied at home with the elements of some natural science, to inspire a taste for which would again require much time and affectionate assiduity, he ought to go to school. We will together make one more desperate effort for a good private one, if your ladyship shall see fit to attend to my remonstrances. Poor little fellow, he is looking at pictures beside me, little imagining I am plotting against his peace; but so it is—the bitter root must be tasted before the sweet fruits of learning can be obtained. He has behaved perfectly well, and is quite contented; but I have let the children play nearly all day.

"Yours, SARAH."

"I shall bring this myself, but I had rather write, than talk, with the air of a counsellor."

"Your present shall purchase a Pindar,* not a pin-cushion. I have long wanted him to fill a niche on my shelf of classics, but not as a token to remember a friend who has had more power and influence over me than any other being who ever trod this earth or breathed this vital air. You have sometimes been so unjust as to impute it to pride that I have so seldom protested how much I loved you, while the true cause was the incredulous smile with which the expressions of affection were repulsed."

* This "Pindar"—a small Oxford edition of 1808, with the inscription "Sarah A. Bradford from her friend M. Emerson"—is still in the possession of Mrs. Ripley's family. She was fond of telling an amusing story of her search for it. "Pindar?" the booksellers would say, one after another; "Pindar? you mean Peter Pindar, I suppose?"

"DEAR MARY,—

"The severity of your remarks drew a few tears and shed a temporary gloom over meditation. But you will accuse me of pride again when I tell you an emotion succeeded somewhat like resignation for the loss of earthly friendship at the recollection of being amenable alone to a higher tribunal,—though just and holy yet infinitely merciful, where an unguarded expression will not condemn. Have I led you to believe I consider myself faultless? I am daily conscious of much offense in thought, word, and deed, but I have not thought it necessary to pain or disgust you by the recital of defects. I live only on the hope of amending. Dearest friend, remember that language of reproof much less harsh would find its way to the heart and conscience of your affectionate

"SARAH A. B."

"June 12th, 1817.

"MY DEAR MARY,—

"I am on the eve of engaging myself to your brother. Your family have probably no idea what trouble they may be entailing on themselves. I make no promises of good behavior, but, knowing my tastes and habits, they must take the consequences upon themselves. You will be amused if a long epistle should reach you, written a week since and lost in the street on its way to Boston. Said letter contained an answer to your question, and, as the chance is that it will be put in the office, I will not trouble you with a duplicate.

"Yours most affectionately,

"SARAH."

CHAPTER II.

In 1818 Miss Bradford was married to the Rev. Samuel Ripley, and for the next twenty-eight years her home was in the parsonage at Waltham. In coming there she entered at once into the labors of a house where fourteen boys were kept at a boarding-school, and these labors continued during all her life there: she was the sole matron of the establishment. Here all her children were born and all but the two youngest grew up; and here one daughter was married.

The first letters in my possession from her Waltham home are addressed to her brother Daniel, who had gone to seek his fortune in Kentucky. They begin in 1819, when her eldest daughter was a few weeks old, and come to an end in 1821. They abound, of course, in details of neighborhood and family affairs; but, like "the orange tree, that busy plant," even the leaves share the aroma of the flower and fruit, and the tree is never without blossoms,—if in this ripening season they must needs be fewer.

MRS. RIPLEY TO DANIEL BRADFORD.

[1819.]

"Dear Brother,—

"The greatest difficulty in an undertaking is surmounted when you have begun, for then the desire to finish, which Lord Kames, who is over-fond of multiplying original principles, makes one of our nature, comes in to aid other reasons for doing the business. So I always put another letter on the stocks when I have finished and folded one.

"*Waltham, Oct. 6th*, 1819.—The baby daily receives additions to her wardrobe, with notes which require all one's ingenuity for variety to answer. Miss L. is making an India muslin dress trimmed with lace, which she intended for its christening dress; but I prefer its making its debut before the parish in plain cambric. We decided the matter amicably,

however, by putting it on the score of pride. The baby is crying for me. Good-evening."

After much lively social comment, she continues, "Nov. 13. —I have just finished Electra; the last scene, the murder of Clytemnestra, is very great. The Greek dramatists were in the right to have this business out of sight. Clytemnestra's voice in broken sentences adds much to the horror of the scene. Her body is brought out covered, and Ægisthus thinks it is Orestes till he lifts the veil and discovers. Do you recollect Electra's lamentation when she receives the news of the death of Orestes? I think this is the best of Sophocles' plays that I have read yet. The first part of Antigone is fine, but it grows stupid toward the last. Æmon proses. The chorus is fine.

"Abba is still with us; we enjoy ourselves right well. We have been going over the old ground of the ideal and common-sense philosophy. We quarrel with Stewart's labored periods and critical, desultory style, and think him indebted to Reid for ideas not a few.

"On Thursday the baby made her debut in the city; was visited and complimented by all her relations; we left her in state at Aunt Polly's, dressed in Miss Lowell's cap and Ann Dunkin's robe, and set out ourselves on the very interesting business of doing up our calls for the winter. . . .

"When facts drop from my pen like so many peas from a pod, I console myself by calling to mind a remark of Gam's, that George's epistolary list of insulated events was the most entertaining communication he received during his absence."

"Jan. 17th, 1820, 11 P.M.

"Walker* came up on Saturday and stayed till this morning, being Monday. He gave us two masterly discourses; he is a powerful man, a metaphysician; studies mankind in books

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* Rev. James Walker, of Charlestown, afterwards President of Harvard College.

of general philosophy, and by the application of general principles to the multitude of facts which present themselves from observation and experiment. You will smile at me for talking about James Walker in this style, but he really does grow astonishingly. Did you ever read any of Hartley's works? He is the first man I ever talked with who regarded Hartley as the prince of metaphysicians.

"The fear that our communication, which has been one of the pleasantest circumstances in my life, might be drawing to a close, has induced me to commence with such zeal the business of epistle-making. I'm afraid you will laugh at me for being sentimental; but the doctor* has been singing the 'Ruins,' and I have wanted to-day to show you some passages in Ajax."

"March 31st, 1820.

"We have just obtained Ivanhoe; happier he who writes than he who dares enunciate the Saxon's name, which, like Giaour and Goethe of old, sticks between one's teeth till one is assured how the present company are minded.

"I suppose you have devoured Ivanhoe ere this. What variety of horrors in Front-de-Bœuf's castle, from Isaac in the dungeon to Ulrica on the flaming battlement! Front-de-Bœuf's death is masterly; the union of heroism in humility in Rebecca's character is admirable: Ivanhoe kills his giant, and that is all; the scene in the hermitage of the clerk of Copmanhurst is one of the most amusing. The *beau-monde* are loudest in their admiration of the tournament; but that as well as various encounters in the book are no novelties to those who have read Ariosto."

"June, 1820.

"We are busily engaged in preparing for commencement. One poor wight is studying for dear life, and trembling in his shoes, looking forward to the day that shall fix his destiny for four years or five; while if your old friend S. should fail, it

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* Dr. Samuel L. Dana.

will not be from any distrust in his own qualifications. The two boys are the very antipodes to each other: one, in his efforts to express the force of every particle, becomes barbarous, and the other in his ambition to be elegant, sometimes gives any sense rather than that of the author. Oh, the misery of correcting Latin in which there is no indictable mistake and yet all is wrong *ab initio!*

"*August*, 1820.—It is delightful weather with us: plenty of ripe melons remind us of old times. I have made no accession to my stock of botanical science this summer; the wild flowers enjoy their retreats unmolested. Next week comes commencement. The last numbers of the Edinburgh and Quarterly and various other new publications lie on the table almost unopened. We are so much engaged in gossiping and drilling boys for college that we find but little time for reading. Mr. Francis supplies me with German theology. The last author I looked at, Gesenius, adduces some very weighty reasons for believing that the five books ascribed to Moses were composed as late as the golden age of Hebrew literature, which he places in the reign of David and his successor. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? I wish I could read Hebrew and its sister dialects."

"WALTHAM, October 5th, 1820.

"DEAR BROTHER,—

"You allude to the popular language of the New Testament: had our Lord delivered discourses on abstract virtue, had he talked of the Creator of the universe being its moral governor, that his government was administered by general laws, that in its constitution virtue and happiness, vice and misery, were inseparably and eternally connected, that every step in the one was a step toward felicity, and in the other toward degradation and suffering, that consequences were connected with actions exactly proportioned to their merit or demerit, his words would have fallen like empty sounds upon the ears of a morally debased, superstitious, and ignorant multitude, who could be impressed only through the medium of the

passions, and who had no idea of any suffering but physical suffering. In all ages and states of society a revelation or system of religion intended equally for the philosopher and the peasant must admit the greatest latitude of interpretation in its phraseology. The peasant needs its guidance and consolations most; it seems but fair, therefore, that its language should be suited to his comprehension: from the apologue and the allegory the philosopher will easily infer the general truth or moral. As to the passage in Isaiah, critics say '*a* mighty God, *a* father of the age' is the most correct translation of the original; and in the Hebrew idiom these are by no means extravagant expressions as applied to distinguished personages. The question at issue between trinitarians and their opponents involves such a multitude of others, metaphysical, ethical, historical, philological, and critical, that it seems to be no easy day's work to determine it. One of the principal reasons why the war is protracted without any progress toward a conclusion appears to me to be that the disputants are continually on the same old ground, adducing and explaining Scripture passages, while the most important point, the nature of inspiration, and the degree of it attending the sacred records, is almost entirely kept out of sight.—Well, I think I have given you theology enough: so I will take up my work. But first I will mention a curious appearance on a bough of black alder which the boys brought in just now: it looks verily like white down, and seems to be a collection of singular insects of different sizes, some with wings and some without. Dr. Dana calls them a species of aphis, a genus which naturalists consider a sort of anomaly. The sweet exudation on plants called honeydew is supposed to be produced by them. I intend to look out for them next summer. I have been reading Ricardo on Political Economy, a sensible work on that most complicated of all sciences. He dissents from Adam Smith in some important points on the subject of rent, wages, and profit; and if his opinions are correct, which he makes out very much to the satisfaction of a reader who is blessed with no greater stock of general or particular knowl-

edge in this science than myself, he has detected some errors of considerable importance in their practical influence on the subject of taxation and other questions in legislation.

"I have adopted your advice of making George write Latin every day; and his pieces are so excessively Latin that an old Roman would be puzzled to make it out. I know no better way of correcting the faults than making him write from a translation of Cicero and then compare with the original. I have been traveling slowly through Sophocles ever since you left us; began his last, Philoctetes, to-day, with the aid of a Hedericus which Mr. R. brought home last Thursday. I think the Trachiniæ is the poorest of his dramas.—I have just looked out to admire the unclouded brightness of an October moon, and return to bid you good-night. . . .

"Ajax is a good play: there is one scene between him and his wife and child very great. One of the chief difficulties in the choruses is, words you cannot find in the dictionary, and the translations take such license in rendering they afford you very little help.

"Gam was commending Wells's philosophical essays to me; one of them a solution of the problem why having two eyes we see objects single. One set of philosophers refers it to the judgment of the mind, the perception of touch correcting those of sight. He proves mathematically that it must be so and cannot be otherwise.

"There is a good article in the N. A. Review on Tudor's book, by Everett. It is curious to remark the change that has taken place in sentiments and opinions since a few years. What would have been stigmatized some half-dozen years ago as rank democracy is now regarded but as the honest expression of American feeling, and a just estimation of the superior privileges of our own free and rising republic."

"WALTHAM, January 12th, 1821.

"DEAR BROTHER,—

"After many weeks of anxious expectation, to our great joy we received this evening yours from Greenville, a place not

considerable enough to occupy a point on a map half a yard square, the largest we could find in the house. After reading over each other's shoulders,—we had hurried through the letter with breathless speed,—to our great disappointment we were referred for exact particulars to father, who was here yesterday and may not be here again this fortnight.—*Omnia mutantur* is my text, and the subject is so full I scarce know what particulars to select. If you could transport yourself to Waltham, you would perchance find yourself in a nursery surrounded with cribs, cradles, guards, etc., your path impeded with dolls and playthings, the joint property of three little girls: your second niece made her entrée some seven weeks since; the third is little Sarah E. You have probably heard that a malignant fever has swept off her whole family except the three boys and this baby: she was named for me, and we have adopted her. The family is broken up. The two youngest boys are at Duxbury. The babies make so great demands on my time and attention that I have more excuse than ever for scraps and dry detail. Good-night: you will hear from me again when they are all safe in bed to-morrow evening. January 18th.—Since I wrote the above, my baby has been dangerously ill, and is not yet well enough to be out of my arms: so I have left the remainder of the paper to be filled by the younger ones."

"WALTHAM, February 2d, 1821.

"DEAR BROTHER,—

"With Cæsar's Commentaries at hand I might perhaps reply to your first question. I will answer the second after the Yankee fashion, by suggesting other queries. And, first, is there not good reason to believe that the cruel superstition of Druidism was familiar to the islanders before the time when you suppose it to have been introduced by Hengist and Horsa? It appears from Tacitus Ann. lib. xiv. 30, that the soldiers of Suetonius were so terrified by its horrid rites at their landing on the island Mona, "*ut quasi hærentibus mem-*

bris, immobile corpus vulneribus præberent." For the second query, as it is an aphorism in ethics that we always hate most bitterly those from whom we differ least, is it not equally true that the hatred and ambitious rivalship of petty princes has always been superior to the dread of the ambition of a foreign power? Did not the mistress of the world call in the Goths to decide the contest between her political factions? If I mistake not, the Vandals got footing in Africa by the same means; and I dare say the historical treasures of your memory have many illustrations of the same general position. I want to see you, to rub up my history and chronology: facts in my head which cannot be generalized are like so many beads; if the string once be broken they are all in a loose heap. I am reading Malthus on Population. You do not like works on political economy, but I promise you,—from his perspicuous and convincing general reasoning, and copious induction of interesting facts and illustrations, you will find him as entertaining as any novel, Scott's not excepted. I suppose you will retort upon me, '*Chacun à son gout.*' At any rate, you have no dislike to a good piece of reasoning on any subject."

"May 5th, 1821.

"Last week father and I took a trip to Duxbury: we spent a day going the rounds, and took tea at Mr. Partridge's; in his small parlor was collected more good sense and soul than would save all Waltham,—scilicet, Mr. Partridge, Dr. Allyn, Mr. Frazier, Uncle Gershom, and father. It seemed indeed like liberty to roam at large once more over barren hills and heaths, where there is no need of looking around you at every turn lest you should be trespassing on somebody's ploughed field or meadow-land. Scenes associated with the delightful recollections of youth charm the more, the more they differ from one's present situation: the soldier, the mariner, and the statesman, when in after-life they visit their native spot, the pond where they first put to sea their little bark, the hill they first climbed to behold the rising sun, enjoy more than the

ploughman, who was born and will be buried at its foot, ever dreamed of.

"Professor Stuart has been publishing some essays upon the study of the Oriental languages, translated from the German: he is very desirous of exciting a taste for the study of these languages at Andover. His enthusiasm discovered in the notes is very amusing: you feel on reading them as if everybody must be an ignoramus who is not versed in the crooked letters of the East. He would make you believe that the Arabic, for its copiousness and variety of inflexions and the treasures of literature to which it is a key, is infinitely more deserving the attention of the scholar than the Greek. I doubt whether the institution in future time will not bear away the palm before Cambridge in biblical criticism. They make nothing but theologians at Andover, but they make lawyers and doctors too at Cambridge. I have added this spring to the blank leaves of Bigelow a low species of juniper.

"I am reading a German chemistry, in which, instead of the convenient nomenclature derived from the Greek, one is obliged to contend with barbarous German compounds, *salz-sauer* for muriatic acid, *sauer-stoff* for oxygen, and *wasser-stoff* for hydrogen. The German language must be an interesting subject in philology: it seems to be the only modern one which has arrived at such a point of refinement as to be the vehicle of science,—a natural growth without having been graffed from a foreign stock.

"I believe I shall exceed my term of four weeks this time; but I find very little leisure during the day, and you know how we gossip away summer evenings at Waltham."

"June 30th, 1821.

"You complain in your last of long silence; and I fear the complaint will be reiterated. Our family is so numerous that I find no time to write by daylight, and it is the fashion in Waltham to spend the summer evenings basking in the moon-beams. . . .

"I find some time to read yet, but little to think. Pindar, with your pencil-marks, lies on the table where I am writing. I wish there were more of them, though I cannot always decide whether they denote beauties or difficulties. I have opened at the ὑγρὸν νῶτον αἴωρεῖ: it is certainly beautiful, but the English bard does not fall far short of it, 'with ruffled plumes and flagging wing,' etc. I know not what I would not give for one of our old discussions; yet we should not enjoy it in so much peace as we used to do, for one must have the voice of a Stentor to be heard above the clamor the little trio make, whether in mirth, in sorrow, or in anger.

"*July 5th.*—Yesterday being the 4th of July, and our boys being dispersed in various directions, we proceeded to Boston to do up various ceremonious visits. We went into town over the mill-dam, an immense work, from which the posterity of the speculators will probably reap some advantage. It lands you in Beacon Street, the court end of the town, instead of dirty and retired lanes. The day was cool and uncommonly fine for the celebration. Charles Loring gave a sensible oration, and Mr. —— performed a performance (why not, as well as run a race?), miscalled a prayer, which did violence to the good taste and religious feeling of his audience: it was perfect histrionism, an appeal to the Deity in behalf of persecuted debtors, who were denied the privilege of joining in the festivities of the day.

"Another Saturday night finds my page unfinished; it is twelve o'clock, and I have just made the last preparation for the Sabbath, that I, as well as my four-footed brethren, may enjoy comparative leisure for one day at least,—if it can be called leisure to rise at half-past six, wash three babies before breakfast, look after the tidiness of fifteen boys, and walk half a mile to meeting under a burning sun.

"We were amused in looking over Mather's Magnalia to find the words of one Dr. Arrowsmith, to this effect: '*Faxit Deus Optimus, Maximus, tenacem adeo veritatis hanc Academiam* (*scil. Almam Matrem*) *ut deinceps in Angliâ lupum, in*

Hibernia bufonem invenire facilius sit, quam aut Socinianum aut Arminianum in Cantabrigiâ.' The reckless winds, alas! must have dispersed in empty air the pious wishes of the godly man.

"I have been reading old Izaak Walton's Complete Angler, one of the most calm and placid books I ever looked into."

MRS. RIPLEY TO MISS ALLYN.

"WALTHAM, New Year's Eve, 1822.

"MY DEAR ABBA,—

"My husband and Margaret have gone to a party, and I have been amusing myself with the senseless, superstitious dreams of the Jewish Talmudists about the advent of the Messiah, resurrection, etc., and, having fairly nodded, I was awaked by the idea of yourself flitting before the fancy: so I will e'en throw by the drowsy book and wish you a happy new year; and never, surely, did one open with brighter auspices for you. We sympathize in the 'predisposition to low spirits' of which you speak, and of which we can give scarce a better account than the modern sons of Esculapius who so often use the term. Whatever may be the cause of said low spirits, one thing is certain as to their removal, they vanish at the shadow of a real evil. Elizabeth has been quite unwell for two or three days, and the bare thought that death may have set his eye upon her would in a trice exorcise a legion of demons that might have possessed the imagination.

"*Jan. 8th.*—I am again alone, if it can be called alone with half a score of boys and three babies; the babies have already yielded to the influence of the dull god who 'on the high and giddy mast seals up the ship-boy's eyes and rocks his brains in cradle of the rude imperious surge,' and I have been balancing between Ned Search* and yourself, but the later acquaintance has kicked the beam: so now enlarge the circle of your fireside and make room for a visitor. You need not

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* See Tucker's "Light of Nature."

polish up the Lares, sweep the hearth, adjust the ruffle: it is a visitor who asks nought but the flattery of a friendly shake and brightened eye. Oh that there were no other intercourse than that of perfect confidence! Sophia sent me word to-day when you were to be married; I put on an air of incredulity, which mightily amused Martha, that I should appear so jealous lest any one should know more of your arcana than myself. I shall not see Mr. Francis again before you see him.

"Have you read Valerius? It gives you a picturesque view of the great city, and a lively one of Roman manners; but I think there are few fine touches in character: some appear to me strained, and others tame. I have not finished it, however. Read Juvenal's fourteenth satire. I just went to the table to see what was the number of the one I was reading last evening, and it produced such a burst of ridicule that I should be obliged to have recourse to the Roman satirist to study out an epistle, that I dare not make an extract. There is such an agreeable buzz on the other side of the room that my mind is abstracted from my fingers, and I must bid you good-evening and bear my part. So we shall not see you at Martha's wedding?

"Your most affectionate friend, S. A. R."

In 1822 Mrs. Ripley's sister Martha was married to Dr. Josiah Bartlett, of Concord, Massachusetts,—ten miles from Waltham. Dr. Bartlett still lives in that town, respected and beloved by all. Her friend Miss Allyn in the same year was married to the Rev. Convers Francis, then minister of Watertown, a town adjoining Waltham, and afterwards a professor in the divinity school of Harvard University. Mr. Francis, an eminent scholar, took equal delight with his wife in the society of her friend, and their names recur often in the record of visitors who were always welcome.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mrs. Ripley's letters furnish so slight material for any record of her life during the

greater part of her residence at Waltham. For twenty years after the date of her latest letters to her brother Daniel there are but few of which I have any knowledge. This period of her life was full of arduous labors in the rearing of her family, the care of her household, and the teaching of pupils in her husband's school, or private pupils of her own, both boys and girls. During these years two sons and four daughters succeeded the "little trio" in the nursery, while those elder children grew up to share, each according to her gifts, the cares and labors and friendships of the busy house. One of the younger daughters, born in 1822, died very young. A letter dated in 1835, from a friend who had passed a night at the Waltham parsonage, says, "The children in this house,—what a charm there is in their naturalness! Mary is a sort of household fairy; a temper hers and a wit that raise and make light the daily bread of housewifery. Elizabeth walks aloof, pleased with still hours and books. Gore lives in an ideal world, and very comic in the boy is the occasional crazed look with which he suddenly re-enters the actual upon compulsion. The rest time must marshal." And again he says, "Sitting down with Mrs. Ripley,—'leaped the live thought,' and two noble hours of genuine conversation had we, quite alone. Never did I love her so well, for never did I see her so nearly. It is good to find the contrarieties of fortune fused, as it were, by the genius of the individual,—the '*Deus in nobis*' asserted and returned to continually."

Mrs. Ripley was little of a traveler. She went once with her husband to Waterford, in Maine, where her friend Miss Mary Emerson lived, and once, for her health, to Burlington, in Vermont. It was probably on occasion of this last journey that she went as far as the city of New York, where she saw La Fayette. The journey, therefore, must have been in 1824 or 1825.

The transcriber of these letters first saw Mrs. Ripley in 1834, when she was about forty years old; but I had heard of her all through my youth, as a lady who united all household and motherly virtues to very uncommon learning.

Looking back to my visits at the Waltham house, I recall with pleasure that pure atmosphere of intelligence and sincerity, where the flowers of thought opened, and the circle of friends brought their best to a mind so quick to appreciate and so eager to learn,—to a heart so ready to sympathize with any genuine experience.

The house was pleasant and well ordered. With entire simplicity in the household details, no guest ever missed any comfort or refinement; while at times of unusual festivity, as the wedding of a daughter, or a party given by the young people, it was the delight of their wealthier neighbors to send graceful and abundant offerings of rare fruits and flowers to decorate the occasion. The mother's dress was as simple as possible, in so far as her own hand was concerned in the arrangement of it; and one might well be ashamed of the anxieties of the toilet who saw how distinguished and attractive, in the absence of all that belonged to changing fashion, was the nobility of form and radiance of expression which made ornament superfluous.

Her scholars and children have pleasant pictures of her, sitting in summer under the shade of trees near the house,—the boys, with their books, about her, reciting in the open air. Her hands were often busy with some household task while the Virgil or Homer was set up open before her: "she did not," says one of her scholars, "keep her eyes upon the book; she seemed to know it by heart, and always set us right, or asked us questions, or pointed out her favorite passages with enthusiasm, without interrupting the sewing, or the shelling of peas;" and he adds, "she was always sweet and serene."

I remember going with Mrs. Ripley and Mr. and Mrs. Emerson from Concord to Cambridge, to meet some distinguished foreigners at a party where many eminent persons were present. I had never before seen her in society except in her own house or in family meetings surrounded by intimate friends. I was struck by the marked and joyful attention shown her, as one person after another eagerly recognized her presence; and also with her own animated and responsive

enjoyment. It seemed to me that to old and young the meeting with Mrs. Ripley was the crown of the occasion. I remember thinking, too, that no one was so lovely, or, with whatever aid of wealth or fashion, so becomingly dressed, as she, in her plain black robe, and the simple lace cap which marked in delicate outline her beautiful silver hair and noble face.

There is hardly any satisfactory portrait of Mrs. Ripley. Her family have a picture by Alexander, taken when she was about thirty years old, which is liked by some persons who knew her then. Cheney took a crayon likeness of her in the year 1845, but he was dissatisfied with it and refused to allow it to go out. It is, however, still in existence. Another small portrait, in oil, is in possession of the family, which was painted in 1857. It is, in most respects, a good likeness. There are also several photographs taken within a few years of her death; but they would give to a stranger small means of forming any accurate impression of the original.

A lady who was one of the most dear and valued friends of Mrs. Ripley during her life in Waltham writes,—

"My most intimate associations with Mrs. Ripley are with her Waltham life,—associations with the most gifted woman, morally and intellectually, it has ever been my happiness to enjoy. But they were of so intimate and private a nature that it seems almost a breach of trust to speak of them openly. All of her was seen through a veil of modesty such as I have never seen in any other. We would not say that she was unselfish; she never thought of self; it was real unconsciousness; goodness and kindness were so natural to her that she seemed only to breathe it. I do not think I was capable of estimating her intellectual power or her attainments; but when I saw her in communion with persons of superior intellect I was quite aware of her gifts. She would say to me—I always thought, to comfort me,—'One ounce of good feeling is worth all the learning in the world.'

"But to see her in her daily life was an education. She accomplished more than any other, but it was the subtle influ-

ence of her sweet, loving, unconscious nature that gave her the place in our hearts and lives. I know I owe her more than I can ever express. In all the annoyances of an overtaxed life I never saw her temper touched. She did not know resentment; she seemed always living in a sphere far above us all, yet in perfect sympathy. Go to her, and, at the name of some wild flower found in a walk, every care was forgotten, —the occasion was entirely yours. The next moment she was attending to family matters, or, in summer, was under the trees surrounded by a bevy of boys, fitting them for college,—boys who were full of the spirit of boyhood, but who never forgot what they owed to her; and when she found them in danger of incurring censure, a loving word of caution or suggestion would be spoken, or perhaps quietly conveyed into a mended pocket.

"You will perceive how unworthy of the public eye are all these recollections of her. I give them to you as they rise before me. I have not spoken of her great social attraction. Nearly all have passed away that could testify to that, but none of those who are still alive can forget it. She was the centre and soul of a small circle who could appreciate and enjoy. Never shall we look upon her like again."

I may properly find a place here for the following sketch, which has been kindly sent me by another highly valued friend of Mrs. Ripley, the Rev. Dr. Hedge. I give it with the heading which he himself affixed.

"A REMINISCENCE OF MRS. SARAH RIPLEY.

"BY F. H. HEDGE.

"The first impression she made on me and on all who came near her was one of rich promise, which awakened the desire of a nearer acquaintance. A wonderful attraction she was, independently of her rare acquirements, which might draw the scholar to seek the converse of so learned a woman,—an attraction proceeding from no personal charms, but due to the astonishing vivacity, the *all-aliveness*, of her presence, which

made it impossible to imagine her otherwise than wide awake and active in word or work.

"A figure somewhat exceeding in height the average stature of woman, motions quick and angular without being exactly awkward, a face not physically fair nor yet plain, but radiant with intellectual and moral beauty, a constant play of expression, eyes charged with intelligence, quick glancing from speaker to speaker as the cup of social converse went round,—such is the image she has left in my memory.

"The charm of her society to me was her perfect naturalness, the utter unconsciousness of any special claim to attention based on her superior learning, which was never intruded, and only came to light when some student or savant wished to compare notes with her or she with him. Otherwise, the woman entirely absorbed and concealed the scholar. It was the woman, not the scholar, that attracted, that edified, and, —joined with the generous hospitality and manly qualities of her husband,—made their house at Waltham so delightful a place to visit for all who were privileged to be their guests.

"In that house, between the years 1825 and 1840, I was a frequent visitor, and had abundant opportunity of seeing Mrs. Ripley in her domestic character, as mother and housewife, as well as of listening to her converse with literary men. I wondered at her indefatigable industry. With a large family and scholars at board, with pupils whom she fitted for college, or instructed as 'suspended' students in their college studies, with imperfect health, suffering through life from severe headaches, she performed an amount of work which might have taxed the combined strength of a professional school-teacher and two ordinary women,—and yet had always time to spare for her guests, and never, unless prevented by sickness, refused to see her numerous visitors.

"It would be difficult to say to what branch of knowledge or what class of studies she most inclined. In science and in languages she was equally at home. Greek she especially delighted to read and to teach; but in her latter days botany, I think, was her favorite pursuit.

"Some of her friends have expressed a regret that she was not a writer and has left behind no published work to give proof of her powers. It was quite in keeping with her character that she did not rush into print and call the world to witness her intellectual attainments. It did not seem to her that she had anything to communicate which was not known to the learned, and which the studious might not find already in print. But in the hearts of those who knew her she wrote a book whose substance they will remember as long as they remember anything, and whose contents are a commentary on the text,—

'A perfect woman nobly planned.'"

At Waltham the cares of the parish and the rule of the school occupied the busy days of her husband, who writes from time to time to his sister "out of the thick of the fight;" and a word or two from these letters may be given here as illustrative of the place the wife held in house and heart. The letter which follows begins with a few lines from Mrs. Ripley herself:

MRS. RIPLEY TO MISS EMERSON.

"Feb. 8th, 1828.

"DEAR MARY,—

"We have another addition to the family, of four pounds and a half, which has been struggling for existence for a fortnight, and it appears that the vital power is near gaining the victory over the tendency to decomposition. It is, in truth, a respectable little girl with very proper eyes, nose and mouth, not to mention the organ of mind, all comprised in a compass not larger than a middling-sized apple. My husband has to do double duty while custom confines me to the great chair. I generally improve these weeks to rub up the intellectual and clothe the outer man; but anxiety for the life of that before-mentioned speck of mortality has hurried

away most of the two last. Do write;—a letter of congratulation will be expected, of course."

REV. SAMUEL RIPLEY TO MISS EMERSON.

"Yes, my dear sister," adds the husband, "do write a letter of congratulation; not so much on account of the 'aforementioned speck of mortality,' which, by the way, is well worth a few thoughts and words, seeing it is a part of *her*, who is above all praise. But, if you do condescend to write in the congratulatory style, let it be that Providence has given me such a wife as no other man has, or ever had, a woman *sui generis*, the glory of her sex. But I must not write all I feel, even to you who know the subject of my praise. If Sarah had thought I would write thus, she would not have bid me fill up her paper; but sometimes I take the liberty of doing what I please, albeit usually under pretty good management. Wife is uncommonly well: as for her outer man I cannot say much; her dress is not very comely, for you know she never paid much attention to appearance, and her hair is gray, but the fire of her eye is not diminished, and the inner man grows brighter and purer and soars higher daily."

"Nov. 1836.

"Sarah was so much pleased with her part of your letter that she wished to answer it at once, but she was fatigued, and I persuaded her not. She is quite well, but soon gets tired with work, of which she has more than ever to do, as we have neither cook nor chambermaid,—one being sick, the other discharged for bad conduct. Wife has made the bread for our *small* family twice, and excellent bread it was. Mary is all in all,—never her equal in housewifery. Her mother once said, 'I never open my eyes in the morning without thanking God for Mary Ripley.'"

1837.

"My dear sister,—Yesterday was my birthday, and what has become of fifty-four years I know not. . . . I have much to be thankful for, many in whom to rejoice, and one, the richest and choicest blessing that God ever gave to man, to aid and bless and sustain me,—a pure, noble, exalted being, whose light gladdens and cheers and at the same time guides all about her. But I need not tell you of one whom you know so well."

1839.

"Wife is very well this winter, but has much to do with boys and men, in the way of recitations, etc. We all have to work hard. Lizzy says she has no time to read, and Mary, that she has no dancing or riding. But they enjoy themselves, and make all around them cheerful and glad."

1840.

"Sarah is now reading Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologicus*. She lives in the society of Plato and others of the same school, and her spirituality raises her above all the poor mortals around her."

"March, 1841.

"Sarah is very well, and so high in the spiritual world that nothing disturbs her serenity. She looks with perfect calmness upon everything around her, and is the sun that moves and warms and animates all within her sphere, which is not very narrow."

I return again to the letters of Mrs. Ripley, going back to a date some years earlier than those of her husband last given.

MRS. RIPLEY TO MISS EMERSON.

"DEAR MARY,—

"I believe you do not know me: I would not weaken the faith of the poorest, the most contemptible, the most hateful

fanatic that bears with me a common nature. God forbid that I should be the fiend in the paradise of a soul so pure, so elevated, so spiritual, as Waldo's!* I shall weep with him in silence, sit humbly at his feet if so I may catch a spark of the holy inspiration that glows within his bosom. Have I no admiration for the pure, the beautiful, the good? Has the pride of intellect raised its altar in my soul, and sent forth into the highway for its worshipers? Are my ears closed to the music of heaven? No, you cannot believe that it is the mist of earthly passions which dims my spiritual vision. There are moments when I would exchange minds with the humblest being that calls for his Father and has never doubted. Without faith, creation is a blank, its wonders and its glories a cipher without a key, and I will not say man, but thinking, feeling man, is of all beings most miserable. Humanity, if nothing else, would keep me on the lookout to avoid making shipwreck of ——'s faith, or that of any other of the young ones. *You* are fixed on a rock, and I talk with you to find its basis.

"Yours through existence, finite or infinite,

"S. A. R."

"WALTHAM, Sept. 4th, 1833.

"DEAR MARY,—

"I came home from Concord last night with an ague and a troublesome blister; but when Mr. R. told me there was a letter from you I darted forward for it, and the privileges of an invalid have given me time to respond to it. Since you rest your claim on feeling, it will soon be acknowledged. On that altar I sacrifice my vanity, and sit down to give you a dry detail of facts. The journal of one day would serve for all: the morning spent in hearing recitations, the afternoon in the labors of the needle or the horrors of digestion,—in the evening the old machine refuses any farther service, unless it be to take a part in the village gossip. When you ask for a letter, you expect communion with a soul penetrated with reverence

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* R. W. Emerson.

for the true in itself, warmed through and glowing with admiration for the beautiful and good. These, alas! are the visions of the lake and mountain, not of the school-room and parlor. . . . I too was disappointed in Sir James.* The only question to me of philosophical interest in ethics is whether the moral element be original or acquired: he has done little to settle that question, though it is evident to which side he leans. Could he possibly have persuaded himself or have supposed he could persuade any one else that he had lifted by so much as the weight of a finger the stumbling-stone of necessity? The only able advocates for the liberty side are those who, like the Germans, boldly assume it on the evidence of pure reason. To some parts of the book my heart warms. He deserves a crown of gold for the justice he does to the good David† and the minds of his stamp. The metaphysics of the heart and head are equally unsatisfying: the soul of the universe is the only conception which satisfies my imagination; but what have the conceptions of a finite mind to do with the essence of the infinite? I would give a great deal to see you for a little while; but a visit from you is like a bewitching romance which leaves the reader a dreaming and unfits him for the humdrum cares and labors of real life. If I might only see you when what the writer of 'Characteristics' calls the 'disease of thought' comes on!

"We have put Elizabeth into a class with two boys who are fitting for college next commencement, and she keeps up with them very well. In a year or two she will be able to assist her father. We have lately had a delightful visit of two days from Waldo. We feel about him as you no doubt do. While we regard him still more than ever as the apostle of the eternal reason, we do not like to hear the crows, as Pindar says, caw at the bird of Jove; nevertheless he has some stout advocates. A lady was mourning the other day to Mr. Francis about Mr. Emerson's insanity. 'Madam, I wish I were half as sane,' he answered, with warm indignation."

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* Sir James Mackintosh's Progress of Ethical Philosophy.

† David Hume.

CHAPTER III.

In 1840 the Rev. George F. Simmons was settled over the parish in Waltham as colleague to Mr. Ripley.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Ripley became warmly attached to Mr. Simmons, and when, after two years, he resigned his post in Waltham and went to Europe for two years or more of study, their whole hearts followed him with love and longing for his return. The unreserved intercourse of friendship was kept up by letters, and a selection from these gives material for this chapter.

The "mother" so often spoken of in these letters, and "Charles," are the mother and young brother of Mr. Simmons,—then residing in Boston. Between them and the Ripley family a friendship had already grown up, which was never interrupted while they lived.

MRS. RIPLEY TO MR. SIMMONS.

"Waltham, Oct. 8th, 1843.

"I cannot help fastening the thread now which is to be spun across the ocean. We bore the farewell courageously, but we all felt as if the cloud which had been gathering so long had at last closed round our horizon. . . .

"Mr. Russell came the very day you left Boston, and the next morning we set out for Prospect,* on which we spent most of the day, searching every shady corner for mosses. The lichens he does not so much regard at present: nevertheless many were his revelations concerning the lower world of vegetation. How much I thought of you, it would take one to tell who has lost the friend with whom for two years all that has crossed their path, beautiful in nature, new in science, spiritual in thought, or true and pure and noble in life, has

* Prospect Hill, in Waltham,—a little less than five hundred feet high, and about a mile and a quarter from Mrs. Ripley's house.

been shared, and thereby doubled. But to return to Russell. He went up the hill, looking along the ground and calling out now at the sight of the reindeer moss, and then again at the variegated leaves of the *Pyrola maculata*, which he said was rare in this vicinity, and so on, till we reached the top of the hill, when he turned round, and, without expecting it, saw the extensive view which we used to look at last winter. He exclaimed with admiration enough to satisfy any lover of Waltham and its beauties. The lichen which you told me the farmers used for dyeing he calls *Parmelia saxatilis*. It is in color between lead and ashes, and grows everywhere on the walls, mingling with the light-green *P. caperata*, which I trust will often catch your eye on a Prussian or German rock and transport you back to the village where you live in many a heart. But I will not fill my paper with botany and Mr. Russell. I will only tell you that he showed me in his microscope the circulation of the sap in the cells of a small transparent plant. You could see the current of little globules passing up one side and down the other of the magnified cell. This is the Eureka of modern botany: nothing was detected before so like the circulation of the blood in the animal economy. . . .

"I fear the secular will quite crowd out the theological, so I give up the pen to Mr. Ripley."

And Mr. Ripley continues:

"Wife has given up the pen to me, and a villainous pen it is; I must mend it before I can make a mark."

Then follows a statement of parish affairs and prospects, ending with warm expressions of affection and desire for the return of the friend "in the hope of seeing whom again so many live."

"Darby-and-Joan-like, wife and I fix out a letter for you. It is like the old clergyman and his wife of whom Madam E. told me that they passed a night at her house,—both in the habit of smoking. The minister would smoke a few whiffs, then give the pipe to his better half, who would do

the same and hand it back again. In our case, however, wife begins and almost ends the work, so that little remains for me."

MRS. RIPLEY TO MR. SIMMONS.

"WALTHAM, Nov. 5th, 1843.

"You are by this time in London. How does Babylon the great look to you? I should think that men as they swarm in the streets of a strange city would look to one like phantoms: one almost loses sight of the undying spirit even on Waltham plain. If it were not for the fireside and the closet we should get to regard it as a matter of very little importance whether the demons fought or the brownies labored.

"*Sat. ev'g, Nov.* 11*th.*—The rain is descending in torrents. I have just put the finishing stitch to Rufus's* socks. The boys, all but two, are safe at their own firesides. The whistle of the wind is mingling in soft harmony with that of the Fitchburg railroad. Gore has just arrived, with all the dignity of a voter, to attend a Whig meeting. I don't know nor care on whose head the honors of the republic fall; but one thing I know,—that I am quite weary of railroad men, and men that play whist and drink wine. I have a stronger feeling of brotherhood with the poor Irish fellow that came to the study window where I was sitting yesterday to beg for work. We begin to talk of Concord again; but I suppose it will end as it begins. Day before yesterday the girls and I, in council in the dining-room, decided to strike, turn every boy out of the house, and trust for bread to the one or two private scholars which I have. The plan was all made out, notice was to be given to the parents at the Thanksgiving vacation, and the house was to be cleared the first of January of boys and servants; no more roasted turkeys, no more sponge cake, no

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* Rufus was the hired man.

more entry stoves,—the dinner of herbs with love was all before us. But alas! when at the tea-table we proposed our reform, the cheerful face with which papa had returned from Lincoln was so changed that our spirits fell at once. Ezra to leave college, bills at Earle's unpaid, the pleasant wood fire extinguished forever, and an air-tight reigning in its stead,—these, with other phantoms of labor and privation, stalked in grim array past the love-feast of the dining-room, and here we are, just as we were before, girding ourselves each morning for the battle of the day. The association is to meet here next Tuesday. Mr. Ripley has been trying to smoke the poor bees out of the chimney this afternoon, lest they with their treasures should make part of the company; from the buzzing, there seems to be disturbance in the commonwealth.

"There came a letter from ——, asking to make an arrangement for an exchange; such a letter as a genial, good-humored person would write. It reminded me of what the Unitarians all were in my young days. They had come out from the dry bones of cant and formalism, with a message to the understanding. The goodness of God and man's comfortable position in this bright and convenient world were their constant theme. They sat secure under their own fig-tree, with a competence for life, free from the petty jealousies which competition engenders in the other professions; and their social affections in general, and especially toward their own fraternity, blossomed out in great luxuriance. But times are changed. The priest can no longer stand in the portico, calling out to those who are passing by, blinded by superstition or hoodwinked by authority. The understanding has had its day; the soul is hungering for food, and he that ministers at the altar must enter into the holy of holies himself, and bring it forth from thence. When the poor bees were buzzing yesterday with terror and dismay to find their foundations suddenly undermined with sulphur smoke, the doubt occurred whether superior beings might not regard the earthquakes and volcanoes which lay waste the face of our insignificant planet with as much indifference as we do the smoking of a bee-hive;

whether the waste of individual life and happiness might not be as unimportant in the economy of the great whole. But the soul answers, no. It declares that its interests are eternal; that its intuitions come directly from the centre of all life.—I am reading Timæus the Locrian, concerning the soul of the world and of nature, the work of an old Pythagorean philosopher supposed to have been contemporary with Socrates. I am refreshed by the utterances of these primitive worshipers of truth. They relieve me from the doubt whether the eyes of the soul, turned by Christian culture in one direction, may not see universal truths where it would have dreamed of no such thing if it had lived eighteen centuries ago. I return with deepened convictions to the simpler and sublimer teachings of Him to whom the Spirit was given without measure.

"Yesterday, being Sunday, Mr. —— preached, and I felt more than ever how fast I am receding from the church of which Unitarianism is the exponent, and that is the only manifestation of its power with which I am familiar. We must have the life of God in the soul. If we find it in the church, how venerable in its environment of olden time! but we eschew the church when it is only a mask to cover the want of it. Mr. —— preached from the text 'O wretched man,' etc. How the bucket of the gentleman danced up and down on the surface of that deep well of spiritual life from which the saints have in all ages drawn living water! But he is a pleasant fellow, with warm and quick sympathies, and by these I suppose enters largely into the joys and sorrows of his flock. I have just returned from a walk: wind blowing cold enough, but it is good to get out beneath God's pure and open heaven even this wintry evening,—the moon riding in mid-heaven in pure splendor, and Venus with Jupiter set like two diamonds in the front of night. Does not such a canopy seem a fit cover only for believing, loving souls? Still sliding into the homiletic; some spell surrounds me."

"January 9th, 1844.

"I was walking the other morning with Waldo Emerson in Concord, and I told him I thought the soul's serenity was at best nothing more than resignation to what could not be helped. He answered, 'Oh, no; not resignation, aspiration is the soul's true state! What have we knees for, what have we hands for? Peace is *victory*.'

"Still in the faith that home detail interests you, I enter into the minutiæ of New Year's presents. . . . But what is much better than presents from the boys is the fact that William Lyman takes interest enough in Greek and Latin to ride out to Waltham these frosty mornings, thermometer below zero, to read Xenophon and Tacitus to me.

"*February* 23, 1844.—To-morrow evening Mr. Emerson lectures at the Rumford. He has promised to bring a lecture 'which has legs.' But I fear, after all, wings will be sprouting out at the heels. The community at Brook Farm has changed its internal organization and adopted the Fourier system. I do not understand the nature of the change, but only the fact that some of the original settlers, finding the new system too mechanical for their taste, prefer to stand on their own legs as individuals, to being merged in a 'dormitory' or 'refectory' group."

"April 8th, 1844.

"DEAR FRIEND,—

"'*Parturit almus ager, Zephyrique tepentibus auris*
Laxant arva sinus; superat tener omnibus humor.'

"Just returned from a walk; the soft air, swelling buds, and moaning frogs are so associated with the past that we walk not alone, though the ocean separates us from the friend who was wont to lay with us the first spring garland on the altar of nature,—nature, dear mother, whose arms are open and lap spread to receive us 'when, with low-thoughted care confined and pestered in this pinfold here,' wearied and fretted, we throw ourselves upon her genial bosom, and dream of the heaven

which 'lay about us in our infancy.' Mother came out last Wednesday, being the day before Fast, to spend said anniversary with us. But she could not hold out against the fine weather and our entreaties, so she stayed till this morning, Monday. Fast was a most beautiful day, warm as July. The boys were off in the cars, with leave to stay till the next Monday. Soon after, Uncle George arrived, his great boots bringing with them no small quantity of the Concord soil. He joined us in the dining-room, converted, as you know, on such occasions into a cooking-room, to prepare for the once holy day, now become a holiday. The meat stuffed, and the puddings and cake in the oven, we repair to the parlor, to look out for the cars; and soon the motley current pours past the Townsends, no small part of it turning down the lane. Immediately all heads at the windows, to determine who is who in the group, and as soon as mother, Lizzy, Nannie, Susan T., and Sarah are made out, a rush from the house to welcome them to the joys of leisure and friendship. Next comes Ezra, with the news that Dr. Francis purposes, with Mrs. Francis, to take tea with us the next day. Congratulations over, the evening passes swiftly and gayly away. What is wanting in wit is made up in laughter. Lizzy comes freighted from the halls of the great, Uncle George with radicalism from Concord, and the sophomore with nonsense from Cambridge. Uncle George and Lizzy agree that their souls have no fellowship with Beacon Street. Mother is wide awake, eats blanc-mange in spite of Dr. Jackson, and, after she has gone through the form of retiring for the night with the girls Mr. Ripley is obliged to raise his voice with the admonition that 'it is time for honest folk to be asleep.' Now I am again at the morning, warm as July. After a social breakfast, which none can taste as those who keep boys, Uncle George leaves us for Brook Farm, to visit his old friends and see how Fourierism thrives. And in his stead comes Dr. Noyes, who makes the sermon, and a young Mr. ——, of whom I have told you before as 'a person to be much scrambled for both by the churches and by the ladies.' . . . Mother and I set

forth for the hills, beguiling the way with a constant buzz, which Mary somewhat ludicrously mimics. Saw the doctor and his coadjutor safe in their chaise, and then mother and I set forth for the greenhouse. Mr. Irish showed us all his things; and when we were sated with heat and fragrance, and had quenched our thirst from a broken flower-pot with the bright water from the cistern at the gate, we turned our steps homeward, and on the way met the party from Cambridge. By this time you will be willing that the various 'groups and series' should amuse and dispose of themselves as they best may, leaving you, as the Germans say, to find yourself. Mother and I have scoured the fields and climbed the rocks every day; and time would fail me to tell what we saw and what we said. This morning, which rose in mist, took mother away, and thus ends my tale. The 14th, Saturday, I spent in bed with headache. Sunday morning the sun looked out on the fields bright and warm as June. I rose at five, took an apple in my hand, and C.'s volume of Beethoven under my arm. I took the road to Prospect, sat down on a rock at the foot, and was reading my book, when I heard a rustling among the fallen leaves, and, turning round, a fawn laid his 'innocent nose' in my lap. The picturesque, however, soon vanished, with the illusion of the '*feræ naturæ*,' for a gabbling among the trees announced the approach of four girls, with whom the fawn joined company and left me to my book. Between nine and ten I returned, so weary and red that the people who met me on the road did not recognize me. Mr. Lippitt preached,—a sensible, quiet man, without affectation. He made a good statement of our debt to the past and consequent obligation to the future, and pleased the conservatives by asserting that the community men entirely overlooked or disowned said debt. When we reached home we found Charles in the study. The evening passed most pleasantly. We had music. He asked me to walk with him next morning at five. Accordingly, the rising sun lighted us on our way to the mountain again. We sheltered ourselves from the cool northwest beneath the covert of the moss-grown rock on the top

of the hill. Charles warmed as he read and talked of the sublime inspirations of the deaf apostle. Charles is devoted to star-gazing: spends most of his evenings when here in consulting the old defaced dusty globe and drawing maps of the heavens.

"You recollect that stick with the *lichen hebraica* so beautifully sketched upon it, that I labored with my hand and you with your penknife to procure? alas! some vandal has given it to the flames. I have not met with another specimen before or since."

"May 20th, 1844.

"To-day is the third day of our holidays, and I am enjoying it alone. Sophia has gone to Lowell, to enact what Jean Paul would call an Idyll with Fanny A. Phebe is taking lessons in music again: we encourage it, as the gem in the bottom of her cup of daily labors and vexations with the nine urchins in the attic. Lizzy collects her tribe of pupils in Miss Cushing's parlor. They count much on amalgamation with Phebe's nine beneath the trees at recess, to eat their cakes and cut their jokes.

'Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make.
* * * * * *
My heart is at your festival,
* * * * * *
The fullness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all.'

With this rapture of the poet I bid you good-night.

"*May* 22.—I have left a heap of stockings,—for stockings will wear out even in vacations,—to spend a few moments with you. I am writing in the girls' room. The fir-tree at the window is covered with little red sparrows picking the seeds from the cones: what preachers of faith they are! Last Saturday Mr. Ripley and myself, with the two youngest girls, went to Duxbury to pass Sunday. Duxbury is the Arcadia of my youth: the sand hills and pine forests, the moss-covered grave-stone of my grandfather, the very boards I used to tread on the way to church, now half buried in sand, are there still, but

they tell me of that which can never return; they reveal to me what I was and what I am. All of them

'speak of something that is gone.
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat.
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?
* * * * * *
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.'

"When we came home, we found mother assisting Mary to dress for a wedding. The wedding,—don't you wish you knew whose it was? No other than your young brother in the faith, J. W. Amiable, affectionate, domestic young people, looking forward to a quiet life of duty and love in the bosom of their parish,—poor things! they little know what is in store for them. But through trial come strength and wisdom. Mother went into Boston; Charles to walk with me, and so missed the train, but bore it tranquilly, and we sat down to study Virgil's description of the plough, and went out to realize our guesses with Rufus and his model."

"June, 1844.

"Charles whets his logic weapons and tries their temper on me. He takes the side of the '*Utile*,' I the '*Honestum*.' The other morning I was picking to pieces an old mattress in the barn, and was making a most disagreeable dust. Charles came from under the tree where he had been reading, and, seating himself on the hay-mow, began to discuss the subject

of the dissolution of the Union. He has a clear head, and gives me much light on questions of popular debate.

"Mr. Ripley suffers from the old enemy; he has taken a new post in the knee, and is not to be driven away by cotton or colchicum. So it is time I was in bed; for I must rise at five and work till five waiting on the boys. I have two youths to drag through Cicero and Cæsar into college in eight weeks; but it is not a disagreeable task, as they know the value of instruction, and there is something like disinterestedness in working for those from whom you hope to receive little in return. The youths with money give me shawls and caps, but very little satisfaction.

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"Hermann, and Werther's Charlotte are a proof that the man (Goethe) had an apprehension of true love and the dignity of virtue. The scene at the fountain is excellent,—and the Pfarrherr. The dignity with which Charlotte dismisses for the last time the love-distracted youth is peculiarly noble. It is virtue acting, not canting."

"WALTHAM, June 20th, 1844.

"Day before yesterday I went to Cambridge to meet a pleasant party at Dr. Francis's,—Miss Fuller, Sarah Clarke, Mrs. Farrar, the Whites, James Lowell, an artist by the name of Page with his very beautiful wife, Dr. Gray, etc. The party was for the Clarkes, who are soon to leave for the West. S. was quiet and intelligent as usual. William White and James Lowell kept the ball going in the way of conversation. There was nothing said to be remembered, but the talk was free and easy; no one felt any responsibility, but all were cheered and electrified by the atmosphere of wit and intelligence. William Tiffany's drawings were shown, who receives many compliments from connoisseurs. I know you take an interest in the fine boy, and will be glad to hear that on the same day he had read in public a dissertation on the effect of Christianity

on the fine arts, for which he received the first prize. I hope he will not be too much elated with success; he seems very modest still. The drawings we looked at were illustrations of the Ancient Mariner, and some from Goethe. I do not understand such matters, but they seemed to me full of life, especially the spirit of the storm in a cloud. . . . I returned in the morning cars. The engineer, a brother of Professor Felton, and the contractor, Mr. Belknap, attracted my attention. It makes one feel alive to see the workers in the world, efficient men, and believers too, though it be but in railroads; not wholly selfish either, and looking no farther than their own pockets, but working cheerfully and hopefully for others as well as themselves. When I saw the two aforesaid specimens of humanity conferring together, with an expression that showed life was a reality to them, I sympathized for the moment with them, and thought that the champions of ideas, who talk and talk while the cars fly by with bell and whistle, if they would be heard must keep serene and look benevolent, and not complain if the loaves and fishes fall to those whose rightful wages they are. J. W. and his pretty bride took tea with us this evening, looking as satisfied and happy as if they had just entered into rest instead of warfare."

"August 16th, 1844.

"Last Saturday, thermometer nearly eighty, Ezra and I set out for Duxbury at four o'clock in the morning, to follow Uncle Gershom to the grave. I believe you saw enough of him to be interested in the circumstances of his death. He had gathered a basket of his early corn, in which he took much pride, and was in the act of handing it to Mrs. Weston with a smile, when his knees sank under him, and he fell at the doorstep and never breathed again. A death beautiful, because in keeping with his life. A man most self-dependent, hating all pretension and display, and living so much out of doors as to be almost as much a part of nature as the trees

whose fruit he gathered. I loved him like a father, for he was part and parcel of my childish joys. In his youth he was the very embodiment of fun. You never could calculate on what he would do or say. And in his manhood, the staunch supporter of every good cause, he lived a silent but most efficient life, walking in his own path without fear or favor. Long before the temperance movement began, he had banished all liquors, even wine and cider, from his table. The evening after his funeral, being Sunday, there was a temperance meeting in the woods; and I should rather have been the subject of the tribute paid to his memory by those whom he had saved, than to have been crowned in the Capitol with the laurel or the oak. The grief of his children is worth all the sermons on immortality I ever heard. Everything is sacred which belonged to him. The old chair in which he sat beneath a tree has a large stone placed in it, that it may not be removed. They rejoice that the clothes he preferred to wear are too old to give away. *Aug. 22d.*—Last Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Ames, Uncle George, and Charles with us. The evening better still, by the addition of Dr. and Mrs. Francis, who passed the night likewise; so there was no need to look at watches to see how time wagged. George told me an anecdote of Uncle Gershom so characteristic that I must repeat it. He was walking in his woods, and saw a man cutting down a tree; he concealed himself, that the man might not see him, and went home. When asked why he did not put a stop to the man's proceedings, he said, 'Could not the poor man have a tree?'"

"On the mountain one feels like a man and not a member. I would there were more of the mountain in life,—its faith and freedom. You have so often taken up the gauntlet against conventions that I do not fear bondage after this manner for you. But if perchance the pride of learning should fence you in any theological pen, I pray that the fence may never be close enough or high enough to hide *the* mountain."

"WALTHAM, Oct. 6th, 1844.

"DEAR FRIEND,—

"It is several weeks since I have spoken to you, not because you have been absent from my mind,—oh, no! but because these fine days have brought many friends, and many boys have brought cares. It is no longer, 'mother and Charles came out one day and returned the next,'—for mother is one of us: she has entered the penetralia, been initiated into the mystery of the household gods, comes to breakfast with the girls after the boys have retired, and so on. Then her divertissement is to mend the stockings and roll them up in the neatest manner, whiten sheets and napkins on the grass, watch the robins as they come in flocks for the berries on the mountain-ash tree at the west window, and take a stroll at evening with me, to talk of our children, to compare our experiences, what we have learned and what we have suffered, and, last of all, to complete with pears and melons the cheerful circle about the solar lamp these chill autumn evenings. Just now, however, she has gone, and the day that she went into the city, Mary Emerson, a sister of Mr. Ripley, who has not visited us before for many years, came at evening and has been with us till to-day. She is seventy years old, and still retains all the oddities and enthusiasms of her youth,—a person at war with society as to all its decorums; she eats and drinks what others do not, and when they do not; dresses in a white robe such days as these; enters into conversation with everybody, and talks on every subject; is sharp as a razor in her satire, and sees you through and through in a moment. She has read, all her life, in the most miscellaneous way, and her appetite for metaphysics is insatiable. Alas for the victim in whose intellect she sees any promise! Descartes and his vortices, Leibnitz and his monads, Spinoza and his *unica substantia*, will prove it to the very core. But, notwithstanding all this, her power over the minds of her young friends was once almost despotic. She heard of me when I was sixteen years old as a person devoted to books and a sick mother, sought me out in my garret without any introduction, and, though

received at first with sufficient coldness, she did not give up till she had enchained me entirely in her magic circle. . . . We took Miss Emerson to Brook Farm, Mr. and Mrs. Ripley* being old friends of hers. Things looked comfortless to me, in spite of the new buildings. Mr. and Mrs. Ripley, who were once the centre about which persons united by common intellectual and moral sympathies revolved, now seem to be units lost in a crowd.

"I talked with J. S. D., and asked him what he was doing. He said his business was to arrange juvenile industry, and that he found it quite difficult and disagreeable. Poor man! I cannot make one child work; I don't know what I should do with fifty. . . . Ezra is deep in metaphysics, and brings me many a case in casuistry to settle; tells me how Dr. Walker decides, and sometimes we venture to dissent from the oracle when the response is for a limit instead of a great principle."

MRS. RIPLEY TO MRS. FRANCIS.

[1844.]

"DEAR ABBA,—

"Ezra said you were glad to receive a note from me. It gives me great pleasure to believe it. When your father, who was everything to me so many years ago, said, 'Be a friend to my daughter,' he could not foresee that our lot would be cast so near together that constant intercourse would keep the chain bright. Years have not dimmed the clear, truthful vision nor chilled the warm and genial love of the beautiful and the good in the friend of my youth. And now that you have been and are laying me under a pecuniary obligation by your kindness to Ezra, which perhaps I shall never be able to repay, I do not feel embarrassed by the fear that I shall not, but rather rejoice in the fact of my entire confidence in your love.

"S. A. R."

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* Mr. and Mrs. George Ripley.

MRS. RIPLEY TO MR. SIMMONS.

"Jan'y 9th, 1845.

"G. read me letters from his friend who is studying for the Catholic Church, full of deep humility and generous catholicism. I would that the self-satisfied formalists who swarm in Unitarian pulpits—and not in those only, I suppose—could hear them. You will wonder, perhaps, that such a spirit should have found its home in the Catholic Church. But the form in which a soul deeply stricken by religious conviction clothes the expression of its faith and love is an idiosyncrasy which we cannot always understand unless we understand thoroughly the person who is the subject of it. . . . Phœbe comes home this morning and tells us that Mr. Clarke had announced to his society his intention of exchanging with Mr. Parker, and thereupon one man took up his cane and marched out. I should like to be in the pulpit once, to be able to say, 'I shall on the next Sabbath exchange with Theodore Parker: first, because I believe him to be a religious man, for religion I understand to be the surrendering of the soul to God and to the guidance of his Holy Spirit; and secondly, because he is a friend of man, and Jesus was the friend of man.' And if the sleek citizens with varnished boots, and souls narrower than their purses, should take up their canes and walk, I would betake myself to a more generous brotherhood in the potato-field, and leave the pulpit to those willing to walk in such a treadmill."

"Jan. 27th, 1845.

"A few days since came the packet by the Slow Dutchman, full of interesting matter. I should hesitate about what I have to write in return, if it were not that the parts of your letters are devoured with most eagerness which assure us that you love and think of us always. We heard they were in Boston and hesitated about a ride to Cambridge, lest they should arrive while we were gone; home at half-past ten; found Mr. R. reading his share with a look of triumph over us; time left

before bed only to read, or rather glance over, the latest and most loving parts. Next day all daylight swallowed up in school and household; evening, Dr. Francis. Next day, Mr. Ripley absent, additional burden of boys; evening, in bed with headache; Saturday morning, boys again, with cookery added; one hour after dinner at last gained, or rather snatched, for the Alps. Anna Margaretta and the flowers most pleasing, —the map a great help. Evening brought divinity student, Mr. White, son of Judge White of Salem; very gentlemanly, with much literary culture; been at Calcutta, Alexandria, Grand Cairo, passed fourteen months in Europe. Sunday morning took him to Lincoln; brought in his place Dr. and Mrs. Francis and their son, and Mrs. Locke with an impetuous little curly-haired fellow three years old. The divinity student so agreeable that we were glad of him for a second night. William White, of Watertown, at tea, oozing out at every pore for the slaves."

"Feb'y, 1845.

"You write to Mr. Ripley of the preaching in Switzerland. I am more and more convinced that the past is, as the boys say, 'no go' for the pulpit, any more than abstractions. The philosopher finds in its facts material for induction wherewith to verify the principles which lie at the foundation of human society; but living, feeling, acting man must be seized through the present. The past can affect him only when in the cycle of human experience it stands by the side of the present in similitude or contrast. Galilee and Jerusalem will fill the mind when they are acted over again in Waltham or Boston. I think the only efficient preachers (though not at all to my taste) are those who lift up their voice and spare not, in spite of public opinion, against licensed violations of truth and right and mercy in Church and State. The lyceum may enlighten the intellect and feed the imagination, but life is the province of the pulpit. I believe you will think I have

usurped it; but when thoughts occur as I read your letter, I naturally say them to you.

"Uncle George came, and a divinity student, Thomas Hill,* a distinguished mathematician, such as nature turns out of her mould only now and then. Talked of La Place's theory of creation, and how they used to try to find the parallax of fixed stars and did not succeed, and how they tried nowadays and did succeed."

"April 22d, 1845.

"As to the theology of your last, I cannot reply to it, because I have forgotten the provocation that called it forth. The charge of inconsistency I think I could disprove; but I will leave it for some brighter hour. I will only say that when I was eighteen, my appetite for theology was so intense that I learned German without the aid of grammar, and by means of a dictionary with one French word and one Russian,—because I thought the store-house of its treasures was there. It was an era in my life when my father gave me leave to buy a Griesbach, the dry critical preface to which was far more exciting than any reading can ever be to me again. And now I am so changed. Religion has become so simple a matter to me,—a yearning after God, an earnest desire for the peace that flows from the consciousness of union with him. It is the last thought that floats through my mind as I sleep, the first that comes when I wake. It forms the basis of my present life, saddened by past experience. It bedims my eyes with tears when I walk out into the beautiful nature, where love is all around me. And yet no direct ray comes to my soul. Perhaps it is God's peace instead of God I seek: so I sit and wait in patience for his grace, and will still wait. Earnests and foretastes come; but humble waiting in days of darkness will, I trust, bring better fruits. You say we shall fight. The

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* The Rev. Dr. Hill, now of Portland, Maine,—late president of Harvard College.

war will, I think, be one of words. Yet how can we look at things alike? You must increase, but I must decrease; you are just entering the fullness of being, I have proved and found it vain. I intended to have filled this page with other matters, but to-night I do not feel like talking about persons and things; to-morrow we will meet perhaps in the phenomenal world. *April 23d.*—I feel half inclined to draw my pen over last night's page: an experience seems untrue as soon as uttered. Both seeking truth, we shall beckon each other onward to the same centre, if by different paths. And now for details. To begin with the parish, the first act of the new administration was to secure Mr. Hedge for the month of April. It is fine, you will know, for us to have him with us every Saturday night and Sunday. Parish affairs bring me to Mr. Ripley, who has had a long reprieve from his enemy in the foot, but on whose forehead eighteen months have left many a wrinkle and gray hair. Mr. Hedge remarks that he looks careworn, much changed to him; no wonder, for his days are a constant fight. Oh, if we ever live to see these seven great boys into college! He warms up with pleasure whenever you are mentioned, and especially whenever you mention him. . . . Mother, I believe, has won Lizzy's heart from me, but I am not jealous: I ask nothing from the young ones but that they should be good and happy. Ezra is still exemplary for diligence and economy. He is to appear on the stage in a Greek dialogue the coming May exhibition. The girls are intolerant of what they call his self-conceit; they cannot stand the air with which he swings his cane and shakes his hair away from his eyes; but I am his firm ally. They may smile and jeer, but he has the satisfaction of an innocent life and virtuous industry."

"May 13th, 1845.

"My chances to write are few, for you know at this season my day is devoted to boys; and mother and Charles, who are with us now, monopolize the evening by their agreeable conversation. Besides, the trees are all bursting into life and

beauty, and the moon is just entering her second quarter, and for the last two days the thermometer has stood at 80°: so of course we are under the trees and on the stone wall all the play-time. . . . A voice from below summoned me to welcome Mr. Hedge, whom Mr. R. brought with him from the association. The evening conversation easy and genial, springing from friendship without a shade of distrust. I say, with Horace, '*nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.*'

"I have no private scholars, and so spend my days in the noisy school-room, aiding Mr. Ripley and ripening my plans of life for Concord. I went to see Dr. Gray the other day, and he showed me a splendid microscope mounted like a telescope, and some very pretty phenomena of crystals seen by polarized light; and told me of a beautiful work on European mosses, with magnified engravings, just received at the Cambridge Library, and that I should have it next after himself."

"June 22d.

"The books that I have, speak most respectfully of German lichenologists and muscologists. If you find any treatise on these commoners of nature, get it for me.—It is a delightful summer day, the lawn covered with hay-cocks. We are spending it alone. We looked out for George, Charles, and Gore till bedtime, but in vain: we must eat our cherries which the girls picked amidst the wet leaves, without them. The great cherry-pie, too, on which I expended my strength and sugar, they will not taste,—that is, if the noon train do not bring them. 25th.—The noon train brought the youths; the evening, Uncle George. We had music, the piano with accompaniment on the flute, plenty of cherries and plenty of wit. G. and C. act on each other magnetically, as they say nowadays. C. described with all his powers of satire the style of debate at the abolition meetings he attended on election week, with an evident undercurrent of delicate respect for the state of mind of the debaters. At last they got upon

the White Mountains, so fertile a source of travelers' difficulties and dangers. But who can tell of the seasoning of successful jokes and amusing anecdotes! You know the genial times when each loses himself in the free spontaneous flow of thought and fancy. We work hard, to be sure, but '*noctes cœnæque deorum*' like these will offset much. The other evening I met C. C., who told me 'a large man with a carpet-bag had inquired the way to our house.' I hurried home, and found Russell seated in the dark, in the parlor, with Mr. R. We soon had a light, the box of mosses and lichens and microscopes all, and he told me ever so much in answer to the questions I had laid up to ask him. In my last visit to Duxbury I had found a lichen composed almost altogether of net-work. I searched in vain for a description of it, and he tells me that it has not been described, and that Tuckerman in his catalogue will call it *Cladonia Russellii.* We walked at five o'clock this morning, and you would be well bored with barbarous names, if I did not fear that these humble denizens of the forest would stand but a poor chance against Neander and the fine arts. Did I tell you about a beautiful scarlet-cup mother and I picked up in a rich spot near the spring on Prospect? I could not tell whether it was fungus or lichen, but my botanist decided for the first. He had not seen your powdery lichen, and said they were all valuable on account of their 'habitat.' Don't forget to pick more: there is no knowing what you may do for science. Apropos of fungi, I must quote Linnæus's description of them, it is so poetic,—and you are in a region where there is faith in the trinity of Philosophy, Poetry, and Religion. He characterizes the little fellows as '*nomades, autumnales, barbari, denudati, putridi, voraces. Hi, Florâ reducente plantas hiematum, legunt relictas earum quisquilias sordesque.*'

"Excuse, as before, all errors in spelling, and let the superabundance of letters in some words make up for the deficiencies in others."

"Sunday morning, July 20th.

"Just returned from a walk with ——. He talked of the religious state of several of his friends, those who assert and feel the soul's want of a mediator,—that it cannot be saved but by Christ; he disposed to consider it not an accidental but a genuine part of the religious history of the soul, I not entirely assenting. Whenever we talk together, you come naturally to my mind. Believing in your truth as I do, I cannot but look with interest to the development of your religious thought, in relation to your intellectual experience in its other aspects. . . . The intellect is so apt to run across the path of religious thought, or rather of Christian theory, and to shroud its aberrations in a mist of mysticism or untruth, imposing on itself or others, and the bias is so strong on the side of the position which we have taken in life, or into which we have been drawn, that I am apt to distrust appeals to intuitions and ultimate facts, which do not reveal themselves to my differently constituted mind. The road to the Father has always seemed to me direct, and, though constantly forsaken, always open, always shone upon by a light from above,—the guiding, helping hand ever extended to the wanderer.

"Elizabeth has gone to Lowell to watch with Mrs. Ames's sick child, a dear little creature about two years old, whose case the physicians have pronounced incurable. . . . We should be able to endure our own troubles, if it were not for sympathy with others. Poor Margaret herself, with everything about her to make her happy, is marked with the seal of death. She seems to me like one of my own children, for I had almost the whole care of her in her infancy. I was her only teacher, she came with me to Waltham, and was married at our house. Who can call life tame when it is so full of wonder and sorrow and love? . . . You realize that it was wise not to have early entangled yourself in relations that would have made your present impracticable. I once thought a solitary life the true one, and, contrary to my theory, was moved to give up the independence of an attic covered with books for the responsibilities and perplexities of a parish and

a family. Yet I have never regretted the change. Though I have suffered much, yet I have enjoyed much and learned more. The affections as they multiply, spread out in rays to the circumference, but the soul returns, not driven back by desertion, but willingly, to its true centre, the God within.

"The time draws nigh when we are to look for mother. The beans are growing finely, and we are looking forward to the time when we shall gather and shell them together. She will be with us at our commencement holidays, the brightest days to us of all the year. I like your letters to mother much: you tell her little things that transport us at once to the place where you are: we meet the passengers on the road, carry their bundles, and learn the secret of their life. We stroke the rosy cheeks of the children as they prattle to you of the flowers, and we think of Werther. Apropos of Werther, you express astonishment that it should interest me. Remember that I have come to the age when a piece of psychology interests me as much as a new and curious subject for dissection does the doctor. . . . Continue your laudable practice of gathering and preserving specimens for your friends this side of the ocean. The blue pond-weed is now in blossom, with many an asclepias of divers hues. The large blue flowers of the succory grace the corners of the road, and the spiræas and eupatoria are just about to unfold their blossoms. I am at my usual seat on the benches under the locust-trees every morning, listening also as usual to Horace and Virgil. This morning I took the letters with me, to read and enjoy during the intervals of the going and coming of the youth. William L. takes an interest: so I read to him the story about the peasant with the bundle, etc., that he might have something to tell his mother, and explained to him what I thought were the true objects of traveling. How much your interest in the battle-marked fields must have been increased by having so lately read Alison!

"I have just received a beautiful edition of a French work on botany according to the present mode of analysis, from Dr. Gray. As far as I have read, the author has introduced

me to nothing new, but yet there is great pleasure in getting at the mind of a man of genius through his scientific method. The way in which he holds up his subject and unfolds its wonders to your view is always his own. The French are remarkable in this line. Their mathematics and chemistry and botany are well worth reading as specimens of genius."

"The twilight has closed in upon me, so I close the book, the 'Samson Agonistes,' the noble poem, so classic in its form that it transports you to the grove of the avenging deities in front of Athens, while its holy music and exalted sentiment descend from Zion's hill, or flow from Siloa's brook, 'fast by the oracle of God.' . . .

"I recognize my obligations to Christianity as the chief factor in the product of my present mind. The germ of intuition lies buried in every soul; the inspired man speaks, and it responds. Watered in youth by the silent dews of his divine utterances, warmed by his image or the faint reflection of it in the lives of those we love and trust, holy intuitions unfold in foliage, too often unconscious of the secret source by which they live. A miracle in the popular sense my mind rejects. Cannot we love and disagree? I can not only love but respect in you the different phases."

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Simmons returned from Europe in the autumn of 1845. Very soon afterward he was married to Miss Mary Emerson Ripley, Mrs. Ripley's second daughter.

In the spring of 1846 the Ripley family left behind them the cares of parish and boarding-school, and removed to the "Old Manse" in Concord, on the right bank of the Concord

River, and within sight of the spot where the first repulse was given to the British troops in the war of our independence. Their return was the event which caused the removal of Hawthorne, who had occupied the manse for a time after the death of Mr. Ripley's father, the Rev. Dr. Ezra Ripley. Dr. Ripley had lived there for more than sixty years, as the minister of the town. The mother of Mr. Ripley, at the time of her marriage to Dr. Ripley, was the widow of his predecessor, the Rev. William Emerson, for whom the manse was built. This lady was also the daughter of a former minister, Rev. Daniel Bliss, and granddaughter and great-granddaughter of the two Bulkeleys, still earlier pastors of the old town. Thus the family came with every hereditary claim to the respect and affection of their neighbors in Concord. The presence of Mrs. Ripley's sister Mrs. Bartlett and her family and the neighborhood of her kinsman Mr. Emerson, were a great pleasure to her. Her youngest son, Ezra, was in his senior year at Harvard College, and the two youngest girls were at school in Boston. The elder children were busy elsewhere with the tasks of life, but flitted in and out from time to time with news of the world and of friends.

The simple but complete hospitality of the house was not less than in Waltham, nor did "due feet ever fail" to seek the blessed threshold where so cordial a welcome and such inspiring society awaited them. Mr. Ripley writes to his sister at this time, "We have a quiet and industrious life in this pleasant spot. I enjoy it more and more every day, and Sarah is perfectly happy. She works hard all the time, but has nothing to trouble or vex her." Gathering currants and raspberries, or peas and asparagus, from the garden, or in the house, cooking, dusting, or mending,—her mind and heart were free while her hands worked; and her friends were at liberty to follow her in household tasks of which she never made any secret or any boast. It was in this way that she simplified very much the problems of social intercourse and hospitality.

She still received scholars, one or two at a time,—but not as

members of her family,—to fit for college, or to carry them on in advanced studies when exiled for a season from college for idleness or misdemeanor. It may have been the desire or the necessity of teaching others that drew her to the study of mathematics and the exact sciences, of which we find little mention in her early letters; but it is certain that she was a capable and inspiring teacher of these subjects, and sent her youths back to college with new insight and inspiration, and fit to take their places in the higher classes.

On the evening of the 24th November, 1847, the family circle was gathering for the next day's Thanksgiving festival. It was dark and stormy. The father had gone for the third time with his carriage to bring the last installment of children and kindred from the railroad, when he suddenly fell back in the carriage upon the shoulder of his eldest daughter, and never spoke again. "His own affectionate heart," said Mrs. Ripley, "was spared the pain of parting."

The following letter to Mrs. Ripley from Mr. Emerson, then in England, will show what a cordial affection her husband had inspired in his friends:

MR. R. W. EMERSON TO MRS. RIPLEY.

"MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, 26th December, 1847.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—

"I heard with surprise and grief of your loss, and the shock with which it came,—the greatest loss to you and to all your household,—without repair; the loss to me also of a dear old friend, like whom I have now few or none. He was the hoop that held us all staunch, with his sympathies of family and with that disinterestedness which we have hardly witnessed in any other person. What rare devotion to his friends! What a cloud of witnesses I recall who will thankfully and affectionately press his claims to almost the first place among faithful and efficient benefactors! I may well say benefactor, for in will and in act he was both early and late one of mine,—and never otherwise. . . . I know not where we shall find in a

man of his station and experience a heart so large, or a spirit so blameless and of a childlike innocence. L. writes me very truly of the 'opportunity' of his death at a moment and in an act so characteristic. Yes, it is so; and yet he was never out of character, and, at any time, would have been found in his place. How sad it is, and will be! He had reached his chosen place, and all things were taking happiest form and order under his care. 'Tis sorrowful that such a felicity should be broken up, and that you should be forced now to reconstruct your home. But he has not withdrawn far. He has identified himself so much with life and the living that we shall find him everywhere a presence of good omen. My love to Elizabeth, and Mary, and Gore, and to all the children. He has stood by them until they were sufficient to themselves, and has enjoyed their security and success.—And now that he has gone who bound us by blood, I think we must draw a little nearer together, for at this time of day we cannot afford to spare any friends. I wonder to think—here, with the ocean betwixt us—that I have suffered you to live so near me and have not won from the weeks and months more frequent intercourse. I hope L. has cheered you by communicating her hearty affection for all she beheld in your husband. To my mother he is an irreparable loss. As I look homeward now, I miss a friend who constituted much of its worth and attraction for me. But I must write you again with more hope.

"Most affectionately yours,

"WALDO E."

In 1852, Anne, the youngest but one of Mrs. Ripley's children, who had been married about three years before to Mr George Loring, then of Concord, died in her mother's house, where she was taken ill on a visit, leaving a little boy of less than two years old to her mother's and sisters' care.

The next break in the circle was the death of her beloved friend and son-in-law, Mr. Simmons,* who after leaving Wal-

* Of this brilliant and accomplished man but little permanent record remains.

tham had been settled successively in Springfield and Albany, and who came home to die of consumption, in the house which his mother had built, next to the "Old Manse." Mrs. Simmons had been drawn thither from Boston by the friendship which had grown up between the two mothers and their families. After his death his wife and children lived with Mrs. Ripley in the manse, the declining health of the elder Mrs. Simmons requiring quiet and freedom from the noisy life of young children. In a few years Mrs. Simmons died. After this the younger Mrs. Simmons removed to the house which her children inherited from their grandmother. But this was so near to the manse that it was hardly a separation. In the year 1860 the youngest of these children, a beautiful girl of five years, was taken away from the little group by death,—another sorrow for that sympathizing heart which more than ever lived in the life of her children. The death of Mrs. Bartlett, the sister of Mrs. Ripley, soon followed. And then came the war, which laid such a load upon the hearts of parents, and of those who, loving their country as one, could not be at peace while she was divided, or while other hearts bled. Many of Mrs. Ripley's former pupils and the sons of her friends and pupils, the flower of our youth, were in the army. Her own youngest son, Ezra, was there, and died in 1863, on the Mississippi, near Vicksburg, in the service of the Union, leaving a young wife tenderly loved by his family.

He graduated at Harvard College in 1832, and died in the summer of 1855. He was first settled over the Unitarian Society at Mobile; but his conscience moved him there to utterances upon the subject of slavery which were as courageous as they were unwelcome, and he was forced to leave the city for fear of a mob; nor was this the only instance in which he bore brave testimony on this subject. Three of his children survive,—two sons and a daughter,—children that are worthy of him. During his last illness he selected a few sermons which he desired should be privately printed as his latest gift to certain friends, and wrote what he called a "Fragment of a Preface" for the little book. These discourses, entitled "Six Sermons," and the words of singular beauty with which they are prefaced, are a worthy but all too brief memorial,—thoughtful, devout, and high-minded. "There is here," he truly says, "no conceit or hollow declamation, but sincere thought, such as I am capable of; and the themes are large."

All these events and anxieties laid a most heavy burden upon her loving and tender heart. Her youngest daughter, married* just before the beginning of the war, still remains, however, "a star of hope," "a haven of rest," amid the sad forebodings and sorrows of the times. The young pair settled at Milton, and after a time assumed the care of the little orphan boy, their sister Annie's child, who had grown too old to be left solely to feminine guidance; an arrangement for which Mrs. Ripley's satisfaction and gratitude find continual expression in her letters. With her daughter Mrs. Simmons at the next door, the life of growing children was still a constant spring of interest and hope. Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, now the housekeeper of the manse, gave always the same hospitable welcome to old and newer friends which had distinguished the Waltham home, and many were the cordial gatherings that kept alive the social flame—where each brought some contribution of fragrant wood or spice to cast upon the fire. Visits to her daughter at Milton, and the hopes and joys that came into her life with the birth of her daughter's two boys, of whom the grandmamma now made herself the playfellow, varied her life with scenes in which no sad associations bore a part.

Among the letters belonging to the period following Mrs. Ripley's removal to Concord, there are two or three to Mrs. Francis which may be inserted here:

MRS. RIPLEY TO MRS. FRANCIS.

1849.

"I received, dear friend, your affectionate note and invitation, but cannot accept, as I have engaged to prepare two youths for college, and cannot leave them any day but Saturday. So, on some Saturday when baking and other cares do not prevent, I shall see you, I hope. But why not come and

* To Mr. James B. Thayer, then a lawyer in Boston, now a professor in the Law School of Harvard University.

see me? I do wish you would. It seems so long since we have walked and talked together, and compared notes of experience as we have been wont to do from earliest days. Your form and face the first time I saw you are as vivid at this moment as at that. How long a piece we have traveled together! Ere long we shall be called to set our houses in order and go, we know not whither. But death is an event as natural as birth, and faith makes it as full of promise. But faith, alas! is denied to certain minds, and submission must take its place. The Unknown, which lighted the morning of life, will hallow and make serene its evening. Conscious or unconscious, we shall rest in the lap of the Infinite."

"CONCORD, January 21st, 1850.

"DEAR FRIEND,—

"I am grieved to learn that you are not in good spirits. Now that you know where the seat of the evil is, why not come to Concord to refit? Here is the *solid day*. '*Hic focus, et tædæ pingues, hic plurimus ignis.*'—'*Sunt nobis mitia poma.*'—'*Pocula * * novo spumantia lacte.*' Come, let us have a revival in friendship; let us realize the dreams of our youth. I know you will think your place at home cannot be supplied; but, dear Abba, this is the form the fiend takes when the pressure of the responsibilities of life is breaking down the conscientious, self-devoted spirit. The balance between soul and body must be restored, if you would effectually help those you love, and I know they must be ready to make any sacrifices which your absence from home may require. Come, not for days or weeks, but till the tabernacle of flesh is in thorough repair. I cannot say how much I should enjoy your presence, dear friend of my earliest and best days. Did not your father then smile on our union? Let us live for a while in the past.

"Yours with undying love,

"S. A. R."

"CONCORD, October 28th, 1850.

"DEAR FRIEND,—

"The yearly offering of the Old Manse comes this year in the shape of *early* apples, the russets not being in eating yet. John L. Russell made me a visit yesterday with his microscope, and showed me the internal structure of mosses and lichens. I had seen engravings of the same before, but never the beautiful and curious organization itself. How I wished you were here, you, the one among many, who have eyes and ears for such things! Dearest friend, I hope we shall see you before winter shuts us in; ever welcome will your presence be to us."

A few letters to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Gamaliel Bradford, and to her niece, the daughter of Mrs. Bradford, are here added:

MRS. RIPLEY TO MRS. BRADFORD.

"CONCORD, Nov. 30th, 1854.

"DEAR SOPHIA,—

"Friendship is better than mince-pies: this is the text. The subject is, that, friends being absent and money scarce, this is the first Thanksgiving Day in my life for which we have provided neither turkey nor pie, and so I have time to tell you how much I think of you. How could I help it on this day consecrated to social festivities, when we have from olden time enjoyed so much in mutual sympathies? How many times our hearts have beat with joy at the sight of such a glorious sunshine as is now pouring in at my window, when the carriage from Lowell and that from Concord were sure to bring dear Margaret and Martha with their tribe, to meet the friends who had arrived the night before! What a buzz of voices! what a freedom from all constraint! Surely our family union has been blessed, and on its remembrance we must live, as link after link is broken in the chain which once held it together. You will be glad to hear that Martha is well and

expects her children. Sophy always dines with them. I was so sad to hear that you had been sick again; but those who brought the tidings reported you better and cheerful. I have lately received two letters from George, the first for several months. Letters from Paris must have been lost in the Arctic, as these are dated from Padua and Florence. When I come to see you I will bring Phœbe's. . . . I must leave you to dress to go to the Emersons'. We are going four,—E., G., M., and myself. I suppose we shall meet Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Jackson. The doctor is agreeable to me, he has so much to tell that I want to know. The Lorings have had the dear little boy for three or four days, else we should take him with us. A few days of absence makes me sad to think that perhaps the time may come when I shall lose him altogether. What should I do without him! His little roots have crept into my whole life: they could not be torn out without taking a great part with them; but we will not forebode. Every hour brings its blessing as well as its sorrow. Dear Sophia, I could say much, but have no time. Yours, with much love,

"SARAH."

"CONCORD, August 21st, 1856.

"DEAR SOPHIA,—

"I thought you would like to hear about my Duxbury visit. We found them well. We rode to the beach one day, and walked to the pond another. The music of past days sighs through the pines. There was my Arcadia. How my heart used to beat with joy when I caught the first glimpse of the old church-spire as it appeared and re-appeared through the woods when I used to be at father's side in the chaise which went semi-annually or quarterly to carry grandfather his dividends! The old house, with its high stone steps, the barrels on each side filled with morning-glories and nasturtiums, which, entwined, hung in festoons over the old door; the little parlor and old easy-chair in which we always found the palsied old man, who received us with tearful embraces;

the great pear-tree at the gate, full of orange pears; the ground strewed with golden high-tops; the girl in the corn-barn paring apples to dry; the woods filled with huckleberries;—how sadly they blend to connect the past with the present and contrast with the future! Why is it that we so hold on to the garment that is falling from us, and look behind as we go onward? But enough of this. I was more than ever impressed with the reality that we belong together, this visit, than before. I hope you will never stay away from us so long again. We had a letter from Gore* yesterday, reporting rather more comfortable circumstances, as his house is finished; but he has still to do his own house-work. I hope, dear Sophia, you will not be sick again. Good-night, with much love.

"S. A. R."

"DEAR SOPHIA,—

"Phœbe reports you not well. Do take care of yourself and expel the cough. Hearing that you are not well reminds me what it would be to lose your loving society. We have kept step together through a long piece of road in the weary journey of life: we have loved the same beings and wept together over their graves. I have not your faith to console me, as they drop one after another from my side; yet my will, I trust, is in harmony with the divine order, and resigned where light is wanting. The sun looks brighter and my home more tranquil as the evening of life draws near. Would to heaven that the lives of the dear ones that remain could be insured to me till its end! Then I could fold my hands in perfect peace, ready, if such is the law of finite existence, to breathe the last breath of consciousness into the infinite source of light and love whence it came.

"You cannot think how much I expect to enjoy a visit from you, now that I am a spare hand and so have plenty of leisure

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* He had recently gone to Minnesota.

to walk and talk and sympathize with those with whom I have gone hand in hand through so many years of joy and sorrow. . . . If you are not well enough to come soon, I am all ready to come to you; I can come any day, but it would be so much more to me to have you here. Don't talk about the house being full; it is Mary's life to keep it full, and no one would enjoy a visit from you and Sarah more or so much as Mary. Dear sister, do come, if you can; if not, I will come to you."

[1859.]

"DEAR SOPHIA,—

"Can there be a possible chance that I may never look upon your dear face again? Am I to stand on the declivity of life, while one after another drops from my side of those who have been so long parts of myself? You are the vision of my nights; you appear to me for the first time in the little parlor of the house in South Street, a graceful and bright being of sixteen or seventeen, with a becoming straw hat and a most agreeable smile. I still see the corner of the room where you sat, though I see nothing else connected with the visit. Then the scene changes to your uncle Blake's, where I found you one morning practicing on the guitar before the family had arisen from their beds. After your closer connection with us as a family, our interviews so crowd together in the background of the past that I am kept awake as if solving a mathematical problem to arrange them in their proper time and place as they press in confusion upon the scene. How much we enjoyed those evening rides to Cambridge, to the house you had planned and built, where we forgot, for an hour or two, the school bondage of home! How much you did to soften the pillow of decline and death for the father I loved and respected so much! How can I recall or arrange the happy meetings we have had together as a family in Waltham or Lowell! How much you were to dear Margaret! How much Martha has always enjoyed, and still enjoys, your society! Do you wonder that I should desire to see you now? Still, I

should not be willing to see you at the risk of exciting and doing you harm. So I will try to content myself with thinking of you with hope when I can. But sorrow, not hope, is the color of old age.

"Your Sister."

MRS. RIPLEY TO HER NIECE MISS SARAH H. BRADFORD.

[1860.]

"DEAR SARAH,—

"Crowned with the modish cap you were so kind as to send me, I shall not be afraid to take a seat at your conservative dinner-table, as a citizen of the rebellious town where the first blood was spilt in the Revolutionary War. There is no need of Christmas-presents to keep bright the chain which binds me to you all. Your last visit left behind a flavor which will not soon pass away.

"Tell your mother how much I thought of her on the day of Mrs. Simmons's funeral. It was a consecrated hour. The bright sun shone through the large window in the little parlor where we have together sympathized in joy and sorrow. No discordant element was mingled in the little circle which had loved and served her. Mr. Clarke said to Elizabeth when he took the chair by her side, '*Your mother* is gone: you have been a daughter to her.' Mr. Clarke said not a word too much. He has known her long and intimately, her sons were in college with him, and she was one of the first who joined his free church. He has visited her often since she has been in Concord. I cannot tell your mother in this note what I want to say, and can give you no idea of our love and desire to see your face among us all again."

In April, 1861, Mrs. Ripley's youngest daughter was married to Mr. James B. Thayer. I am indebted to Mr. Thayer for the following sketch of Mrs. Ripley as she appeared in her later years:

"My acquaintance with Mrs. Ripley was confined to the

last ten or twelve years of her life. I first spoke with her in 1855: it was at her own house, where I was a chance visitor; and I shall never forget the simple cordiality of her reception and her conversation. It was nearly four years before I saw her again, and then I came to her house as one who was to be her son-in-law. From that time until her death I had an intercourse with her of increasing intimacy and affection. A person of a more sweet, sympathetic, and feminine character I never saw; she was the very soul of gentleness. And with these special womanly charms, she had a masculine strength of understanding. So vivacious and penetrating was her intelligence, such wit, such learning had she, and such a cordial, wide hospitality of thought, that one came to her not merely for the most kind sympathy that she always gave, but for that total intercourse of thought and sentiment which is the highest and most blessed thing that can take place between two human beings. To sit with her through a long morning in her little sunny parlor, or to walk with her on an autumn day under the yellow light of the maples and talk of the subjects that most engaged her kindly and elevated spirit, was perfect happiness. In her sweet presence it was always 'a season of calm weather;' cares fell away, and the intellect, in that beautiful atmosphere, had sight of great and animating thoughts.

"But all this tells little that can help a stranger to any precise knowledge of her. How shall one convey to a person that did not know her some more definite impression?

"In her bearing there was nothing of the woman of society; all was peculiarly plain and simple; and yet nothing could have improved it. She was spare of figure and rather tall. Her head was of a beautiful shape, and its comely, ample hair, once of a dark brown, but early turned gray, was partially covered with a cap. Her complexion was fair, and her face full of healthy color; her eyes were clear blue, and of a wonderful quickness of movement, of a good size and rather near together; her nose was regular in shape, straight, prominent, and handsome; her mouth large, but delicate and full of sensibility. As to the total expression of the face, it was most

attractive,—brimful of sense, character, and swift intelligence; but perhaps the chief charm of it, like that of her rich and exquisite voice, was a certain delightful kindness. Her manner, as I have indicated, was wholly unconventional, simple and friendly: without being precisely shy, she often gave one the impression of an unobtrusive yet extreme solicitude to be in nobody's way: it was the manner of one who wished only for the pleasure of listening, and of quietly helping on the comfort of others. But when she was sure of her company, how cheerfully and how fast she talked! how responsive she was to everything gay and animated, and how she lost herself, so to speak, in the general soul! Hers was no meagre or starved nature, but a warm and cordial one.

"But when I speak of her 'helping on' the happiness of others, I am reminded of the absence of what might seem like an effort to help on anything. All things came from her as the untroubled outflow of a sweet nature; it seemed that she could never proceed by the methods of labor and discipline. And yet, when one stopped to consider how laborious her life had been, how dedicated to her household and to her husband's school and parish, one saw embodied in these quiet ways the result of a life full of self-denial and steadily conformed to the law of duty.

"As to her habits of life, her letters will show how frugal they were. Neither Mrs. Ripley nor her husband had inherited any property which contributed to their support, and they had supplemented the small salary of a country minister by the income of their boarding-school. In this way a modest property had been laid by, which was the chief support of the family after moving to Concord; but the comfort of Mrs. Ripley during her later years was materially increased by the gifts, as thoughtful as they were generous, of her friend Miss Elizabeth Joy, of Waltham. For eight years after the family moved to Concord Mrs. Ripley had no servant; and during three of these years, while her youngest daughter went daily to a school in Boston, she rose and had her breakfast ready by half-past five o'clock in the morning.

"When I first knew Mrs. Ripley, Mrs. Simmons, her well-loved daughter Mary, whose husband had died in 1855, was at the head of the house, and Mrs. Ripley had finally given up the management of it. She was then no longer taking pupils. In the summer she used to occupy herself for a while in the morning with the garden, gathering vegetables and preparing them, or in other such light labor; generally, at least in the cooler weather, she took a long daily walk, even up to the later periods of her life; for the rest she betook herself to the delights of her books, or helped in the care of the grandchildren whom she so fondly loved. If friends came in, they were sure of a welcome and of the most friendly and earnest conversation, whenever her health permitted. In general, her health was good; she had a constitution which was naturally strong and even tough; but at Waltham her severe labors had sometimes prostrated her, and during her later years at Concord she had one or two serious attacks of illness. At Waltham, as her letters show, she used to sit up late into the night, finding in these quiet hours the best, if not the only, time for her own studies and correspondence and the family sewing,—for she made all the children's clothes and did all the mending of the family, including that of the hired man. At Concord she went early to bed, but always waked early in the morning. She ate generously from a simple but admirably provided table, and drank both coffee and tea; nor did she on occasion decline a glass of wine, although this was never seen on her own table.

"Mr. Sanborn, Mr. Channing, and other friends kept her largely supplied with the new books, and she read them eagerly, especially some of the newer contributions to natural science: the writings of Darwin and his supporters she cordially welcomed. She read few novels. Her letters show how various her literary work had been during her earlier life. She had been a student of metaphysics, but when I knew her she seemed to have rested from her severer labors and turned especially to literature; she read at this time a good deal of German, Italian, and French, as well as Latin and Greek;

Spanish, also, she studied in her last years. Of Shakspeare and Milton she read much; of Goethe, Jean Paul, Rousseau, and Cervantes she was very fond; and so of Ariosto, of Euripides, of Theocritus, of Tacitus. Botany, and especially the study of lichens, was a life-long interest, and she was curious as to the habits of animals, especially birds. Her intense sympathy for all living creatures was remarkable: and very pretty it was to see her devotion to a neglected fowl or to watch her on an autumn walk as she held some chilled butterfly and brought it back to life by the warmth of that kindly hand.

"She used often to visit us at Milton, and once a year went for a week or two to Duxbury. At Milton she always explored and re-explored my little library, and delighted in finding now and then something that was new to her; I remember especially her satisfaction in Masson's Life of Milton. But she never tired of her old authors, and often called on us to share her pleasure in the great phrases of the Paradise Lost, in the Life of Agricola, in an ode of Pindar, or in the fifteenth idyll of Theocritus; in this last poem, the lively and natural gossip of the two Syracusan women was something of which she never tired.

"But why do I not speak and what shall I not say of her happiness in her grandchildren, and of theirs in her, both at Concord and at Milton? She was so gentle with them, so sympathetic, so quick to understand them, and she entered so heartily into their ways, that she became a sort of contemporary or even younger playmate. But she bred in them unconsciously all the while a tenderness and sensibility akin to her own; like Wordsworth's sister,—

> 'She gave them eyes, she gave them ears,
> And humble cares and delicate fears,
> A heart the fountain of sweet tears,
> And love and thought and joy.'

Alas that she could be no longer with them!

"At Concord she did not visit much, but was rather sought after and visited by others,—her neighbors and her old pupils and their parents or friends; on Thanksgiving Day, however,

she used to dine, with all her family, at the house of her husband's kinsman and her own dear friend, Mr. Emerson, and for many years she passed every Sunday evening there. Among the visitors to her own house were many strangers who had found their way to see the 'Old Manse' that Hawthorne had made famous: sometimes these visits were those of vulgar intrusion; in such cases she knew how to protect herself by a cold reserve; for affectation or servility she had no response.

"She had great happiness in the cheerful and assiduous care of her children, who appreciated and loved her with the utmost affection: upon their care she grew in later years to be very dependent. It was a fine sight to witness the last preparations for her going out upon a call, or her Sunday evening walk to Mr. Emerson's, when her children took her in hand, swiftly rejecting much that she had done, shaking her up, and setting her to rights,—while, with laughing remonstrances, she yielded to the cheerful breeze.

"Had, then, this sweet and wise person no defects? Of *faults* I know not one; but there were, perhaps, some limitations of thought and sympathy. In general, she inquired little and cared not much to concern herself about the conduct of any social or public affairs; she would never read a newspaper; and she had little of the public spirit that gave so much character to the life of her contemporary, Mrs. Lyman, of Northampton, whose biography has lately been printed. An exception ought to be made in regard to the anti-slavery discussion, in which she had great interest. The war, also, forced itself most tragically upon her attention, and again and again it bowed her down with sympathetic distress; for she had many friends in the army on both sides, and her own youngest son had entered on the side of the Union, at the beginning of the contest, and died near Vicksburg, in 1863, worn out with labors heroically assumed and heroically carried through.

"The reader of Mrs. Ripley's letters will see repeated allusions to what she called, in reference to certain matters of religion, a want of faith. Akin to this was another criticism upon herself which I have heard her make,—that she lacked

somewhat of the faculty which appreciates the imaginative aspects of nature.

"As to this last, she did not indeed seem—certainly while I knew her—to care much to stop in the midst of her admirations or to go back upon them,—to discriminate and bring to light the particular objects or grounds of her liking. But surely she had a very keen and special delight in nature, and her undiscriminated happiness in it seemed worth far more than any analyzed and self-recognized appreciation of the critic: it was more like that of a healthy child, who is not so much a spectator of nature as a sharer with it in a common impulse and a common delight. She seemed, as she herself says somewhere of one of her relatives, to belong to the landscape, and to be the companion and friend of the natural objects among which she walked; so that when, during the night after she was brought home to the 'Old Manse,' dead, one of the tall ash-trees in the front avenue fell and in the morning lay prostrate on the ground,—it was like a hint of sympathy in nature: easy was it then, and to the imagination neither trivial nor untrue, to think that this old neighbor had felt the shock of grief.

"And something of the same sort is to be said as to the religious side of Mrs. Ripley's character. In her youth she had been deeply impressed on religious subjects, and had thought and studied much about them; but her mind, a keen and analytic one, was displeased with the shallowness of much that passes current; and found more difficulties also in accepting some of the best-received opinions than it could meet. One might think, whether rightly or not, that she was too much disposed to dwell on speculative difficulties; that she undervalued certain historical and traditional aspects of the question, or did not enough consider the necessary conditions of all public and institutional religion; that she was too unwilling to entertain some great and ennobling, but unproved and unprovable, beliefs, merely as being dear to the human heart; that she lacked, perhaps, somewhat of the religious imagination. Certainly her thoughtful, aspiring, eager spirit

was little disposed to follow along the ordinary lines of religious speculation or expression. But some of her letters will show what a sweet and natural piety she cherished:* she had thought too much and was too large-minded to dogmatize, and so she always heartily sympathized with others in their faith, and in their good hopes and expectations; her own soul was at peace, and rested, profoundly, in the conviction that all is well. She was in harmony with whatsoever was most good, most true, and most spiritual. If any noble object of human aspiration or endeavor were brought to her attention, she thrilled all through with sympathy for it; if there were any office of good will to be done, however humble and unwelcome, she hastened to do it. And she seemed, always, as one that 'lay in Abraham's bosom all the year.'"

A few out of many letters to her youngest daughter, Sophy, will now be given. To this daughter are addressed most of the latest letters, beginning with the date of her marriage and residence in Milton, in April, 1861, and ending only when declining strength denied the power of written expression to the love whose flame was one with life.

MRS. RIPLEY TO HER DAUGHTER MRS. THAYER.

"DEAR SOPHY,—

"It is good to hear from you so often by your visitors who report you well and happy. How could it be otherwise having but one interest with a friend so worthy of his trust? I am living in the prospect of seeing you soon, but I am afraid of the reaction when you go. I was so brave and disinterested at first that I believed all selfishness was forever merged in the thought of your pleasant and happy home. We hear of your visitors still. It reminds me of our first experience of Concord life. The weeks were marked by a constant series of salutations and farewells. There is no danger even now that the hinges of the doors will rust."

* See especially her letter to Mr. Simmons of April 22, 1845.

"DEAR SOPHY,—

"I cannot let Lizzie go to you empty-handed, though the week's stockings from both houses are staring me in the face. The asparagus bed, with its endless weeds, takes great part of my mornings, but neither fruits, flowers, nor weeds can vie with you. I am picking up some strength in the asparagus bed, wrestling with the weeds. I charge you, as Dr. Allyn did the old minister at his ordination, to set out an asparagus bed. You can't think how little I know of what is going on in the penetralia of the establishment. As I am relieved from its duties, I am secure from its labors and vexations, which I hope you have escaped forever, though there are always recruits enough in the march of life. May heaven send you a niggard share and give you strength to wrestle with them! If you have no more stumbling-blocks than how thick to make flour starch, I fear you have not gone far in the march.

"I want all the family to see how pleasantly you are situated. I do not remember particulars enough to be a satisfactory narrator. It is sad to think that I am so fast becoming good for nothing for society, but, thank heaven, I led a lonely life of study in my youth, and return to it as rest with satisfaction. Thank heaven, the flowers still bloom, the birds sing, the Greek tragedies have floated down the stream of time, I can love and dream still of those who are dear to me, till absorbed into the bosom of the Infinite from which I came.

"You do not know how much I miss you, not only when I struggle in and out of my mortal envelopes, and pump my nightly potation, and no longer pour into your sympathizing ear my senile gossip; but all the day I muse away, almost unconscious that I am a member still of this busy house, since the sound of your voice no longer rouses me to sympathy with your joys or sorrows."

"DEAR SOPHY,—

"You cannot know how much I miss your affectionate demonstrations. At home my position is expected to be that of the philosopher; but, alas! the expectation is rarely fulfilled.

The tears of yesterday are nearly dried up, and I hope in small domestic offices to fill up the days to come. Beans and stockings will come in to aid, and then there is one bright spot,—Lizzie Simmons will still hold on; and you can imagine how satisfactory it will be to listen to Tacitus, a pleasure connected with days long gone by. Humble offices will while away the longest day when devoted to love or duty, and the prospect of seeing you will be like the star in the east, to which I shall look like the shepherds of old. There is often nowadays a solitude of the heart which nothing can fill except your image; but, as that is still encircled with a halo of soft and sweet enjoyment, it ought to be as satisfactory at least as the reality—that is, yourself—sweeping or sewing, for the old house."

"G.'s letter of yesterday shows that he is disabused of his first notion,—that the war is to be set down to some mistake or mismanagement on the part of the President. It is strange to hear him talk of joining the army. The Northern enthusiasm gives me a new idea of the love of country as an idea realized. Who could have dreamed a year ago of political cabals, private interests, 'hunkerdom,' as Carlyle would call it, merged in one grand stream of men and money uniting to preserve the Union? I neither know nor care for politics in any form, and yet I am drawn into the vortex."

[June, 1861.]

"DEAR SOPHY,—

"The weekly bulletin due from my den will be delayed till Monday on account of Ezra's patriotism. We received a message from him that on Friday he should appear at the Old Manse with his company, and should expect plenty of lemonade and a hearty welcome. They marched up, as the Fitchburg Railroad was not patriotic enough to bring them gratis; arrived about twelve o'clock at Concord Square, found

an entertainment provided for them gratis at the town hall, to which the two families contributed cake and pies. Emma, as usual, was ready with sandwiches and other dainties. After the repast was cheering, and Ezra introduced John Garrison* to them and explained his relation to Concord and himself, and so John got an extra cheer. Then they moved to the Monument, followed, of course, by men, women, and children. There George Brooks welcomed them with a patriotic address. We went through the orchard and looked over the wall. After the speech was over and a salute returned, they leaped over the wall and marched through the high grass, through the entry, and out of the front door, where they were treated to plenty of lemonade. Then Ezra showed them the miniatures of the fathers and grandfathers of the Revolution, and, after a tremendous noise which they called a military salute, they turned their faces homeward, to march as far as Lexington, and ride from there to Boston. Ezra expressed his gratitude for the entertainment, and seemed not at all disposed to give up his purpose. To me it seemed anything but a merry meeting. I am no Spartan mother.—I am looking forward to Phœbe's vacation. It is now the great event of the week to look for her on Saturday. I have not had the sick headache so much as usual since I gave up tea for wine, but I cannot understand why I am available for so little in the way of walking or working as I was a year ago."

"We are sweeping and garnishing your room for Harriet.† I look forward to her coming to mingle my tears with hers, for it is heresy here to be sad about the war. How undeveloped a race must be that cannot settle its affairs except by blood and murder! War seems to me no better than legalized

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* A colored man, who had been for many years a servant of the family, and who was a much-esteemed citizen of Concord.

† The wife of her son Ezra.

murder. But women do not know much, and their opinion is only worth *that much.*

"I hope you will not be discouraged by hard times: the hardest seem to me to be the loss of great and good men. I am regarded at home as a regular 'croak.'"

"Harriet is spending the week with us. Her cheerful self-sacrifice to Ezra's convictions raises her much in my esteem; he is her idol, and I shudder to think of the chances of war in her behalf. He seems to have enough to do for his fellow-beings, and to enjoy his work."

"Sept.—If anything can wake me from the nightmare of war, it is a letter in your handwriting. I have just now escaped from my room, beneath the window of which the boys are gathering grapes; Will is in his dancing suit, as he makes his début in the art so important to the young man when he is attracted into the magic circle of grace and beauty; he has resisted manfully, but is obliged to surrender at last; he has appeared in his best suit, but cannot resist a bite at the grapes, notwithstanding many premonitory admonitions. We are actually buried beneath pears and apples. We cannot find barrels or baskets to receive them; and our neighbors are in the same predicament. I believe Lizzy begins to see her way through them by her administrative and philanthropic skill.

"I can no longer aid the household labors by paring apples, as my fingers have made a stand: so I withdraw my diminished head, and give myself up to study,—study, I say, for ordinary reading soon ends in ennui or gaping. I am now in close conflict with a Spanish singing girl, to whom I am often obliged to nod instead of an answer. I was right glad to know that you are shaking hands with your old friends again. I would quote Cicero if I could do it correctly, '*Hæc studia juventutem delectant*,' etc.,—but you can find the sentence.

How pleasant it must be for you that James's tendencies are in the same direction! I always count upon spurring up my drowsing faculties by a visit at Milton."

"Things go on as usual. I am always anxious about events, and make mountains out of mole-hills. Like the philosopher in Rasselas, I shall imagine by and by that I have a responsibility about the motions of the heavenly bodies. To drive off hobgoblins I have taken to reading Spanish, and have defeated Belisarius and plunged into a real Spanish tale. What a vista!—a whole new language! Mrs. Goodwin likes to hear reading, so I read French novels to her and all the war matters, while she knits and sews for the soldiers,—and comfort my conscience in that way for my shortcomings.

"This fearful, destructive war clouds my horizon, not so much for what I have at stake as for what seem to me the horrible results of massacre and pillage. I sit in my solitary chamber 'and count the ghastly phantoms as they pass.'"

[Nov. 1861.]

"A terrific night, rain pouring, windows rattling, but Lizzie is up to all occasions, and I feel as safe under her patrol as if it were a regular night-guard. Uncle George and Arly* still cry hallelujah for the war, but such a sad tale as that of young Putnam† and his desolate mother breaks my heart. Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness, far from the echo of human sorrow! I wish this sad topic had not darkened this page to you, for the thought of you and your happy home is my star by night. . . . Yesterday the boys set forth with their guns, but it rained, and they returned to seek entertainment, quilting balls in my chamber. I contributed old stockings, and they quilted each a ball, which destroyed two hours at least of the enemy."

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* The children's word for "Aunt Lizzie,"—Miss Elizabeth Ripley.

† William Lowell Putnam, killed at Ball's Bluff, October 21, 1861.

"DEAR SOPHY,—

"I have just returned from my walk round the square this splendid morning, and, now that I have recovered breath, propose to devote the next hour to you. I was, or rather am, afraid that you will think I have forgotten you after such a blank in the line of correspondence; but my army friends have written me long letters, and they are far off and plead earnestly for home news. Charles * especially writes long and interesting letters, with ever and anon a flower or a weed unlike what he has seen at home, and asks for its name or that of its family. We shall soon lose Gore, and I am sad to think how long it may be before I see him again."

"It is long since I have held converse with you, yet the thought of you is my Ave and my Vigile,—with answering letters from my army friends and mending stockings for both houses, not to mention the additions to Gore's outfit for Minnesota. Yesterday I bade him a sad adieu, for age is naturally foreboding. I cannot now imagine any errand which can bring him home for many a day. He left us for Washington, where he hopes to catch a glimpse of Charles. We get letters almost every week from Charles or Ezra. E. says, in his letter of Oct. 22d, 'Everything now looks like fighting in good earnest. In addition to some fifty ships of war and transports already in our harbor, to-day saw the arrival of ten more steamboats loaded down with troops, making an addition of some ten thousand to the ten thousand here before. And the busy signaling from ship to ship, the noise of the steam as it is constantly kept up on board, the frequent shrill whistle and the active plying of the tugs, all tell us that an expedition is soon to start in earnest.'†

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* Charles F. Simmons, then Adjutant-General of the Fourteenth Massachusetts Regiment, stationed at Fort Albany near Washington.

† This was the expedition to Port Royal which sailed from Fortress Monroe, at the end of October, 1861.

"Did you see in the report of the last defeat the familiar names of several of our old scholars and acquaintances? I am sad over the loss of lives of so much worth. They fill my day and night dreams."

"Mrs. G. is coming to spend Sunday. Lizzie says we shall not sympathize in our feeling toward England, for she is angry and I am grieved. England is to me as a vindictive parent to whom I owe so much that I could make almost any sacrifice. I have been from my earliest remembrance fed from her table with the choicest dainties of literature and science. The noble blood of her patriots and martyrs flows in my veins; and nothing that their descendants can do will cancel the debt.

"I am writing in my little den lighted by the midday sun, which is shining brighter and brighter every day, foretelling bursting blossoms and singing birds. I wonder if my first experience of a morning in Concord can ever be repeated, —the bright river which I welcomed as my own, the trees covered with chattering blackbirds, good as rooks, the feeling that I had at last a *home*. What a home indeed it has been to me, which I would not exchange for all that wealth or art have to offer!"

"This year with the war is to bring a new era in Christmas-presents. The boys are to have their money and spend it as they please. I think we shall be allowed to sleep quietly in our beds till daylight at least. Yet I cannot but regret the childish pleasure of unexpected surprises and noisy salutes, and eager desires to see and show. Youth and manhood have their joys likewise, but the spectre of distrust and disappointment is too often in the rear.

"I am much obliged to James for the nice edition of the Greek plays. We have not yet read these. They are much better as to type than mine. Mr. Sanborn is still faithful to Monday readings."

"Charles has come from Detroit, with a cough and the remains of intermittent fever, and is about to try a voyage to some one of the West India islands, to escape our trying spring. How glad I am that he can call this house his home whenever he needs the affection and comforts of one! He seems to me like a brother."

The reference in this letter is to Charles F. Simmons, the brother of Mrs. Ripley's son-in-law, and the last survivor of the family. Having entered the army, he had been obliged to go to a Western State, and afterwards to the West Indies, in search of health. The vessel in which he sailed—on February 25, 1862,—was never heard from.*

In the next mention of this friend, she says,—

"There is a cloud over this house, for you know how long it is since there has been any news of Charles. Will it not be sad if the waves have closed over the last of this talented and attractive family? I can say, with King David, 'Very pleasant hast thou been to me.' I shall never see his place filled or look back on any like association."

[April, 1862.]

"Yesterday was Fast-day, and, to my surprise and delight, Mr. Hedge came. It was so good to have him come of his own accord. I never saw him look better; but it was sad that I was the only one left to greet him, except E."

"May, 1862.

"This fine morning is sad for those of us who sympathize with the friends of Henry Thoreau the philosopher and the woodman. He had his reason to the last, and talked with his friends pleasantly, and arranged his affairs, and at last passed in quiet sleep from this state of duty and responsibility to that

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* A sketch of Mr. Simmons is found in the first volume of the "Harvard Memorial Biographies."

which is behind the veil. His funeral service is to be at the church, and Mr. Emerson is to make an address.

"How pleasant it is to see the promise of the coming year! The children are crazy as usual about anemones and violets, and glasses are filled to a surfeit. They never look so pretty as in their own first habitat, where nature has had the arranging of them.

"I have had George Sand's autobiography,—to me well worth reading."

"I went to the post-office, and when I got home I found Dr. Francis on his annual visit. In the evening we were all together in the red parlor, and there was much laughing and talking of the young people. At last he fell back on me, as I had toled him by the mention of Leibnitz which Mr. Hedge has lately sent me, and into the depths of which I am about to dive, for want of smaller fish nearer the surface.

"To-morrow is the last day of school, and Mary is to give the girls a dancing-party, if she can get a violinist, as our old one is too patriotic to play in war time."

"Last evening we took tea in the kitchen, Lizzy, M., and I. It seemed like primeval days, when we turned our back upon the boys and winged our way to Concord. Did not we revel in freedom, and washing dishes?"

"Friendships which were the light of that dreary passage of constant labor and homesick boys. But you do not like to have me speak so of a home which health and freedom made happy to you, and of petty trials which now seem to me a cheap price for my Concord abode of freedom and rest for what remains to me of life and hope."

"E. is resolved that M. B. shall pronounce German right, and will no doubt succeed, in spite of resistance. There is nothing that I regret more than the want of that accomplishment; but self-education is not favorable thereto."

[Oct. or Nov., 1862.]

"Gore's communications are not very exhilarating. He wishes he were in the army; would be willing to go as a private in Ezra's company, but feels obliged to stay where he is. The Indians in the country where he is, have taken advantage of the war to ravage the neighborhood. They have, he says, murdered hundreds of women and children."

"Harriet sent us Ezra's last letter. He is stationed at Harper's Ferry, where the Fury laid the first egg of this dire war. There seems to be quiet now, but all the interim is 'like a phantasma or a hideous dream' to me. With what bright sunny days nature shines on this blood-stained earth! I am looking forward to your promised visit, and hope for a day or two at least to look on a brighter side of things. I go as usual one or two days in the week to reconnoitre Mary's stocking-basket. She gets but little time to sew, and is glad of a lift.

"Lizzie Simmons with her Latin and Greek fills an hour or so. I never nod in the presence of Homer and Tacitus.

"We have been reading a book of very interesting travels in the interior of Africa, a subject in which I did not think I ever could take any interest, but this traveling object was natural science, and the stories of African life and manners we have found very agreeable, besides having made acquaintance with full-grown and baby gorillas, not to mention other singular animals as well as plants."

In these days, however, friends came and went, as of old. She says, "Lizzy keeps the hinges of the old doors still bright.

I never could have believed that she would have made the old house such a place of resort for such a variety of guests, and assort them so well together."

"We did not expect our visitors, but Lizzy is inexhaustible in resources; her larder is never failing in dainties of some sort and served with the best grace."

[January, 1863.]

"To see your dear image is next to seeing your dear self. It does not quite come up to the mark, but it is very good, and I shall treasure it among the other shadows of the beloved ones from whose realities the waves of time are fast removing me. I wish I could see your dear mother and yourself, but I have no spirits left for visiting in these dreadful days of anxiety and destruction. How generous Gam's contribution to Ezra was! If he knew how much I thought of it, he would need no thanks. . . . I was alone all day at Milton the day of Sidney Willard's funeral,* and sad indeed it was. We should not mourn so, if lives did not seem thrown away by mismanagement and mistakes."

"My dear Sophy,—

"How kind you were to write me such an interesting account of your whereabout and what you were doing, at such a busy time! I know your energy and zeal for labor at home and abroad. I must tell you about my present from Abby Francis. She wrote to ask which of her father's books I should like, as she wished me to have a choice. She has sent

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* Sidney Willard, the son of old and valued friends of Mrs. Ripley, was killed in battle at Fredericksburg, in December, 1862. He was Major of the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment, and was in command of it at the time of his death. A sketch of him is given in the first volume of the "Harvard Memorial Biographies."

me an elegant set of Plato, with other valuable books. I never dreamed of such a present. The old books on the shelf have descended, and my eyes rest with such delight on the visions of the immortal Greek that perchance I may forget my mission in this modern world. If I dreamed of the old inspired one, it was in a rusty garb, moth-eaten; but in such gilt and bright apparel I shall be unwilling to have unconsecrated hands placed upon him.

"Orisons ascend daily for those nearer and dearer to whom I am so much indebted. I have but one ardent wish, that I may see the object of your care and kindness* worthy and grateful for what you have done for him. The sun is so bright that Davy's flowers are basking in it at my window. The little orange-bush still puts forth new leaves. Ask him if he will not some day refresh grandma's old eyes with a sight of his handwriting. I hope he is a good boy.

"I read Fanny's† letter this morning with much pleasure. No one can know how dear she is to me. I hailed with great joy her mother's advent, tended and watched over her feeble childhood, and closed her eyes in death. Now I have nothing to do but think of those who are gone. 'My brothers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?' But dear ones still are left: if I could insure their happiness I would ask for nothing more.

"Don't think I am sad beyond measure; far from it, in this sunny room, with David's nursery of plants before my sunny window, and in my mind his happy home. Sunday is no longer a bugbear; I am not listening to hear what he is doing or where he is wandering that he should not. I am sure I can never repay James or yourself for making such a change in his present environment and future prospects.

"Tell Davy his flowers flourish, and the little rose-bush, so unwilling to yield to the sweet influences of the light from my

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* David Loring, the son of her daughter Ann.

† The daughter of her sister Margaret, now Mrs. Francis Howland, of Englewood, New Jersey.

sunny window, has at last sent forth six new leaves, small, to be sure, but precursors of future beauty.

"I hope he gives you no more trouble than the name boy necessarily carries with it."

"I arrived home safely on Saturday, I cannot say with joy, for the image of the dear little boy behind, and the long time I might be without him, filled my mind. I hope he will not forget me.

"Mr. Sanborn more than keeps us up in books. He brought a story by De Foe,—'Colonel Jack,'—the most melancholy picture you can conceive of the suffering of poor neglected beings, who beg or steal from their earliest years, know no parents, sleep in glass-houses buried in warm ashes, have no companions better off than themselves, and yet a vital spark of principle innate, or rather sympathy, keeps them from utter ruin.

"What should I do without books in these latter days? '*Nam cetera neque temporum sunt neque ætatum omnium, neque locorum. At hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*' So says Cicero, and I subscribe; and so will you, if you live to be old and feel lonely."

"You cannot think how I miss David in these bright days. The other day at noon I looked out of the window and saw the ridge of the barn covered entirely with a row of doves. They seemed as if they had come to inquire for their old master and ask why the usual treat of corn was no longer there."

"Mr. Sanborn came to see me last night. He is faithful to his old friends, and I look for Mr. Channing with a new book

every day. The Don still continues my chief resource. I am far advanced in the third volume, and can read quite well, —that is, to myself. I wish I knew how to pronounce it. I am quite proud to add it to French and Italian, and have some insight into the wit, which is considered so rare. It is narrated in the life of Pope, that a gentleman was advised by a nobleman to study the Spanish language, and when the said gentleman reported his progress, instead of being appointed to some mission, as he expected, he received for his answer that he envied him the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original. Those who read to kill time are not subjected to such disappointments.

"Mr. Sanborn announced his determination to give up his school last night when he came to read with me. He is to join Mr. Conway in editing a paper. We are all very sorry to lose him."

There is no letter of Mrs. Ripley's which makes any express reference to the death of her youngest son, Ezra, in the war, in the summer of 1863. Painful as that event was to her, she seemed to lose the thought of her own sorrow in grieving over that of her daughter-in-law, childless and now a widow. The body of her son was brought home, and lies buried in the Concord cemetery.*

"I am looking forward in the hope of seeing Gore once more, and imagining him in a happy home for the future. I have but one hope left,—that I may not survive all who are dear to me. I wish I could discuss with you divers questions on the subject of Gore's wedding.† I think I shall go, whenever and wherever it is, though I risk taking cold, and brave fashion in my apparel. Concord is awake, as usual at this

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* A sketch of Ezra Ripley is given in the first volume of the "Harvard Memorial Biographies."

† Mrs. Ripley's eldest son was married in December, 1863, to Mrs. Frances Gage, of Boston.

period of the year. When Mr. Sanborn got up his school he founded with it an institution for collecting together a shoal of agreeable young ladies, who continue to convene together at this season of the year, the train lessening as time passes on, thinning their number by marriage or death.

"I should write a longer answer to your note, which I was so glad to get this morning, if Mr. Channing had not brought me an interesting book on the fructification of flowers by insects, which I must read."

"D. is keeping up her lessons with Uncle George. Like all bright girls when they first leave school, she feels the need of something to fill up the gap between the past and present. The desire soon dies out with most young ones, but it is good to see it and foster it while it lasts, and there is always the chance and hope that it may be lasting and decide the character for higher aims than fashion and frivolous amusement."

At the birth of Mrs. Bradford's grandson Gamaliel, the sixth of that name in the direct line from Governor William Bradford of the Plymouth Colony, Mrs. Ripley writes to her sister-in-law:

MRS. RIPLEY TO MRS. BRADFORD.

[Oct. 1863.]

"DEAR SOPHIA,—

"Though it is Sunday morning, before church-time, I cannot wait, my sympathy with you all is so earnest, to welcome the dear little stranger. How proud you all must be that he has hit the mark, and does not intend that the name of the first emigrants for liberty and truth shall die out! Nevertheless he must remember his responsibilities, likewise, for a blot on his escutcheon would be worse than no escutcheon at all. I shall not live, perchance, to criticise the result, but send the

best wishes of an aged aunt, to those most interested in his début and future success. I hope we shall see you all again under happier auspices than these dark days have been to me."

In February, 1866, a second son was born in the household at Milton, and she writes to her daughter as follows:

MRS. RIPLEY TO MRS. THAYER.

"DEAR SOPHY,—

"Many a time and oft I have been homesick for the dear little boy, but I did not think his place would be so soon filled by another, as good and pretty, no doubt, but not the one we know and love. How I wish I were not so old, that I cannot help you take care of and comfort him when another has taken his place! I don't think, however, any one can take his place in my heart. The new-comer is to take Ezra's name. I long to see him. Ever so much hope and love from your affectionate mother and to your dear husband."

At another time she writes,—

"Lizzy advises me to write to you this morning. The wind is blowing so furiously that I dare not venture on a walk. How I long to see the dear little boys together! In spite of predilections and disappointments as to sex, I love him already, and shall stand by him in spite of his *dark locks*. How I count the hours till Concord is made rich to me by a sight of the dear ones!"

In August, 1866, she made her last visit to Duxbury, the home of her ancestors, and of dear friends and cousins still living. She had been to Milton on the way, and wrote from Duxbury to her son-in-law thus:

"DUXBURY, August 15th, 1866.

"DEAR JAMES,—

"I was delighted to see the face of the dear little boy and

to know that you are all safe at home and thriving. I found the friends all well at Old Colony, and was received with a hearty welcome. Everything looks bright and flourishing. The early apples are fit for baking, and the odor of the pine-cones sweet as in former days. I took a walk in the pine grove near the cemetery yesterday morning, and crept down the hill into a deep ravine we used to call the bowl, covered with decayed leaves, where we used to play tea with acorns for fairy cups: the acorns and the cups remain, but the charm is gone, never to return. Nevertheless love and friendship still remain, and will as long as the heart beats and those that look out of the windows are not utterly darkened. I hope to see you all before long, when I hope I shall be quite well, and able to help you, or rather Sophy, in the care of the little ones. I begin to miss Phœbe and David, and hope soon to be at home to hear their story at first and not at second-hand. Sarah Ellison is still at Duxbury. I have made no visits as yet; the old folks are all gone, and the young ones 'know not Joseph,' but the dream of the past comes up with sweet odor, and will as long as life shall last.

"Your affectionate mother,

"S. A. R."

Early in 1867 she began to write to her little grandson, Willy, then three years old, but had written only a few lines when she changed the address. The letter is as follows:

"How we will run about and pick the fresh flowers, and Gamma will tell you their names and put them in the glass vases! Now the fair days are coming, I think we shall like the flowers in the field better than those in the garden; but both are beautiful in their time. If grandma wants a garden, you will be willing to help her, like a kind little boy.—Dear James and Sophy, I hope to be with you before long and finish this romance which has given me such pleasure. You cannot think how much I have enjoyed in my childish compositions: they have helped off and whiled away many a

weary hour. I am afraid I shall be very jealous when others come to take their share.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Mary is an angel of promise, and makes me as happy as any old worn-out being can expect to be.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Oh, how I count the days till the dear little fellows will be here! I have plans for their amusement. I hope they will have a good time. Every day will bring a flower. How pleasant it will be to be with you and the dear ones! I shall live another life. I may be childish, but there are no limits to love.

"Your affectionate mother,

"S. A. R."

And with these beautiful words, ends her last letter. Gradually failing strength brought now a short eclipse. She remained at Concord, in the house of her daughter Mary, and there, in the arms of her children, in the summer of 1867, she fell asleep. Of these last days her friend Mr. Sanborn has beautifully said, "At length there came a time, after many shocks to her health and her affections given by bereaving age, when even such unselfish pleasures were denied to this sweetest of human souls. He who drops or withdraws the veil at the gates of mortal life was pleased to make her removal hence after the joys of earth had ceased to touch her with delight, and when the spectacle of her affliction reconciled those about her to the interposition of death. She has carried with her beyond these shores of anguish and doubt the love of a thousand friends and the enduring record of well-spent days."

Five of Mrs. Ripley's children survive her,—the three oldest daughters, Elizabeth, Mary, and Phœbe; her oldest son, Christopher Gore,—for many years a lawyer in Minnesota, and chief justice of that State at the time of his retirement from business; and her youngest daughter, Sophia.

On the stone which marks Mrs. Ripley's grave in the beau-

tiful cemetery at Concord, her children placed an inscription containing a part of the passage with which Tacitus ends his Life of Agricola. It was a passage which was specially dear to her: many of her friends will recall the fine glow of feeling with which she has read or quoted it; and to these it will always be associated with her memory. I cannot better close this imperfect sketch of her life than by giving the whole of it: of no one was it ever more worthily spoken than of her. The words inclosed in brackets are those which are on her gravestone.

"Si quis piorum manibus locus; si, ut sapientibus placet, non cum corpore exstinguuntur magnæ animæ; [placide quiescas, nosque, domum tuam, ab infirmo desiderio et muliebribus lamentis ad contemplationem virtutum tuarum voces, quas neque lugeri neque plangi fas est: admiratione te potius, temporalibus laudibus, et, si natura suppeditet, similitudine decoremus.] Is verus honos, ea conjunctissimi cujusque pietas. Id filiæ quoque uxorique præceperim, sic patris, sic mariti memoriam venerari, ut omnia facta dictaque ejus secum revolvant; famamque ac figuram animi magis quam corporis complectantur: non quia intercedendum putem imaginibus, quæ marmore aut ære finguntur, sed ut vultus hominum, ita simulacra vultus imbecilla ac mortalia sunt, forma mentis æterna, quam tenere et exprimere non per alienam materiam et artem, sed tuis ipse moribus possis. Quidquid ex Agricola amavimus, quidquid mirati sumus, manet mansurumque est in animis hominum, in æternitate temporum, fama rerum. Nam multos veterum, velut inglorios et ignobiles oblivio obruet: Agricola posteritati narratus et traditus superstes erit."

Out of a number of tender and appreciative notices of Mrs. Ripley's death which were written at the time, it seems well to add here one by Mr. R. W. Emerson, which has already been referred to, and another by Mr. Henry Lee, of Boston, one of her old pupils, for whom she always cherished a most cordial regard.

Mr. Emerson's notice was printed in the Boston "Daily Advertiser" of July 31, 1867, and is as follows:

"Died in Concord, Massachusetts, on the 26th of July, 1867, Mrs. Sarah Alden Ripley, aged seventy-four years. The death of this lady, widely known and beloved, will be sincerely deplored by many persons scattered in distant parts of the country, who have known her rare accomplishments and the singular loveliness of her character. A lineal descendant of the first governor of Plymouth Colony, she was happily born and bred. Her father, Gamaliel Bradford, was a sea-captain of marked ability, with heroic traits which old men will still remember, and though a man of action yet adding a taste for letters. Her brothers, younger than herself, were scholars, but her own taste for study was even more decided. At a time when perhaps no other young woman read Greek, she acquired the language with ease and read Plato,—adding soon the advantage of German commentators.

"After her marriage, when her husband, the well-known clergyman of Waltham, received boys in his house to be fitted for college, she assumed the advanced instruction in Greek and Latin, and did not fail to turn it to account by extending her studies in the literature of both languages. It soon happened that students from Cambridge were put under her private instruction and oversight. If the young men shared her delight in the book, she was interested at once to lead them to higher steps and more difficult but not less engaging authors, and they soon learned to prize the new world of thought and history thus opened. Her best pupils became her lasting friends. She became one of the best Greek scholars in the country, and continued, in her latest years, the habit of reading Homer, the tragedians, and Plato. But her studies took a wide range in mathematics, in natural philosophy, in psychology, in theology, as well as in ancient and modern literature. She had always a keen ear open to whatever new facts astronomy, chemistry, or the theories of light and heat had to furnish. Any knowledge, all knowledge, was

welcome. Her stores increased day by day. She was absolutely without pedantry. Nobody ever heard of her learning until a necessity came for its use, and then nothing could be more simple than her solution of the problem proposed to her. The most intellectual gladly conversed with one whose knowledge, however rich and varied, was always with her only the means of new acquisition. Meantime, her mind was purely receptive. She had no ambition to propound a theory, or to write her own name on any book, or plant, or opinion. Her delight in books was not tainted by any wish to shine, or any appetite for praise or influence. She seldom and unwillingly used a pen, and only for necessity or affection.

"But this wide and successful study was, during all the hours of middle life, only the work of hours stolen from sleep, or was combined with some household task which occupied the hands and left the eyes free. She was faithful to all the duties of wife and mother in a well-ordered and eminently hospitable household, wherein she was dearly loved, and where

> 'her heart
> Life's lowliest duties on itself did lay.'

She was not only the most amiable, but the tenderest of women, wholly sincere, thoughtful for others, and, though careless of appearances, submitting with docility to the better arrangements with which her children or friends insisted on supplementing her own negligence of dress; for her own part indulging her children in the greatest freedom, assured that their own reflection, as it opened, would supply all needed checks. She was absolutely without appetite for luxury, or display, or praise, or influence, with entire indifference to trifles. Not long before her marriage, one of her intimate friends in the city, whose family were removing, proposed to her to go with her to the new house, and, taking some articles in her own hand, by way of trial artfully put into her hand a broom, whilst she kept her in free conversation on some speculative points, and this she faithfully carried across Boston Common, from Summer Street to Hancock Street, without hesitation or remark.

"Though entirely domestic in her habit and inclination, she was everywhere a welcome visitor, and a favorite of society, when she rarely entered it. The elegance of her tastes recommended her to the elegant, who were swift to distinguish her as they found her simple manners faultless. With her singular simplicity and purity, such as society could not spoil, nor much affect, she was only entertained by it, and really went into it as children into a theatre,—to be diverted,—while her ready sympathy enjoyed whatever beauty of person, manners, or ornament it had to show. If there was conversation, if there were thought or learning, her interest was commanded, and she gave herself up to the happiness of the hour.

"As she advanced in life, her personal beauty, not remarked in youth, drew the notice of all, and age brought no fault but the brief decay and eclipse of her intellectual powers."

The following article, by Mr. Lee, appeared in the Boston "Evening Transcript" of August 8, 1867:

"The following tribute comes from one who speaks from experiences which he treasures in his memory as among the richest blessings of his life. There are many with like grateful remembrances who will respond with all their hearts to his every word, and thank him for giving expression to their esteem and love for one who, whilst she was their teacher, was also the truest and kindest of friends,—almost a mother in the gentleness of her disinterested devotion to their best welfare.

"'Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth.'

"And surely she needeth sleep; for if time is measured by sensations, her life has been prolonged beyond the mortal span; if we consider the work accomplished, who has achieved so much, for herself or for others? or if we meditate upon the Christian graces, the beatitudes of meekness, purity of heart, the charity which suffereth long and is kind, vaunteth not itself, seeketh not her own, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth in the truth, whose character was more complete, whose spirit more ready for its flight, than hers?

"The wife of the minister of a large country parish whose parochial labor she shared, the mother of a large family, the mistress of a household increased by boarding scholars, neither the heavy exactions of parishioners, nor importunate maternal pains and anxieties, nor household economies faithfully attended to, exhausted her: she still found time and strength to devote to two or three school-boys preparing for college, or more advanced students rusticated for idleness or academic misdemeanors. And what a wealth of learning and thought and feeling she poured out for these pupils! Illumined by her clear intellect, the knottiest problem was disentangled; embellished by such a lover of learning, the driest subject was made interesting. The veriest scapegrace was reduced to thoughtfulness, the most hopeless dullard caught a gleam of light; her faith in their intuitions and capabilities lifted them and shamed or encouraged them to efforts impossible under another instructor; for she did not merely impart instruction, she educated all the powers of the mind and heart. Many scholars now eminent can date their first glimpse of the region above, their first venture upon the steep path, to the loving enthusiasm, the cheering assurances, of this inspired teacher and friend; and they who fainted or strayed without fulfilling her confident predictions must look back with astonishment at this brilliant period of their lives and regret that her influence could not have been extended over a longer period.

"A mind alive to all the beauties of art and science and nature, a heart which warmed to the most unpromising pupil and kindled at the faintest ray of hope, naturally craved the company of kindred men and women of learning and thought, as they delighted in hers: this was Mrs. Ripley's true recreation after the toil and trouble of the day. And what pleasant parties used to gather round her hospitable fireside! what ambrosial nights, fondly remembered by the privileged persons who enjoyed them as actors or spectators! There were, probably, books she had not read, languages and sciences she had not learned, but she seemed to have explored every region

and to have intuitive ideas on every subject of interest. And over all these gifts and acquirements was thrown a veil of modesty so close that only by an impulse of sympathy or enthusiasm was it ever withdrawn; with a simplicity equally amusing and touching, she impressed you so little with her own wonderful powers, and referred so much to your sayings and doings, that you really went away wondering at your own brilliancy and doubting how much you had given, how much received.

"The eloquent lips are silent, the flashing eye is dull, the blush of modesty has faded from the cheek, the cordial smile will never again on this earth welcome the friends, old or young, humble or famous, neighbors or strangers, who sought this inspired presence. But the puzzled brain is clear again, the heavy heart joyful, immortal youth returned. With those she loved on earth she is seeing face to face what she here saw darkly.

"'Learn the mystery of progression duly;
Do not call each glorious change decay;
But know we only hold our treasures truly
When it seems as if they passed away.'"

ELIZABETH HOAR.

THE WOMEN OF NEW HAMPSHIRE IN THE EARLY DAYS:

WHAT THEY WERE, AND WHAT THEY DID.

"Many hamlets sought I then,
Many farms of mountain men.
Rallying round a parish steeple
Nestle warm the highland people,
Coarse and boisterous, yet mild,
Strong as giant, slow as child."

In looking for a New Hampshire woman, of the early days, who shall furnish the subject of a biographical sketch to stand as a type of the womanhood of the State, one is disheartened at the outset by the extreme meagreness of the record. Yet it is of these women of the early days that one is most strongly moved to write, since they have left their mark on the places and times in which they lived, as their descendants have not had the opportunity, even if they had the ability, to do. A few incidents, here and there, are all that can be found, treasured up, for the most part, in the memories of the older people; but these all tell the same story, and, taken together, furnish an impressive picture of a group of faithful, helpful wives, and devoted, often heroic, mothers.

These are, emphatically, the *rôles* they played. The "spirit of service" was never more fully developed. They seem to have had a positive genius for self-sacrifice, and it is as they impressed themselves on the children who came after them that their biography is best written.

One who looks at all into the history of New Hampshire cannot fail to notice how large a part of the fair fame of this

small State, derived as it is from the noticeably large number of great men who have gone out from it, is a direct inheritance from the mothers.

In the histories of New Hampshire one must read between the lines to find the women. Indeed, it very soon becomes impossible not to so read; for when one finds that "*every* able-bodied man in the town of Peterborough, New Hampshire, on the 19th day of April, 1775, was at the rendezvous at ten o'clock in the morning, with such arms as he might happen to have [Tom McCoy had a flail, with which "to give the Britishers a literal threshing"], ready to march to Lexington," one can but ask who was to do all the men's work, in this land of toil, during their absence. Who, indeed, but the women?

The testimony of one who is an authority in matters of New Hampshire history is that "none of the women were conspicuous, and all were faithful." Perhaps, in these days, one may be pardoned for thinking that the womanhood of a State where none were "conspicuous" is sufficiently distinguished, without the crowning tribute that "all were faithful." A daughter of the State, a little anxious, perhaps, for the credit of these silent but heroic toilers, raises her voice to remind us that "those are *the best* women of whom nothing is reported." Judged by this standard the women of New Hampshire were pre-eminent. Another one writes,—but this is a scoffer,—"The chapter on the distinguished women of New Hampshire is likely to resemble the celebrated chapter on the snakes of Iceland: 'There are no snakes in Iceland'!"

Judge Fowler writes of them, "The women cast bullets for their husbands, sons, or brothers to carry to Bunker Hill; and throughout the Revolution the women carried on the farms, cut and hauled the wood, and 'kept the wolf from the door.'" This last statement is emphasized by the record of the wife of one Ebenezer Cobb, of Dublin, New Hampshire, who defended her precious pig from the assault of a bear, by means of a broom, with which she belabored the beast, calling for help the while in a truly feminine and ladylike manner; but—

let women not fail to testify—she drove the bear away before help (men) arrived.

From this same Dublin the dauntless wife of William Greenwood set out one morning in winter with a half-bushel of corn, in a bag, over her shoulder, and walked on snow-shoes through the woods, guided by marked trees, to Peterborough, where the corn was ground, and whence she returned the same day,—sixteen miles! It is of a native of this picturesque and romantic part of the State that one has written, "to him was natural the mountaineer's freedom of thought, and a hill-side species of worship." It could hardly be otherwise with people who dwelt, like these, under the very brow of "the grand Monadnock," of which Starr King writes, "it would feel prouder than Mont Blanc, or the frost-sheeted Chimborazo, or the topmost spire of the Himalaya, if it could know that the genius of Emerson had made it the noblest mountain in literature."

"Ages are thy days,
Thou grand affirmer of the present tense,
And type of permanence!
Firm ensign of the fatal Being,
Amid these coward shapes of joy and grief,
That will not bide the seeing!

"Hither we bring
Our insect miseries to the rocks;
And the whole flight, with pestering wing,
Vanish, and end their murmuring,—
Vanish beside these dedicated blocks,
Which who can tell what mason laid?

* * * * * * * * *

"Complement of human kind,
Having us at vantage still,
Our sumptuous indigence,
O barren mound, thy plenties fill!
We fool and prate;
Thou art silent and sedate."

Most highlanders will claim that their mountains have a language of their own, teaching lessons understood fully only by their own children. If the poet is right in his reading, it

may be truly said of the women of New Hampshire that they early learned their lessons, and "*by heart.*"

Dr. Holmes sums up the lessons learned of the hills, in this wise:

"Dumb patience in trouble, persistent fortitude against obstacles, the triumphant power of character, rooted in truth, over the hardships of life and wrath of the world."

A worthy descendant of one of these well-taught mountaineers writes, "Both my grandmothers were heroines. I think so because they lived in the wilds of New Hampshire and were always loyal to their country and their God." "They lived in the wilds of New Hampshire!" One must know what this means, to have any just appreciation of these women. This was the land where the mercury fell to thirty-odd degrees below zero, where a bucket of water, standing in the chimney-corner, froze solid during the night, and where the mothers of the great men of the future were wont to step out of their beds of a morning into a picturesque little snow-drift which had sifted in through the crevices of the log house during the night. Here, also, withering frosts lasted into June and began again in September. Life to the women of New Hampshire in the early days, the mothers, often, of from ten to twenty children, was one long self-sacrifice, often a ceaseless struggle for existence, as for the preservation and, *mirabile dictu!* the *education* of their children. Who shall say that they were not heroines, to live in such a land, in such days, loyal to conscience and keeping alive always the noblest aspirations for, not themselves, but their children? They were very old-fashioned in their notions, these women of New Hampshire. They went away back to very old and very high authority for their belief in the doctrine that he who would be greatest should be the servant of all.

A well-known New England woman of distinguished mental gifts, whose heart is as strong as her head, has said that the only desire she ever had for the right to vote came from an ambition to strengthen the hands of her husband. This woman was born a hundred years too late. She belongs to

1776, with those women of New Hampshire whose whole lives were passed in strengthening the hands of their men; forever in the background themselves, but sending to the front sons worthy of the mothers that bore them. There was no such thing as comfort for any of these people in these days; least of all for the mothers. The days were filled with toil; poverty stood always at the door, as well as occasional Indians,—"that thorn in the flesh to the Puritan," as Mr. Parkman says; wild beasts of the forest were not strangers to them; accompanying all of which, and intensifying all forms of hardship and suffering, was the dreadful, pitiless, almost interminable *cold*. One sympathizes with Starr King when writing of the White Mountain people,—those who had wandered "into the more lonely aisles and the side chapels of the grand cathedral district of New Hampshire,"—he says:

"When there was so much land within the bounds of civilization already unoccupied and unclaimed, what could have induced families eighty years ago to move from a great distance in order to colonize the banks of the Ellis River, etc.? The very horses of the settlers on the Bartlett meadows in 1777 would not stay, but struck over the hills due south, in the direction of Lee, from which they had been taken. They all perished in the forest before the succeeding spring."

Mr. King's picture of Ethan Crawford and his wife Lucy is so striking an illustration of what seems to have been the mission of all New Hampshire women in the early days—to rear or sustain men—that a part of it must be given here.

"This Jötun of the mountains," Mr. King calls him, "whose life furnishes most vivid suggestions of the closest tug of man with nature, of rare courage and muscle against frost and gale, granite and savageness."

He was a giant in point of size and strength, nearly seven feet in height, and could lift five hundred weight into a boat, carry home a live buck on his back, or catch a load of hay on his shoulder, to save it from toppling over a precipice; and yet he was a helpless baby without his wife Lucy. A deli-

cate woman, but the source of all the moral strength of this Hercules, Lucy's home at first was a rough log house, having a stone chimney, "in which, during the cold spells of winter, more than a cord of wood was burned in twenty-four hours."

"Ethan's life," says Mr. King, "was perpetually set in remarkable contrasts. From struggles with wild-cats in the forests of Cherry Mountain to the society of his patient, faithful, pious wife, was a distance as wide as can be indicated on the planet. Mount Washington looked down into his uncouth domicile, and saw there

'Sparta's stoutness, Bethlehem's heart.'

"Lucy taught him how to meet calamity without despair or repining. When his house burned down and left them no property but one cheese and the milk of the cows, his wife, though sick, was not despondent. When his debts pressed heavy and he staggered under difficulties as he never did under the heaviest load in the forest, she assured him that Providence had some wise purpose in their trouble. When his crops were swept off and his meadows filled with sand by freshets, Lucy's courage was not crushed. He knocked down a swaggering bully once on a muster-field in Lancaster, and *was obliged* to promise Lucy that he would never give way to an angry passion again. When death invaded their household and his own powerful frame was so shaken by disease and pain that a flash of lightning, as he said, seemed to run from his spine to the ends of his hair, his wife's religious patience and trust proved an undrainable cordial. And after he became weakened by sickness, if he stayed out long after dark Lucy would take a lantern and go into the woods to search for him. He was put into jail, at last, for debt, as was the barbarous custom in those days in other States besides New Hampshire. Lucy wrote a pleading letter to his chief creditor, but without effect. 'This,' said Ethan, 'forced me, in the jail, to reflect on human nature, and it overcame me so that I was obliged to call for the advice of a physician and a nurse.'"

It is evident that Lucy was not at hand now!

"Other forms of adversity befell him, and he left the plateau at the base of Mount Washington, at last, accompanied by Lucy, whose faith did not allow her to murmur."

We are told that this tamer of wild beasts had an absolute passion for flowers, and that he liked to collect "the rare Alpine plants from the snowy edges of the ravines on the ridge, where, he used to say, nature had put them 'according to their merits.'"

Is this the influence of the refining hand of Lucy? Or is not, rather, the selection of Lucy—herself a typical Alpine plant, with her sweet purity, combined with a pleasant wholesomeness and stoutness of heart which fears not winter weather, and which comes of being rooted on a rock—a proof that this vein of tenderness was inherent?

There might have been seen in some of the New Hampshire farm-houses, even within the memory of this generation, a few lingering representatives of the heroic women of the early days, or those upon whom their mantles had fallen. A certain fine scorn of physical comfort, together with a lofty but patient toleration of their men, to whom they considered indulgence as "natural," always characterized them, together with great reverence for the Almighty, for "his word" and for the works of his hand, as became dwellers among the everlasting hills, and—perhaps the most distinguishing trait of all, when one remembers the surroundings—an intense, undying respect, a positive hunger and thirst, for *education.*

They "took comfort"—poor creatures! they had to take it by force, as they obtained everything else—in overcoming all obstacles presented by fate, or overworked and discouraged husbands, in the way of sending the boys to school and to college. One boy, at least, must go. They begged and entreated, and finally insisted upon the privilege of having a little less food, a little more work, a little less clothing (in that climate!), that the boys might have an education. Can we understand a little, now, why there were giants in those days? These are some of the sons,—Wentworth, Langdon, Stark, Cilley, Jeremiah Smith, the Sullivans, the Bells, the Masons,

Daniel Webster and his brother, Cass, Chase, the great Dr. Amos Twitchell (leading a secluded life, but whom Dr. Bowditch calls "one of the most exalted members of my profession:" "an aboriginal Christian" he names him), Amos Kendall, the Bartletts, Horace Greeley, the saintly Peabodys, and the poet Bryant. Many more there are. "Verily by their fruits ye shall know them."

There was nobody to write about these women. The pen was not mightier than the sword just then and there: indeed, the picture of a woman in the act of writing a neat little account of her own heroism would hardly move one, even now, when greatness seems, somehow, inseparably connected with a pen, as contrasted with another, sitting at that restless spinning-wheel, with resolute eyes fixed on the long thread, and feeling that, within her, which transforms it into a mighty cable strong enough to lift her boy to almost any height among the great and the good. It is not the lack of heroic women among the rocks and forests of New Hampshire, which makes it so hard to find *one* of whom to write a biography, but it is much like the search for the native "May flower." One must go over rough roads, on to barren hillsides, through snow and ice perhaps, to a poverty of soil where nothing else will consent to live, and there they are indeed, but held to their places by a stem tough as a relentless purpose, and one has to turn over hundreds of ugly brown leaves to hunt them out of their hiding-places, where they are content forever to abide, filling the pine woods with what a child of New Hampshire might perhaps be allowed to call "an odor of sanctity."

It is true that there were living at Portsmouth, even one hundred years ago, many distinguished and elegant people. They were surpassed by none of their compatriots in their devotion, or in the value of their service to the country. The beautiful old houses still adorn those quiet, charming streets, and it is most satisfactory to find many of them still occupied by the direct descendants of the original owners. This is not the place for a description of them; but it is hard to resist the

temptation to say a few words of that enchanting relic known now as the Sherburne House, which was built in 1718 by Alexander McPheaderis, and inherited by his daughter, Mrs. Molly Warner, whose christening-blanket of cloth of gold still lies in undisturbed folds of dignified magnificence under this protecting roof, and whose portrait by Copley hangs on the identical nail where it was placed at least one hundred and twenty-five years ago, *vis-à-vis* to the counterfeit presentment of her stately mother by the same master's hand. One feels constrained to walk through this house, up and down the fine staircase, hat in hand, doing reverence; and even after the massive old oak door is passed and closed, with its great bull's-eye lights overhead, and its brass latch which only the initiated have the power to raise, it is found that the century is still looking down upon us,—for on this wall rises a lightning-rod placed there under the directing hand of Benjamin Franklin.

One may still see in the beautiful garden of Mr. Alexander Ladd a rose-bush from which seven generations of ladies and children have gathered roses. This family also hold an estate here, of which ten generations have had uninterrupted possession, dating from their ancestor the original patentee of the State of New Hampshire.

Portsmouth is rich in relics. Here may be seen scores of familiar and confidential letters from some of the most interesting people of the last century,—some from Martha Washington to her friend Mrs. Tobias Lear, which are reverently preserved by her grand-niece, as well as those of Washington himself written to his private secretary Colonel Lear (in whose arms Washington died), with others from many of the most famous people of the period. It would be pleasant to linger here, where faithful patriotic service was not necessarily combined with all the hardest conditions of life.

Here is where the Marquis de Chastellux had the curiosity to enter a church on Sunday morning, November 10, 1782, and, although "the audience was not numerous, *owing to the cold*," he saw some "handsome women elegantly dressed." But

these were not representative women of New Hampshire. These were too near to civilization, too near the sea, which mitigated the climate, and, with it, all the hardships of life. Those others lived, many of them, in the depths of the forest primeval, and toward the north, in log cabins, like that of Abigail Webster, of which her great son writes, "When my father built his log cabin and lighted his fire, his smoke ascended nearer the North Pole than any of His Majesty's New England subjects: his nearest neighbor on the north was at Montreal." Here is where the cradle of Daniel Webster "hung high in the air, like the eyrie of an eagle," as Mr. Charles March describes it. It was the lady of this establishment who, her husband being old, an invalid, and "not in easy circumstances," must be consulted about sending a *second* son to college, at the solicitation of his brother, since "it would take all the father was worth," and there was no one left at home "to carry on the farm and take care of the family."

"I ventured on the negotiation," says Daniel Webster, "and it was carried, as other things are, often, by the earnest and sanguine manner of youth."

Ah, it was *the man* who drew that picture! "It was carried" by the heroic dauntless courage of an unselfish mother, to whom the near possibility of a dependent, comfortless old age did not weigh in the balance with the advancement, the always longed-for education, of her sons.

"Your mother has always said that you would be something or nothing," seems to be the earliest recorded prophecy of Webster's greatness, and this in spite of the taunt of the half-brothers that "Dan was sent to school that he might get to know as much as other boys."

A picturesque figure of the early days is that of Mary Wilson, of Peterborough, New Hampshire, described as "a tall, graceful woman, with polished manners for those days, and somewhat famous for her taste in dress." After having tried every resource of her Scotch-Irish wit to induce and then to frighten her husband (a good fighting officer in Stark's army, but not distinguished as a student of belles-lettres) into send-

ing her oldest son to college, dwelling eloquently on the evident ill effects of bean-porridge and the wearing of a leather apron on the *health* of her first-born, she at last accomplished her object, and in 1785, and for several years later, this "tall, graceful woman," with her "polished manners," arrayed doubtless in the scarlet cloak of the period, made the journey from Peterborough, New Hampshire, to Boston, a distance of sixty miles, on horseback, and alone, finding her way by "blazed trees," since "for a large part of the way there were no open roads," leading a pack-horse laden with great pieces of linen, woven from her own flax, together with other produce of her farm, which she sold in Boston, carrying the money to Cambridge, to pay the college expenses, besides enabling her son to be, as one of his class-mates pleasantly remembered years afterward, "the best-dressed man in college."

This attractive and efficient woman was a stanch patriot, but she never quite gave up an inherited faith in the righteousness of the law of primogeniture. It is recorded of her that at a certain Leap-year ball in the year 1808, when she was seventy-three years old, she walked the whole length of the hall, looking for her partner, and then, with great stateliness, led out the eldest son of her eldest son and with him opened the ball.

It is said that never were more "fine steps" put into a contra-dance; and, although the boy of eleven years old did his very best, he has acknowledged that his grandmother beat him.

The town of Hollis, New Hampshire, furnishes at least one historic heroine, as it was the birthplace of Prudence Cummings, who became the wife of David Wright, of Pepperell, Massachusetts. It was she who, at the head of a band of women clothed in the apparel of their absent husbands, sallied forth, in 1775, to defend the bridge over the Nashua River, between Pepperell and Groton, aroused by the rumor that the regulars were approaching, and fired with a determination that "no enemy to freedom should pass that bridge." The opportunity for the exercise of their prowess approached

in the form of a notorious tory, on horseback, one Leonard Whiting, himself also, strangely enough, a native of Hollis. It was poetic justice that it should be given to his townswoman and possible school-mate Mrs. David Wright, in her assumed character of "sergeant of the guard," to give the order that he should be seized, taken from his horse, searched, and detained as a prisoner. Dispatches were found in his boots, and the Amazons had the satisfaction of giving over this "enemy to freedom" to the "Committee of Observation" at Groton.

The history of New Ipswich furnishes a striking story illustrative of the spirit of the women of the early days. This time it is not a mother, but a sister, a girl of fifteen years old, who goes home to find that her "darling brother" has been selected to make one of the fifteen soldiers who are "wanted," and who are to march "next day after to-morrow, at sunrise." The poor tired mother is broken-hearted, chiefly because her boy will suffer for proper clothing. "The sight of my mother's tears brought all the hidden strength of mind and body into action," says the daughter. It evidently was not an every-day spectacle. A pair of warm trousers was the especial need. The young girl suggested spinning and weaving the cloth, and making them, on the spot. "There is not time," said the mother: "the wool is on the sheep's back, and the sheep are in the pasture." "Take the salt-dish and catch a white sheep," said the girl; and a little brother obeyed. "There are no sheep-shears within three miles," mourned the mother. "I can use my small shears," replied the girl,—which she did, with such good effect that half a fleece was soon sent into the house to another sister, who had made ready "the wheel and cards." The white sheep was now released, shorn of half its fleece, and "Luther" was dispatched for a black sheep, which he brought, and held while the enterprising young manufacturer secured enough of the black fleece for the "filling," and another member of the flock ran, half clad, to join his astonished companions. It is cruel to relate that, at this point, this

spirited girl of the period was met by her mother,—no fairy godmother was she, but rather one of those disheartening mortals of whom it has been said that "the very tones of the voice were saturated with misfortune,"—who announced that the whole enterprise must now be abandoned, as there was a long web of linen in the loom! "I will find an empty loom," said the voice of Youth and Hope. And she did! A neighboring farm-house supplied this want, and the spinning, weaving, cutting, and making were all accomplished within forty hours of the catching of the first sheep, without the help of one of the modern labor-saving appliances.

The girl, who lived to tell this story after many years, remembered no fatigue, only deep satisfaction in the relief of her mother, the secured comfort of her brother, and a little pardonable pride in having helped to equip a young warrior for her country under difficulties. She concludes the relation of her achievement, however, with the confession that after all was well over, and the brother sent away with cheerful God-speeds, she did retire to a solitary place and have "a good cry."

One of the strong characteristics of most of these women was an utter intolerance of that indescribable disease, that bane of modern life, known as "nervousness." An illustration of the good effect of growing up in this atmosphere of "nerve," as distinguished from "nervous," was given by a New Hampshire woman, less than fifty years ago, who, when an alarming-looking wound was laid open almost entirely across the palm of her own left hand by the slipping of the knife on a loaf of bread, calmly asked for a fine needle and thread, and called her husband to hold the sides of the wound together while she herself took the necessary stitches. It is perhaps not surprising that the husband proved wholly unequal to the emergency, except in calling the doctor. The heroic patient, however, succeeded in finding another woman, nearly as plucky as herself, to assist at this feat of domestic surgery, and had accomplished it all before the arrival of the physician. Of this woman a daughter wrote, at last, summing up the

impressions of a whole life in few words, "She confronted life with heroic courage, and met death with a Christian hope."

No sketch descriptive of the women of New Hampshire would be complete which should fail to make especial mention of those long-headed and light-hearted Scotch-Irish people of Londonderry, with their deep religious feeling, combined with an amazing love of fun, "which mingled strangely with the most serious concerns." It was of these people that Judge Smith used to say that "they went to church on Sunday, practiced all that was good in the sermon during the week, and *laughed at all that was ridiculous.*"

"A Scotch race," says Dr. Morison, "who had been for two or three generations in Ireland; and they bore the marks of their double origin. There was a grotesque humor about them which, in its way, has never been excelled. It was the sternness of the Scotch Covenanter softened by a century's residence abroad, amid persecution and trial, wedded there to the pathos and comic humor of the Irish, and then grown wild in the woods, among our New England mountains."

A woman of this race was Mary Woodburn Reid, wife of General George Reid. During more than seven years, while her husband was engaged in military service, she took entire charge of the family and of the farm at Londonderry. She is spoken of as a woman "of rare endowments and most interesting character;" and much stress is laid upon the equanimity of her temper, which, in connection with a vigorous intellect and great cheerfulness of disposition, gave her a powerful and beneficent influence over the more excitable, strong passions of her husband, a gallant officer and useful citizen.

It is gratifying to find that even in those days, when written words seem to have been too precious to use in the cause of women, it was thought worth while to record the fact that, in his public life, General Reid was "much indebted to the wisdom and prudence of his wife."

A few extracts from the letters of these two remain,—his bearing the significant headings "Ticonderoga," "Valley Forge," and "White Plains," written often as if to a brother officer, in a style most complimentary to the understanding of his wife,—and hers tender and true, but to the point, reporting, "with the acuteness of one who knew," facts and plans relating to the farm, the stock, etc., concluding, however, with the wifely words, "all this with your advice, not otherwise," ending one letter, like the God-fearing woman she was, in this quaint fashion: "May the good will of Him who dwelt in the bush rest and abide with you."

There is an undercurrent of trouble and sadness in these letters, which tells of heavy burdens bravely borne, although it never gets put into words; and it is a comfort to reach at last the letter from General Reid, when the war is over, telling his wife to be prepared for the arrival of a chest containing the old regimental colors and the standard of the regiment, "which you will take especial care of." It is safe to believe that she was worthy of the trust, for it was of her that her friend General Stark said, "If there is a woman in New Hampshire worthy to be Governor of the State, it is Molly Reid!" She justified this confidence also, after the manner of the New Hampshire women of her day; for the State has to thank her for a most popular Governor, in the person of her grandson the late Hon. Samuel Dinsmoor.

Elizabeth Morison Smith, mother of Hon. Jeremiah Smith, Chief-Justice of New Hampshire, was, in most respects, a typical Londonderry woman,—a woman of energy and spirit, of strong sense and good principles, who had ten children in twelve years, but who found time for a prodigious amount of work, both in-doors and out.

Would that a picture of her had been preserved as she entered the village church of Peterborough about the year 1751, attired in one of "the only two silk gowns she ever owned," which are still preserved by her descendants! She only wore them on "sacrament days" and when her children were baptized! Then her costume was completed by the

addition of a finely-plaited white linen apron, put on as she entered the church, and taken off and folded up in "the last singing." She was a strict disciplinarian; and her children never forgot the throwing down of a certain shelf by "Jerry" in the midst of some unusual merry-making, when the consistent mother, undeterred from the path of duty by the presence of company, left all, to administer the canonical whipping; and when, after a little while, she discovered that neighbor Miller's punch-bowl, borrowed for the occasion, had been broken in the scrimmage, feeling that the punishment had been wholly inadequate to the occasion, she at once whipped him again, conscientiously and thoroughly. She never allowed her children to ask what they were to have to eat, and they grew up, men and all, like Benjamin Franklin, "with great indifference to such things." She was, nevertheless, a kind-hearted, loving mother, and Jerry did not remember more than two or three whippings. Perhaps there were no more punch-bowls left to break!

When the neighbors' children taunted one of the little girls of this family because she did not wear a jerkin, she remembered, years afterward, that her mother comforted her by saying, doubtless with the canny smile peculiar to her race, "Never mind, ye'll hae jerkins when they hae nane;" a prophecy which was remembered, because, thanks to the frugal industrious mother, "it came true." The chief-justice himself was proud to remember a pose in which she must forever have stood in his memory. On an occasion when he had made a little progress on the road which was to lead to fame, after he had got only a little learning, he presumed to correct his mother's vigorous but not always grammatical language,—when the self-respecting old woman, with her masterful spirit, stepped on to the maternal throne at once, and silenced him with the words, in which one seems to hear a certain quiver of tone in spite of the sternness, "Wha taught you language? It was my wheel! and when ye'll hae spun as mony long threeds to teach me grammar as I hae to teach you, I'll talk better grammar."

How glad she would have been to know that her children would always remember the "sweet Christian charity" displayed by her when a poor young relative, a girl who lived in her house, had been guilty of some backsliding of so serious a nature as to cause the calling together of a family council to see what should be done! A relative of the family, considered to be "one of the elect," advised concerning the poor creature, represented as "half-witted and friendless," that they should "gar her into the barn, to pray," as not fit company for such as they; a proposition instantly and indignantly rejected by this mother in Israel, who took her stand at once by the side of the offender. This woman, with a soul as white as the linen apron she folded up in the last singing, rose up then, and stands forever before her descendants, a genuine follower of Him who came to save that which was lost.

These were not at all akin to that class of women of whom Mr. Kingsley sings: they never seem to have felt called upon to "weep" while the men were at "work." On the contrary, they had not only great powers for work themselves, but a most delightful capacity for laughing over their tasks, and even singing, the while. "All the children of the neighborhood crowded about to hear Mrs. Smith sing Scotch songs,"—perhaps while she was harvesting the corn, which she always helped to do.

Dr. Morison tells a story to illustrate the almost uncontrollable sense of humor which characterized these cheery people. It is of a mournful occasion when an intemperate relative of some of them was found dead by the roadside. The friends were all assembled, and in a truly sorrowful frame of mind, when "the coroner made some ridiculous blunders in reading." One by one the company was overcome by the ludicrousness of it, until at last all gave in, and the whole group of mourners joined in a burst of irrepressible laughter. Some worthy descendants of these hard-working laughers may still be found in New Hampshire. Thank God for the perpetual sunshine they shed about them!

However much the modern methods of education and domestic discipline may differ from those which guided these primitive people, there can be no doubts concerning the purity and unselfishness of the motive, nor the brave fidelity to what they saw as duty, which seems to have distinguished these mothers from first to last. That the results are so good seems only another of the many proofs of the superiority of example over precept, and of *character* over all things.

There is something especially satisfactory in the spectacle of transmitted virtues, as much so, perhaps, as the reverse is disappointing and painful. An unusually happy illustration is furnished in the person of Judge Smith, himself one of the wisest, best, and most attractive of men, and in that of his daughter, Ariana Smith. In the son one finds the fine, strong intellect, integrity, and energy of the mother,—the same generous temper also, the same dignity and simplicity, and the same humor, which, "like the foam and phosphoric light in the wake of a man-of-war, often marked the progress of his mind through subjects the most profound." It is impossible not to recognize the combination of traits as the mother's own, although lending dignity and grace now to the character of a chief-justice. The same insignia of nobility were worn by the granddaughter. And here the fine, sound old root blossoms into such grace and charm and sweetness that her most faithful and loving chronicler and kinsman, Rev. Dr. Morison, to whom the world owes much for the picture of this remarkable family trio, evidently dares not trust himself to put into words what is in his heart and memory, without a curb.

She was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1797, and she lived only about thirty years. Her mother, whose name was Eliza Ross,—a gentle, lovely woman,—was a daughter of Mrs. Ariana (Brice) Ross, of Maryland, from whom, through a line of grandmothers of Bohemian extraction, Ariana Smith inherited her uncommon name.

There are a few people still living who remember how she looked and what she was. Twenty years ago there were

many, who were never tired of telling of the graces of her person, mind, and heart. It must have been a rare countenance which left so vivid and precious an impression.

"Her face was full of contrasts and contradictions," says one. It typified well, then, the admirable balance of her character. Soft black hair, with a surpassingly white skin, great earnest *blue* eyes which looked out from under quite black lashes, and a brow of that peculiar conformation which tells of great quickness of perception. The exceptionally animated, almost eager expression of the eyes was most striking, taken in connection with the reposeful, self-contained lines about the mouth. "Her voice, subdued and passionless, contrasted strangely with the fervor of her words."

United to rare personal beauty were uncommon dignity and grace of manner. It was the dignity of complete simplicity and self-forgetfulness, and, with it, she had the art of putting all sorts and conditions of persons entirely at ease in her presence. One of the most significant tributes to her memory is the oft-repeated and most grateful acknowledgment of men, many of them afterwards famous and honored in various walks in life, who, while they were students at the well-known Exeter Academy, at the unformed and unattractive age, were first aroused to new, higher, and happier views of life by this beautiful, gifted woman. It is said that the most awkward boy, struggling with that exquisite suffering which grows out of excessive shyness, was made to forget himself at Judge Smith's hospitable table by the altogether indescribable sympathy, grace, and tact of his daughter Ariana. Some of them have said that it was in her presence, and under the influence of her exquisite courtesy, that they learned their first lessons in self-respect. This tender consideration for the feelings of others was quite in keeping with what has been called the most striking feature of her character,—that charity which "thinketh no evil," and which always inclined her to look at people in the light of their virtues rather than of their faults, although she had far too much keenness of perception to confound the two. Her life was almost wholly uneventful, but

she was one of those rare people who, without any great opportunity for action, succeed in making a very unusual and lasting impression on all those about them. It is not what she did, but what she was, which has put a glory about her name and handed it down through at least two generations of her neighbors and kindred.

It is impossible to improve on Dr. Morison's description of her, in his biography of her charming and distinguished father:

"Her devotion to domestic duties, and particularly to her mother through years of painful disease, might, but for the peculiar elasticity of her mind, have worn her down, yet to the last she was like one whose life had been a perpetual sunshine. Her enthusiasm might have betrayed her into indiscretions, but for the prudent self-control that never forsook her; and the rare good sense that ran through all her conduct might have made her commonplace, but for the enthusiasm of her nature. The great extent of her reading, and the accuracy of her knowledge in the more solid as well as in the lighter branches of literature, might have made her pedantic, were it not, as her father said, that she was more studious to conceal than to exhibit her accomplishments. 'She had,' he said, when his heart was wrung with the anguish of bereavement, 'a mind intelligent and ingenuous, having learning enough to give refinement to her taste, and far too much taste to make pretensions to learning. She had a feminine high-mindedness.' 'She often shined in conversation, but never strove to shine.' 'As far as regards literature, she never (in conversation) aimed at doing her best; and yet she was not indifferent to the opinion of her father and her friends.' Her almost passionate love of society, and the attentions with which she was loaded, when in the fashionable world, by those whose attentions are most flattering to a woman of sense and refinement, might have made her giddy; her love of nature, of rural life, and the simple intercourse of the country, might have made her shy and timid, but for the genuineness of her feelings and the simplicity of her character. 'I rely,' said her

father, 'with entire confidence on your good taste and discretion,—two things oftener united than is commonly thought.' At a large party, in the city, it might seem as if she had no heart or thought for anything else; but she gladly returned to the quiet home, where almost all her time was spent, and there appeared as if she had never been absent, or had gone abroad only to bring back new treasures for the enjoyment of her friends. Substantial books were read, kind acts and serious duties performed, as if they were only a pastime or amusement. Nothing was ever said of them, and therefore her letters and her usual intercourse with society gave only the most superficial view of her mind. Her charities, like the charities of heaven, came often without revealing the hand that brought them."

The characters of father and daughter were formed on the same model, and a positively romantic devotion and intimacy existed between them. There was complete sympathy of taste and feeling, and very charming are the glimpses of their almost constant companionship.

In May, 1820, she writes to a young friend, "I particularly like, the end of May or first of June, to receive my friends, because my father is then certainly at home."

"April, 1821.—My father leaves us next Monday for many weeks. I hope you will pity our desolate state, and enliven it by frequent letters."

"May, 1822.—I am writing with a pen of my father's. What gallant and sincere things it would say if guided by its master's hand!"

Again, she writes of his appearance coming out of church, how she knew him first in the crowd by the flowers in his button-hole, "which are freshly put there twice a day."

During seven years' service in Congress, Judge Smith had made the acquaintance of many of the best people in the country, who remained life-long friends. It was in their society that his daughter was appreciated and much admired.

It is pleasant to be told that she enjoyed this thoroughly. Thus, she writes of a ball at Boston where she danced every

dance, "I admired my own ingenuity in talking to my partner while I was actually dancing, and at every pause listening to Mr. M., who stood behind me and was very agreeable."

The same letter discloses another side of her character, for she writes that before going to the ball she had been reading a new number of the North American Review, and had decided that Mr. F. C. Gray, whom she calls "the first young man of Boston," must be the author of an article which had greatly pleased her. She adds that she learned in the ball-room, from Mr. Gray himself, that the article was written by his brother.

It may perhaps have been in such an hour that one of her admirers was inspired to write of her, in a birthday ode, which still exists,—

> "Such beauty and such strength of mind
> Were ne'er so happily combined."

The fragments of a youthful correspondence which remain to us are full of proofs of a genuine love of literature, as well as a cultivation of taste not altogether common in the women of Ariana Smith's day. It is also interesting as it calls our attention to the wholesomely frugal literary diet of the period.

"We are daily expecting from Boston a box of books, which came in the London packet, all that are readable for a lady,—'Hallam's Middle Ages,' 'Nichols's Anecdotes,' and, I blush to write such discordant names, Miss Porter's new novel."

To another friend she writes of her eager anticipations of the forthcoming "Edgeworth memoir," calling her friend's attention to a pleasant similarity between Miss Edgeworth and Mme. de Staël,—"their blind devotion to their fathers." Ariana Smith was surpassed by neither of them in this filial grace.

To her intimate friend Miss Holmes, an elder sister of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, she writes,—

"My dear Mary,—

"I did not intend to answer your letter so very soon, but I have just finished reading one of Barry Cornwall's 'Dramatic

Scenes,' which is so very tragical that I cannot think of sleeping unless I can contrive, by writing to you, to give my thoughts an entirely new direction. Few things give me such pleasant reflections as Cambridge and you; and you, to whom I so often repair to borrow animation, will excuse me, I hope, for resorting to you now for composure."

These letters were evidently written in the days of golden leisure, before the era of postal cards and spasmodic paragraphs, before the coming of that date "when time shall be no more," as a woman of 1876 cleverly designates our own day. That they were carefully-written letters on both sides, worthy of two readings, we may infer from the fact that "Ariana" writes to "Mary," "I have dispatched to Charlotte your last letter, after having tacked some of my linsey-woolsey to your silver tissue."

Ariana's letters give constant proof of an admirable capacity for enjoyment, and of that enthusiasm of nature out of which it grows. She writes of having had delight in the acting of Kean in the primitive days when the selectmen of the town of Boston were driven to active measures to prevent a riot resulting from the mad rush for tickets. During the same visit to Boston she writes, "Sunday was the most delightful day possible to imagine. Mr. Channing gave us a noble sermon upon Christian zeal! but how did that and all other discourses vanish from my mind when I heard the splendid effusions of Professor Everett's genius! Such brilliant ideas, so novel and profound, such beautiful imagery, such eloquent gestures. I never before knew what genius could effect. We were well rewarded for our walk through wet streets to the North End." Again she refers to this sermon which so aroused her youthful enthusiasm: she says of an exciting book, "it makes me thrill as much as Mr. Everett's description did yesterday of 'the chariot-wheels of judgment rolling down the courts of heaven.'"

It is pleasant to find entire freedom from all sectarian narrowness in this vigorous young mind. "I know not when I

have been more interested in a preacher," she writes, "than I was in the eloquent and truly devout Bishop Cheverus,"—the first Roman Catholic bishop in Massachusetts.

She was a favorite and an ardent admirer of her father's friend Daniel Webster; and it is not surprising that she very much enjoyed the journey to Hanover, to attend the Dartmouth Commencement of the year 1819, with her father and this great man, whose personal fascination has perhaps never been surpassed, for traveling-companions. "Mr. Webster was in high spirits,—talked, laughed, and sang the whole way," she writes. Mr. Webster disported himself in this wise only in very congenial society. She was only about twenty years old at this time, but it was a discriminating judgment which led her to select the performance of a certain young Mr. Choate, of the graduating class, as the one most worthy of note; "really admirable," she calls it, adding that "this young man is a fine scholar, a hard student, and *uncommonly interesting*." This was, of course, no other than the great Rufus.

It has been said that perhaps the greatest single pleasure of her life, if one may judge from her frequent recurrence to it afterwards, was found in listening to Mr. Webster's great oration at Plymouth in December, 1820. "The Godlike man!" was her exclamation. This was the occasion of which Mr. Ticknor wrote, "When I came out, I was almost afraid to come near him. It seemed to me as if he was like the mount that might not be touched, and that burned with fire." Mr. Ticknor adds that after the oration was off his mind Mr. Webster became "gay and playful as a kitten." Ariana's letter to her mother describing this eventful day contained a few words to the same effect. "The great orator was standing in a circle of gentlemen, while I was promenading the room, leaning on Mr. ——'s supporting arm: the moment I came opposite to where Mr. Webster was standing, he broke from the group, and, warmly seizing my hand with both of his, exclaimed, in an animated tone, 'Oh, you dear little sylph from New Hampshire, how glad I am to see you here!'"

Whenever she traveled with her father, the two are described as "exploring and enjoying with an almost childish zest and freshness of interest." She writes to her mother, on one of these occasions, of an especially pleasant day in a stage-coach, made so by the companionship of a "charming young married man, who has traveled, is literary, communicative, and well-bred." One can readily believe all this when it is found to be Mr. William H. Prescott who is thus described, and also that "father and Mr. P. kept up a constant interchange of wit and humor. It was the most entertaining ride we ever took." This seems no mean praise when one finds that they had as traveling-companions during parts of this journey Chancellor Kent and his family, Mr. Emmett, of New York, and Mr. Hoffman, of Baltimore.

It is during this journey that the invalid wife and mother at home gives, in a few words, an idea of what the home life was. "I wish you could see your garden to-night," she writes. "It is delightful; but I cannot help feeling that *the divinities of the place are away.* Do not let me see in your letters that you are not enjoying yourselves; for never did any one make such sacrifice as I. It seems to me that I should like even to hear you [the judge] talk to the cats in your very loudest tones."

She was never left again, and during the remaining two years of her life Ariana's devotion to her mother was untiring. She surrounded the invalid with an atmosphere of constant cheerfulness and sunshine, assuming every care and lightening every burden for her father in his deep affliction. It is not surprising that he should have written to her, during a short absence, soon after her mother's death, "How good and happy a thing it is that I have no anxiety about affairs at home!" and again, "My dear Ariana, your letter was very, very good and kind, and cheered me mightily. I am glad such sentiments are in you, and that they come out. God bless you! . . . I am glad this will reach you Saturday: it will come fresh from your best friend, and you will readily

imagine, better than he can express, the love he bears you, and always has, and ever will."

No picture of the daily intercourse between Judge Smith and his daughter would be complete which should omit the element of fun which is constantly appearing in it,—the mixture of playfulness and seriousness which had come straight down from the Scotch-Irish mother and grandmother, and which gave an indescribable charm and flavor to life.

At one time Judge Smith writes to his daughter of the pet cats, of which there were five, "The fifth member of our fireside party says, or seems to say, that she wishes you were at home, and regrets she was not taught to write, that she might communicate with you in Boston. So, you see, you are kindly remembered by all."

It was a family custom to carry on, or report, imaginary conversations with the cats, over the breakfast-table, treating often of the trials of cats, their loves and griefs and views of life. "The humor of these extempore fables," says Dr. Morison, "was often irresistible. Not a little sly satire and instruction, as well as amusement, was administered by the sagacious cats to other members of the household."

Another vein is touched in a fragment of a letter from Judge Smith to Ariana during an absence of her own,—this when she was a school-girl: "I hope you attend church regularly, my dear: it is no matter what *the form* of religion is, but it is *absolutely necessary* that we should have the substance; and though church-going is not religion, it is a means of becoming religious."

It is not difficult to imagine that these words produced a deep impression, coming from one of whom it is said, "Though for many years the member of a church, he was never loud in his religious professions. Indeed, he was so disgusted by the levity with which the most sacred of names and the most solemn of subjects are sometimes bandied about by religious people, and he so shrank from every semblance of ostentation and cant, that it was not easy to see at once,

from his conversation or outward conduct, how deeply these things entered into his character."

Very soon after the death of her mother, from consumption, the only brother of Miss Smith fell a victim to the same disease. And now, again, her days were passed in carrying peace and comfort to a sick-room; but, even now, the evenings were spent in the charming library with her father. All the latest books were read together, enjoyed together, and criticised together. An occasional game of chess gave variety to the evenings, and conversation never flagged. The father was now seventy years old. It was not surprising, therefore, that "it had never occurred to him that she might be taken from him,"—the light of his eyes, the last one of his five children, whom he had always counted upon as the one to be left to him.

At the beginning of one of the cruel New Hampshire winters, a little cloud, not larger than a man's hand, hung over the beautiful home in Exeter. They called it a violent cold, and nobody was alarmed,—least of all the patient. Nothing was given up, and there was still sunshine in the house; but the enemy was always at work, and early in March she gave up the evenings in the library,—in fact, could not leave her room.

How soon she began herself to realize the truth none will ever know; but the following words, found among her last papers, copied by her hand, tell their own story:

"It has often been said that a slow, wasting disease of the body must press heavily upon the soul, which sees its departure from the friendly world step by step, and counts, as it were, the leaves of bloom which drop one after another. When, however, no distorting pains interfere, and when the departing one does not love too much that which is called life, nor hate too much that which is called death, it may not be so bad as is imagined. If we drink the last flask of a noble wine with a pleasure which we did not know before, why not also these last drops of the earthly being? In thus gliding quietly downward we meet with few of the cares and shocks

of this lower world; we have little more to do than to pluck its flowers; a foretaste of the disembodied state is breathing around us; those who love us have more thought and more affection for the departing one; and those who do not love us we more lightly and easily pardon, regardful of the text, Forgive as we would be forgiven, as well as mindful of the short time which we have to pilgrimage together; and when a tear flows from the eye, it flows almost as visibly as seed-pearl into the life of paradise. Whoever has experienced such gentle suffering will not deny us his assent."

Through all, thoughtfulness for her father never failed. She did not like him to see her suffering, and had for him still "pleasant looks," "smiles," and even "lively conversation." Very few were her words concerning herself. "That reticence, before the high problems of being, which belongs to a healthy nature," as one has well said, was hers to a remarkable degree. She said just enough to show that she knew all, and had no fears, and no regrets except for her father. Once she said to him, "How many times have I formed schemes of the future, when I was to take care of you, nurse you, amuse you! How many thousand little comforts I have planned for you!" But this was talk which neither of them could endure, and it was never repeated. Toward the end of June she asked to be carried to the window, and looked out, with delight, upon the beauty which she loved,—all around her. "Such softness of coloring!" she said; "such intermingling of shades! such variety of green!"

At sunset of the next day, a perfect day in June, as the breath of the clover and the roses was blowing in at the windows, with perfect composure and peace, she died.

Even now the house was not quite desolate: the influence of her cheerful, triumphant spirit seemed to fill the places which should know her no more forever; and, after a very short conflict with himself, her father asked his clergyman to give thanks "that she had been spared so long." Truly it might have been said of her,—

"God sent his messenger of faith,
And whispered in the maiden's heart,
Rise up, and look from where thou art,
And scatter with unselfish hands
Thy freshness on the barren sands
And solitudes of Death."

It has been impossible to do justice to this character here. Time and material for anything like a biography have both been wanting; but this imperfect sketch will perhaps serve as an illustration, in one family, of what might be found in many others, of the characteristic traits of those sensible, strong, good women of New Hampshire of the early days, under the refining influences of comfort and culture. It was a good stock; and, after years of patient growth and self-development in obscure places, and under lowering skies, this is the flower of it in the sunlight.

ANNIE WILSON FISKE.

REBECCA MOTTE.

In the oldest part of one of the oldest streets of Charleston stands a house so different from those around it, so exactly the counterpart of an old-fashioned comfortable English home in some quiet cathedral town, that the stranger pauses involuntarily to inquire how it came there, and, while he glances from the ivy-matted brick wall that shuts off the garden to a wide-spreading magnolia at the gate to dispel the illusion of his being on English ground, is nowise surprised to learn that this house dates back to colonial times, and that the massive stone-work of the porch and windows, nay, even the old red bricks of which it is built, were, in truth, brought from the mother-country more than a century ago. The very name of King Street recalls this loyalty of another time and rule.

As we pass, with a delightful sense of roominess, from the flagged space in front, up the wide granite steps, and note the solid masonry, our thoughts go back respectfully to the days when men did not work so fast as in this our day, but worked how much more honestly, how much more faithfully! Let us go through the long stone-floored passage that extends from front to rear of the house, and take our seats in the arched piazza, while we listen to the story which the whispering old garden and the echoing walls seem ready to pour into our ears. It is a story with no poetry in it but what the realities of a life nobly spent must always yield; and if time has already come to cast an illusive veil over its events, here, at least, in the scene where much of it was passed, we may succeed in throwing aside the deception, and may see for our-

selves whether the old past in its nakedness is not even fairer than it seems through far-off mists.

A hundred years ago this house had become the property of Mrs. Rebecca Motte, and here she lived with her husband and daughters. Her father, Robert Brewton, an Englishman of good family, settled in Charleston in the early years of the last century, and, marrying Miss Mary Griffith, became the father of four children, the youngest of whom was Rebecca, afterwards Mrs. Motte. She was born in 1738; but of her earliest years we know little. There is a quaint old painting of her mother, Mary Griffith, with great, soft, liquid eyes, and auburn hair; a peculiar face, the gentle tenderness of brow and eye contrasting with an expression of strength about the mouth and decidedly aquiline nose; just the face for a wise and loving mother who would know well how to train up her children to be good and noble. Under such maternal guidance Rebecca Brewton grew up, developing year by year the special gifts and graces which matured in after-life. Even as a child she was remarkable for a certain gentle firmness of character which never forsook her in the most trying moments of her existence. The educational advantages of Charleston at that time were not great; but the most was made of them in her behalf, and the seed, falling on rich soil, bore good fruit; so that as the young girl approached womanhood she was noted then, as ever afterward, for her charming refinement of tone and manner,—that last best seal of good education. Her personal appearance, as represented in one or two old pictures carefully preserved, corresponds well with the description we have of her character. She was below the medium height, but with a bearing so full of sweet, self-contained dignity and composure that her want of size never conveyed the faintest idea of insignificance. The oval face and arched eyebrows almost atoned for a want of strict regularity of feature, while blond curling hair, blue eyes, and bright complexion modified an expression of countenance that without them would have been almost too grave and serious. Looking at the face you would say at once that

it indicates a wonderful earnestness and determination of character, full of force, yet entirely removed from unfeminine boldness. These pictures were taken of her in youth. Those who remember her now—none but the youngest of her many grandchildren and their contemporaries—recall but the shadow of all this, unlike as age is to youth. We, with our modern eyes, wonder a little, gazing on the likeness, to see how unadorned the young woman is, except by what Dame Nature gave her. The dress, it is true, is rich; but there is no other ornament. The hair is drawn completely off the forehead, *à la Chinoise*, and curls behind only because it *would* curl.

As we realize the influences under which Rebecca Brewton grew to womanhood, we see more and more clearly how different was the Charleston of her day from the town we are familiar with. The building of a city was not then, as now, the work of a few years. South Carolina itself, that part of it at least which was inhabited by Europeans, was far smaller than we find it now. Looking over the few historical records that remain of Charleston as it was during the first century after its foundation at Oyster Point in 1679, we see how great the change has been; for, though the commercial activity created by the new agriculture was all centred in Charleston, the limits of the town were very small, and the best and most ornamental part of it, along East and South Battery, did not exist. What now goes by the name of White Point Garden was nothing but a marsh, subject to the constant ebb and flow of the tide in Ashley River. The people, too, although many of the most respectable citizens bore the same names that still belong to prominent families, were in great part European by birth, English, French, and Scotch, with all the national characteristics of the countries from which they had so recently come. The American type, as it is now called, which was to be the outgrowth of a great blending of various elements acted on by new circumstances, had not yet come into being here,—if, indeed, anywhere, at that time.

This, then, was the atmosphere in which Rebecca Brewton

developed and displayed a character the good qualities of which are happily confined to no time or place; yet she had surely inherited, with her full English blood, what we are accustomed to look upon as essentially English characteristics,—undaunted firmness under trial, and cool steadfastness of purpose. Association with a large and attractive circle of companions of her own age, of whom we catch occasional glimpses in such sketches of the time as are to be found, must have told strongly on one so formed for friendship and its influences. Many of these early friends and acquaintances became men and women of note in the days of the Revolution, showing by their actions then how admirable they must always have been.

Hers was a nature, at the same time, too thoughtful not to be greatly acted on by what was passing around her in the political colonial world; and we may well believe that the germ of that patriotism which distinguished her even among a host of patriots was not lying dormant, but grew and expanded steadily with the growth and expansion of liberal ideas in the country throughout the earlier half of her life which preceded the great struggle for liberty. When it began, the enthusiasm of girlhood was already strengthened in her by the ripe judgment of full womanhood.

But to return to where we left her. In 1758, when her school-days had not very long been left behind, Rebecca Brewton was married to Jacob Motte, the eldest son of a large and highly-respected Huguenot family. De La Motte, their progenitor, had been forced out of France with numbers of his countrymen whom the Edict of Nantes rendered homeless in the year 1685. He took refuge in Holland; and his son John, after being for some time Dutch consul in Dublin, crossed the water and settled in Charleston in 1709. It was the grandson of this gentleman who wedded Rebecca Brewton. Three daughters were born to them, but no son: so that with this pair the two family names of Motte and Brewton became extinct, or are found only linked with those to which the various remaining female branches connected them by

marriage. The years that followed this early union were quiet but not unimportant ones in the life of our heroine, made happy as they were by the sweetest and most engrossing occupations that come to fill a woman's lot. Yet they need not be long dwelt on; for we can easily picture them to ourselves, and realize, too, how each of them in passing added further maturity of thought and experience and interest to one whose active and energetic nature was capable of constant growth and improvement.

One incident which happened in the early years of her married life may be worth mentioning, bringing her into relation for the first time, as it does, with a well-known historical personage. In 1762, Admiral Anson, whose fame as a navigator had been acquired a good many years previously by his voyage around the world, visited Charleston and became a guest in Mrs. Motte's house. She lived at that time in the upper part of the town, and after the admiral's visit that quarter went for a long time by the name of Ansonborough. When he was taking leave of his hostess he presented her with a large and very handsome punch-bowl of India china, which had traveled round the world with him. This relic of the old days, a beautiful specimen of its kind, is still in the possession of one of her descendants, being originally left to the eldest grandchild.

Quietly and peacefully the years went on, with only occasional vague mutterings of the storm which was approaching but was yet unforeseen, at least by the happy household over which Mrs. Motte presided. The three little girls passed from babyhood to childhood; and their mother, comparatively at leisure from her maternal cares, became more and more a favorite in the society in which she moved, not only admired for the sweet, attractive grace which made her hospitality charming, but beloved for her active benevolence and self-sacrificing goodness to the poor and afflicted.

But with the opening of hostilities sorrow and trouble seemed to come first to her door. In 1775 her brother, Miles Brewton, whose strongly patriotic sympathies had made him

an ardent promoter of the cause of liberty, sailed from Charleston for England with all his family, intending to leave them with relatives there and return to the post of duty. But the vessel was wrecked on its outward voyage, and not one passenger saved: so that Mrs. Motte was left to mourn the loss of a fondly-loved and only brother. A constant source of anxiety, too, from this time, was the condition of her husband's health. Mr. Motte lived through the first years of the war, a martyr to gout, and died shortly after the occupation of Charleston by the British. When the war broke out, his wife, knowing that it was impossible for him to enter the service of his country, and lamenting that she had neither husband nor son to contribute to the cause that was so dear to her, declared she must do what she could, and immediately ordered down to the city her entire plantation force, that they might be set to work on the fortifications which were to be erected for its defense on the land-side. Nor did she content herself with this. Through the long, weary years that followed, no heart went out more freely than hers in sympathy for the suffering, no hand was more busy in making and supplying clothing and necessaries of all kinds for the soldiers, as far as her opportunities and means would allow.

After Sir Henry Clinton's failure to gain possession of Charleston by the water-approach, in June, 1776, the enemy confined their operations for a time entirely to the more northerly portions of the country, and during the next two years and a half South Carolina escaped the calamities of war in her midst. The English attempted, it is true, to give trouble by inciting the Indians to fight; but vigorous measures were taken for their suppression, and in the course of a few months all resistance on their part came to an end. It was not till the winter of 1779 that General Prevost began his march from Savannah with the design of capturing Charleston; and this, too, ended in defeat and disappointment to the enemy, for, after being gallantly repulsed by Count Pulaski with a small force, they did not long persist in their attempt, but, fearing the speedy arrival of reinforcements for the town,

fell back on the islands, and gradually made their way southward again.

After considerable successes in Georgia, however, Sir Henry Clinton was emboldened to make a third attempt on Charleston. Slowly and cautiously during the whole of the winter of 1780 he made his preparations to invest the town, and late in the spring he finally brought it to surrender.

On her brother's death Mrs. Motte had fallen heir to his property, and this old King Street house, built by him, became her home. It was immediately chosen as headquarters when, in the month of May, the British entered the town, and was occupied by Sir Henry Clinton and other officers until the evacuation at the end of 1782. Almost every room in the house has its separate story relating to what happened in it during that time. On the marble mantel-piece in one may be seen a caricature of the English general, scratched apparently with a diamond-point on the hard polished surface, and with the name "Sir H. Clinton" appended in small letters. It is only visible from a very oblique point of view and in a particular light, and was probably drawn by some lounging aide-de-camp in a moment of idleness or irritation. Be that as it may, and be it caricature or correct likeness, the whole pose and air and cast of countenance are so unmistakably English, and so military at the same time, that a glance at it carries conviction that the person it represents was veritably present in the flesh at the moment it was taken.

This same room witnessed the fruitless presentation to Lord Rawdon of the petition signed by the patriot women of Charleston for the pardon of the unfortunate Isaac Hayne. Mrs. Finley, who delivered it, was a relative of the unhappy prisoner, and brought with her his two little children, in the hope that their forlorn and pitiful condition would melt the heart of the British commander. Long years afterward, the son, grown to manhood, entered the room again, for the first time since that bitter day, and described to a bystander the scene which it so vividly recalled to his memory.

In a room opposite this one, across the broad stone-floored

passage-way, was to be seen in those days, sunk into a panel over the mantel-piece, a portrait of Miles Brewton, the deceased brother of the lady of the house,—a painting of no mean merit, for it was by the hand of Sir Joshua Reynolds. But that did not avail to save it from the vandalism of the English soldiery, one of whom struck his bayonet through the canvas, by way of insult to the dead rebel. The picture is still preserved, and the rent still visible, although an attempt has been made to conceal the injury done by it.

Let us go into yet another room, teeming even more than these with recollections of the past. This was the only room in the house which the British officers, on installing themselves, allowed its occupants to retain for their own use; and here Mrs. Motte, her daughters, and Mrs. Brewton (a widowed cousin of the family) locked themselves in during the first hours of confusion and disorder, whilst the soldiers, with clanking swords and boisterous talk, were pervading every other part of the premises. After a while some one knocked at the door; but the ladies dared not open it. At first they would make no answer even; but the knock was repeated again and again, with the half-whispered assurance that it was a friend who asked admittance. At length a black finger was thrust through the keyhole, to convince them there was no reason to doubt this assertion; and they opened the door, to find outside a faithful negro servant, who, when she got fairly in, sank on the floor, exclaiming, "Oh, missis, such a time, such a time as I had to git to you!" Then she called for a pair of scissors, and, raising her skirt, ripped open a patch made in it to conceal a letter which had been intrusted to her care, and which, with great difficulty, she had succeeded in bringing through the enemy's line, and thus faithfully delivered.

Throughout the summer and autumn of 1780, Mrs. Motte continued to occupy with her family a small part of her own house in Charleston. She would gladly have taken refuge at her country-place on the Congaree River, to which the enemy had not at that time penetrated; but her husband's con-

dition of health precluded the possibility of such a move. The disease, which terminated his life early in the following year, was making rapid progress; and his wife nursed him with the untiring devotion of her unselfish nature. Under these trying circumstances her calm dignity of demeanor exacted unfailing respect from her unbidden guests. Every day she presided at the long dinner-table, which was laid in the big drawing-room and always crowded with officers. The three pretty daughters never appeared on these occasions. Meal-time was the signal for them to steal noiselessly and dutifully up the narrowest, darkest, and most crooked of little staircases into a dingy garret, where mamma locked them up safe from the eye of the British lion. Not for worlds would the good lady have suffered a daughter of hers to run the risk of possible flirtation with the enemies of her people.

In those days of public gloom and depression, the patriotic women of Charleston—the Whig ladies, as they were called—always appeared on the streets dressed in deep mourning. Some of them, in their unavoidable intercourse with the English, made good use of the well-known woman's weapon; and among the most prominent in this kind of warfare was the Mrs. Brewton before mentioned as a connection of Mrs. Motte's. She bullied the officers unmercifully, and so much excited their ire that they finally exiled her to Philadelphia. On one occasion, when she had recently returned from the country, an officer inquired of her anxiously how things were going on in the interior of the State. She immediately answered that all nature smiled, for everything was *Greene* down to Monk's Corner. At another time she was walking down Broad Street, in her full suit of black, when one of the garrison joined her; and just at that moment something caught her dress and a part of it was torn off: she took up the fragment of crape, and, passing the house of John Rutledge, occupied at that time by the English Colonel Moncrief, she hung the symbol of mourning on the railing in front, exclaiming, "Where are you, dear Governor? Let your house mourn for you, as your friends do!"

No feeling could be more natural than the honest hatred which many women of the Revolution felt toward their foes and were at no pains to conceal. Yet wherever in the scant records of her day we read of Mrs. Motte's relations with English soldiers, there we read also of her quiet courtesy and unalterable dignity of bearing toward them; in the same paragraphs in which her strong and unfaltering patriotism is insisted on, and of which, indeed, her actions give highest evidence, the respect and even attachment she inspired them with are declared. Nothing excites in us such reverence for her liberal and high-minded character as this entire freedom from petty feelings of personal enmity toward those who had injured her.

But to return to the summer of the year 1780. It was a disastrous time for the American cause, and a season of painful anxiety in Mrs. Motte's family. The eldest daughter, Elizabeth, had married, a year previously, Major—afterward General—Tom Pinckney; but, her husband being constantly with the army, she continued to live with her mother for several years after her marriage. When the battle of Camden took place, in August, 1780, Major Pinckney was severely wounded. The excessively hot trying weather made his chance of recovery a poor one; but, thanks, it was said, to his own placid fortitude as well as to his wife's unwearying devotion in nursing him, he was restored. Many years after, as he was passing near the battle-field, he drove with his children to the spot, and told them how, as he lay helpless on the ground when the battle was over, an English ammunition-wagon happening to pass near, he was picked up and conveyed, at his own request, to the house of a friend in the town. As the wagon jolted along, another wounded American was discovered, and lifted to a place at his side. Not long after, they came upon an English soldier who had also received a wound; and the last poor wretch was immediately put out by the driver and his companions to make room for their own countryman. Major Pinckney besought them to have pity on the sufferer, and not leave him behind to perish,

but was roughly answered, "Shut up, or we'll throw *you* out!" He happened to have on a pair of gold buckles attached to the knee-breeches which were the fashion of the day; and the soldiers, eager for booty, proceeded to rob him of them. They got off one, and were about disturbing the wounded leg to secure the other, when an Irishwoman belonging to the camp interfered, and, with the rough humanity of her class, swore that whoever touched the shattered leg should feel her nails; and therewith she displayed a set of most formidable talons, the sight of which effectually turned the villains from their prey.

Mr. Motte died in January, 1781; and not long after this sad event Mrs. Motte obtained permission to leave Charleston, and retired at once to her plantation on the Congaree, thirty or forty miles from Columbia. The house was a large and comfortable one, beautifully situated on a rising ground, commanding a fine view of the river and the surrounding country.

Here for a short time the widow and her daughters remained in undisturbed seclusion. But the situation of the place, so admirably suited for defense, soon recommended it to the English as a proper point for erecting one of the line of military stations by which for a long time they completely controlled a large portion of the State. It was on the direct road from Charleston to Camden, and was used at first as a stopping-place in conveying supplies of all kinds to various parts of the interior. At length the British threw up earthworks around the house, which went by the name of Fort Motte; but the family were allowed for some time longer to retain the use of a few rooms. The British officers, indeed, treated the mistress of the house with much deference, and as long as she remained in the fort pretended, at least, to permit no molestation of her personal property. It is even said that a civil and formal request was invariably sent to her by the commanding officer for leave to appropriate to the use of the garrison each separate pair of fowls that was abstracted from her poultry-yard. Yet their conscientious scruples apparently

did not extend beyond the hen-coops; for it is very certain that their presence entailed far more serious losses on Mrs. Motte. A letter from Colonel Tarleton, still extant, refers to the fact that some of the soldiers had taken off her horses, but declares his willingness to return them. Long afterward he was made to suffer for at least conniving at this act. General Thomas Pinckney, when Minister from the United States to England, happened to meet Tarleton, and was introduced to him as the son-in-law of Mrs. Motte, "whose horses," added the introducer, "you know, you stole when you were in Carolina."

The American troops having succeeded in capturing one of the enemy's posts nearest to Fort Motte, Major McPherson, the British officer in command, afraid, perhaps, to harbor so declared an enemy, desired Mrs. Motte to remain no longer in his camp. She therefore betook herself, with her family, to a small house within the limits of the plantation. It was a rough structure, weather-boarded, but only partially lined, with no attempt at plastering. The ladies, knowing that they would be subjected to marauding parties of the English, were at first at a loss where to conceal such valuables as they had brought with them from Fort Motte. It was impossible even to bury their silver without the servants knowing of it; and Mrs. Motte wisely decided against putting their fidelity to any unnecessary test. At length some one suggested that the unfinished state of the walls of their sitting-room afforded a convenient hiding-place; and they set to work to avail themselves of it. Nailing tacks in the vacancy between the outer and inner boarding, and tying strings around the various pieces of silver, they hung them along the inner wall. Shortly afterwards a band of marauders did actually invade the premises; and one more audacious than the others jumped on a chair and thrust his bayonet into the hollow wall, saying he would soon find what they had come in search of; but, rapping all along on the floor within the wall, he did not once strike against anything to reward his bad perseverance. A quaint little sugar-dish of highly-wrought English silver is still shown by a great-grand-

daughter of Mrs. Motte's, as one of the relics preserved by her ingenuity.

The American troops, under Marion and Lee, advanced rapidly to the siege of Fort Motte, and were joyfully received and hospitably entertained by Mrs. Motte in her new quarters. Meantime a reinforcement of the enemy were reported to be on the way to relieve Major McPherson, and, that object once effected, there would be no further thought of surrendering the fort. The siege had lasted several days, and there remained but one way of ending it speedily and successfully. It occurred to General Marion that by firing the roof of the house which served at once as headquarters and centre of the British fortification this end might be attained; and, with many regrets at the military necessity for destroying the home and valuable property of his kind hostess, Light-Horse Harry Lee told her of his design. Curiously enough, on the day that the family were ordered out of Fort Motte, one of them, as she left the house, picked up and carried off for safe keeping a small quiver of arrows which had many years before been presented to Mr. Miles Brewton by a captain who had brought them from the East Indies, and who declared that they would set on fire any wooden substance against which they struck. It is also said that they were poisoned, and that a British officer handling one incautiously was warned of the fact. Be this as it may, these arrows deserve a place in history. Mrs. Motte's reply to Colonel Lee's proposal was characteristic. "Do not hesitate a moment," she said. "I will give you something to facilitate the destruction." And then she went in search of the three East India arrows. There was no bow: so they were shot from a gun. With intense excitement the flight of the first was watched. It fell quietly and harmlessly. The second had no more effect. Then some one suggested that they should wait until later in the day, when the roof had been well dried by the rays of the sun. At length, about midday, the third and last arrow was dispatched, and in a little while a thin curl of smoke rising from the shingles told the watchers that it had well done its

work. The garrison soon discovered their new danger, and made vigorous efforts to extinguish the flames, so that it became necessary for the besiegers to direct the fire of their guns on the point where the staircase gave access to the roof. In a short time a white flag took the place of the British colors, and Fort Motte fell into the hands of its wily besiegers. It was not too late to save the house even then; and the American soldiers showed their appreciation of the patriotic spirit of their countrywoman by making the most strenuous exertions to save her property, so that only the roof was consumed. Seven years later, however, an unfortunate accident burnt the house to the ground.

The quiver, emptied of its fateful arrows, but ever after kept with laudable sentiment, hung in Mrs. Motte's parlor, holding no longer weapons of any kind but harmless knitting-needles. Whenever, in after-time, Mrs. Motte's part in the surrender of the fort was alluded to in her presence, she would say, simply, "Too much has been made of a thing that any American woman would have done."

The day after the surrender she entertained the British and American officers at the same table, and won golden opinions from them all. Years afterward she received a pleasant token of the esteem in which she was held by those of the enemy who learned to know her. An English officer to whom she had extended some kindness happened to see in a book-stall in London a Bible and prayer-book which had been presented by Mrs. Motte to the old Episcopal church on the Santee. Her name and this fact were inscribed on the books, which had doubtless been carried off by some sacrilegious thieves who despoiled the church during the war. The officer immediately bought the books, and sent them once more across the water to the original giver.

The prayer-book was, of course, laid aside, as unsuited to the new order of things; but the old Bible is still read in the queer little brick church where Mrs. Motte worshiped during many years of her long life.

After the taking of Fort Motte the tide of war gradually

turned, and success declared at last on the side of the Americans. But it was not till December, 1782, that the incubus of British occupation was finally removed from Charleston.

When the war at length ended, Mrs. Motte's large estate had become much incumbered by debt, incurred principally on behalf of various friends of the family; and with characteristic energy and determination she set herself the task of managing and, if possible, clearing the property of this heavy burden. She built a large and handsome house on her Santee lands, and there she lived for some years through autumn, winter, and spring, repairing in the sickly summer season to Murphy's Island, a small strip of land where the Santee falls into the ocean, some miles below her winter residence.

This whole Santee neighborhood is full of stories and recollections of the days of the Revolution. One of the most picturesque old places on the river was owned at that time by Mrs. Horry, the sister of Charles and Thomas Pinckney, and a great friend of Mrs. Motte. On one occasion General Marion, when hard pressed by the British, sought refuge in her house. But he had not been there long when the good lady, who had gone to prepare dinner for him, rushed in, crying, "Fly for your life, general! The red-coats are upon you." Marion had taken the precaution of hitching his horse by the river-side; and the spot is still shown where he leaped into his saddle and swam across stream to an island in the broad Santee, out of reach of his pursuers.

All the stories are not equally dramatic. Another, which has a strong touch of the burlesque, attaches itself to the Pinckney place, situated a little farther down the river. It tells of a certain Colonel or Major Pendleton, who was carefully wrapped up for concealment in a roll of carpets in the garret. The Britishers searched the house from loft to basement, and found no trace of their game. But Colonel Pendleton had one incurable weakness: it was for turkey-giblets; and when from his hiding-place he, in an evil hour, overheard the cook killing a turkey in preparation for dinner, he lost all prudence in his desire for this favorite dish, and called out from the

window, "Save the giblets for me!" The soldiers caught his words, flew immediately up-stairs, and bore off their prisoner in triumph.

The Santee church, of which mention has been made, was built in great part by the liberality of Jacob Motte; and a document is still to be seen assigning one of the pews to him in recognition of this. The old-fashioned church stands by the road amidst the great pine forest that extends for many miles southward from the banks of the Santee. There is still to be found in the uninclosed church-yard a grave which, with its warning inscription, must have been familiar to the eyes of Revolutionary generations. It is said to be the resting-place of a carpenter who fell from the roof of the church while it was being built. It is marked by a cypress headboard so old and weather-beaten that the letters long ago marked on it are rendered legible now by being raised from the surrounding wood, which, left unpainted, has been more rapidly worn by the constant action of sun and rain. The words run,—

> "Stranger who now are passing by,
> As you are now, so once was I;
> As I am now, so shall you be:
> Therefore prepare to follow me."

There is perhaps no private sphere of life affording a wider field for the constant exercise of all the Christian and humane virtues than a large Southern plantation; and here, more even than in the other scenes of life, Mrs. Motte's peculiar excellences shone forth in all their brightness. Here her liberality displayed itself in unfailing attention to the comfort of those dependent on her. In sickness her place was ever at the bedside, carrying out the doctor's directions herself, and contributing her own experience and rare good judgment to alleviate suffering and hasten recovery. "I well remember," says one of her great-grandchildren, speaking of Mrs. Motte's plantation-life, "the gifts at Christmas, when old and young, even babies, would come up to the house to wish Old Mistress a merry Christmas, and none returned empty-handed to their

dances and merry-making for three days." The place she held in the affection of her negroes was shown for many and many a year after her death by the pride with which the old men and women would boast that they had belonged to and well remembered the dear old Missis. Her relations with all classes of her inferiors were ever most kindly; and the wide charity which was her most prominent trait gained her unbounded influence with them, which was always judiciously exercised.

She was entirely successful, not only in paying off the debts of her husband's estate, but in improving it for the benefit of her children. The two younger daughters married respectively Mr. John Middleton and Colonel William Alston; and in the course of years the house in King Street grew merry again with the voices of numerous grandchildren, the youngest of whom still graces the old home with her sweet presence.

There are now living more than a hundred descendants of Mrs. Motte, belonging to the most respectable families of Carolina.

That Mrs. Motte had great practical capacity may be inferred from her management of her affairs. Until within a few years her business correspondence was extant, bearing witness to her unusual administrative powers; but it perished with most of the family records and heirlooms. A few letters written in her old age to one of her daughters remain, and give evidence in every line of her tender thoughtfulness of others, her active interest in what concerned the welfare of her friends and neighbors, and the energy with which she still attended to her daily duties. As we reverently turn the old, embrowned pages, the simple beauty of the unselfish life they bear witness to strikes us more and more forcibly.

"Saturday, September 10th, 1806.

"I received your letter, my dear Child, by Scipio, on Wednesday last, with the Shawl, which is very handsome, and I shall wear it for your sake; pray don't work any more cap cauls, for I have enough by me. I send by Scipio two pairs

of socks for Mr. Alston,* and will send the others when done: pray when you write let me know if they fit him. . . . Tell B.† I am sorry to hear she is so lazy and indolent; you must let her come and stay with me the winter, and I will endeavor to make her more active: I expect to be a good deal alone. I am glad to hear you all keep well. I hope it may continue. Kiss your little girls for me, and tell them I have nothing to send them on this Island; but when I go to town I will send them some goodies by a schooner."

"I was rejoiced, my dear Child, to hear by Flora you were all well. I hope Mr. Alston is quite recovered. Don't distress yourself about not coming to see me. I did not expect it; for from all the sickness you have had in your family this summer, and the removal from the sea-shore to Clifton, and the loss of your house, and the confusion it must have thrown you in, it was impossible for you to leave home. Therefore, my dear Child, I did not expect it. But whenever Mr. Alston goes to town you can then come. But I think you must want to go to town yourself to get some necessaries after your loss. Now, my dear, I would have you go to town with Mr. Alston, and leave the girls with me until your return. I am very sorry to hear poor old Bess‡ is so ill: she will be a great loss to you. . . . Mrs. Horry's family are all at Hampton, and well; she desires her love to you. They dined with us on Christmas day: sixteen sat down to dinner. My love to M. and C. and B. and the dear little girls and boys. . . . I send a few hops, and am sorry I have no more: the rains have destroyed all ours and Mrs. Horry's."

"El Dorado,§ 1806.

"Now I have told you all the news I know of, I will inform you about my crop. I have a better prospect of a good crop than I ever had; there were more pains taken in planting:

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* Her son-in-law.

† A granddaughter who grew up to be remarkable for energy and diligence as well as amiability.

‡ An old slave.

§ The plantation.

all my seed-rice was hand-picked; and if rice is but a good price next year I shall pay all my debts, I hope. Five large ships arrived yesterday and to-day. I have not heard where they came from. . . . My love to M. and C. and my dear B. I hope when I see her next I shall find her much improved, and all the dear boys. Kiss L. and H. for me, and am your affectionate

"Mother,

"R. MOTTE."

We have glanced at the picture of Rebecca Motte in her youth. Here is a sketch of her as she appeared in age to the eyes of a far younger generation. It is penned by one of her great-grandchildren, to whom she was always the impersonation of indulgent motherly kindness and love. "She was rather under-sized and slender, with a pale face, blue eyes, and gray hair that curled slightly under a high-crowned ruffled mob-cap. She always wore a square white neckerchief pinned down in front, tight sleeves reaching only to the elbow, with black silk mittens on her hands and arms; a full skirt with huge pockets, and at her waist a silver chain, from which hung her pin-cushion and scissors and a peculiarly bright bunch of keys."

Respected and beloved by all around her, thus she lived on through the gathering years, whose weight she hardly seemed to feel, so bright and strong her mind continued, so sweet and loving her temper, so firm her bodily health.

A character like hers, so made up of all good things, and in which whatever flaws originally existed were so overlaid by prominent virtues as to be invisible, will appear to many unnatural. Others, more happy in their experience of humanity, and whom personal acquaintance with natures rare as hers has convinced of their existence, look trustfully to them in hours of depression, despondency, and darkness, as the one shining link left always visible that connects our poor sad earth with heaven.

Rebecca Motte was laid to rest in the old St. Philip's

Church, which was burnt many years ago, but which occupied the site on which the present church of that name stands. A slab with the following inscription was placed in honor of her:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF REBECCA MOTTE.

IN HER THE MEEKNESS AND FERVENT PIETY OF THE CHRISTIAN,
THE MOST BENEVOLENT OF HUMAN HEARTS,
AND THE MOST HUMBLE AND UNOBTRUSIVE DEMEANOR,
WERE HAPPILY BLENDED WITH THE FIRM PATRIOTISM
OF THE SPARTAN MATRON.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE TEARS OF THE INDIGENT, TO WHOM SHE ACTED AS A SISTER,
TESTIFY HER UNBOUNDED CHARITY.
THE UNFEIGNED SORROW OF THE CIRCLE IN WHICH SHE MOVED,
AND OF WHICH SHE WAS THE ORNAMENT
AND THE DELIGHT, PROCLAIM HOW AMIABLE AND UNASSUMING
WERE HER SOCIAL TALENTS;
AND HER BEREAVED AND DISCONSOLATE CHILDREN
DEDICATE THIS MARBLE TO COMMEMORATE THE EXCELLENCE
OF THE DOMESTIC CHARACTER OF THEIR PARENT.

Those who have followed her story as far as it has been possible to give its outline in these brief pages will hardly question the merited genuineness of this tender praise. But far more enduring than this monument to her worth has proved is the loving and proud reverence in which her memory is held by her many grandchildren and their children, some of whom still have their home in the old house and beautiful garden which Time and her name have done so much to render venerable.

DEBORAH LOGAN,

THE QUAKER LADY.

To all conversant with the early history of Pennsylvania the names of Norris and Logan are well known. The founder of the former family came as a lad to this country from Jamaica in 1690, whither his father had immigrated from the Isle of Wight. Returning to the West Indies after two years' absence, Isaac Norris found that his home and family had been engulfed by the memorable earthquake which destroyed Port Royal: the vessel which bore him out actually sailed over the site of his father's house. He gathered together the remnants of his fortune, and, with hardly more than a hundred pounds sterling, came back to America, being then about twenty-one. This terrible beginning of life was followed by nearly half a century of unbroken prosperity. He married a daughter of Governor Lloyd, of Pennsylvania, by whom he had fourteen children. He had the happiness of revisiting his birthplace and friends in England; he made a beautiful home for himself near Philadelphia, on a fine estate, which he called Fairhill; he filled a number of important public positions with distinction, among which were those of member of the Council, Speaker of the Assembly, and Chief Justice of the State, until death overtook him in the Friends' Meeting-House in Germantown, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. What a singular career, so stripped at its outset, so successful, so full of honors at its close! He comes before us with the awful catastrophe at Jamaica, and passes calmly out of sight from the house of God on a summer Sabbath morning, June 4, 1735. When the sudden stroke fell, he was carried at once to Stenton, the seat of his friend James Logan, which was nearer than

Fairhill, in the vain hope of restoring him; and thus in this final scene the ancestors of our heroine and her husband appear together under the roof which in course of time was to be hers.

James Logan's early life had not been without vicissitudes. His father, destined for the Church of England, became a Quaker, and relinquished his profession and country for the sake of religious independence. He settled in Ireland, but was forced to leave it by the war of 1689, his family following him in his wanderings, first to Scotland, then to England. His son James was about twenty-five when William Penn was attracted by his ability and acquirements and proposed taking the young man to America as his private secretary. Logan's family opposed his accepting this offer, and he was obliged to sail without their consent, which he did in September, 1699. His character and intelligence soon won the entire confidence of Penn, who on his return to England, two years after their arrival in America, left Logan secretary of the province. As years went on, he filled other high posts, including that of President of the Council, and, like his friend Isaac Norris, died Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, October 31, 1751, having reached the age of seventy-seven with undiminished mental powers, although his bodily strength and health had suffered during his latter years from a severe fall he had got in riding. Learning and philanthropy had a large share in this life which was so filled besides with cares of business and state: his house was the resort of men of letters and science; his correspondents at home and abroad were those of the same pursuits; in days when books were rare and dear, brought with trouble and cost from the Old World, he collected a noble library, which he bequeathed to his townsfolk, who had shortly before made their first public attempt in that direction. In the following generation a member of the family enriched the Philadelphia and Loganian Library by a donation of two thousand volumes: yet still books gathered at Stenton. Like Penn, he was the friend and protector of the Indians, who sometimes paid him visits of several weeks at a

time, encamping round his house three and four hundred strong.

Such were the commencements of the Norris and Logan families in this country, where by the middle of the last century they had taken firm root and thrown out numerous offshoots. Deborah, the subject of our memoir, was the second child and only daughter of Charles, a younger son of Isaac Norris, Jr., and Mary Parker, of Chester, Delaware County, whose parents had come over from Yorkshire early in the eighteenth century. Charles Norris had built a fine residence in Chestnut Street below Fifth, on the site of the present custom-house. It was more like a villa than a town-house, with tiers of piazzas and a beautiful garden. There were greenhouses and hothouses, among the products of which, most unusual for that day, were pineapples. The garden reached to Fifth Street, and the State-house grounds extended, as now, along the opposite side. Beyond, on the same side of the way, there were but two buildings, both of wood. It was the western extremity of town. In our day, when the city west of the Schuylkill is almost thrice as populous as that west of the Delaware was then, it is hard to form an idea of the Philadelphia of Deborah Norris's childhood. There is a curious old wood-cut in the National Museum at Independence Hall, showing a mere strip of houses along the river's edge, backed by densely-wooded hills, with a little fort, whence flies the British flag in one corner.

Deborah was born October 19, 1761, in the fine house at Fifth and Chestnut Streets. She lost her father when she was between four and five years old, and the charge of her and three brothers (all four born between July, 1760, and July, 1765) devolved upon her mother. Whatever the qualities and merits of Charles Norris may have been, it is certain that his daughter inherited much of her strong, well-balanced nature and studious turn from her mother. She grew towards girlhood amid the thickening troubles of the country, of which Philadelphia was the centre. She was early used to meeting all sorts of people. At her mother's house she saw many

members of that Congress whose roll is the American peerage. John Hancock, Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, a brilliant, striking man, and others hardly less distinguished, were drawn to the Quaker widow's fireside by the lively common sense of her talk. At Fairhill, too, where her Norris cousins lived, she met most of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and in after-life jotted down some fragmentary recollections of them. Francis Lightfoot Lee made a lasting impression upon her by his "Roman physiognomy." She was rather hard upon John Penn, who struck her as an insignificant person whose decisive steps were the result of the pressure of circumstances, not of natural force: "he seemed to me a very foolish person;" but she adds, "he used to pretend to be an admirer of mine. He was very homely, and wore a tie-wig. Now, my little tittering hussies, you all laugh at your great-grandmother's admirer in his tie-wig!" A touch of girlish disdain may have affected her opinion of this worthy. "I was very young then, but somewhat observant." So it appears. She was full of spirits long unsubdued to demureness by her Quaker training. She was sent to school to the philanthropic, eminently humane Anthony Benezet, who governed his pupils by studying their dispositions and appealing to their higher qualities. He discovered that the only curb which could hold in check Deborah's sense of fun was her sense of honor. For some reason, the Quaker practice of using the Christian name, which on the lips of some Friends has an almost apostolic simplicity and sweetness, was not in force at Mr. Benezet's school, and the rough custom (though he must have made it sound gentle) of calling the girls by their family names prevailed: when he left the school-room he found that the best way of keeping order and keeping "Norris" in order was to appoint her monitress. She confessed afterwards that she had not made the best of her time and his teaching. Shortly after leaving school she became so conscious of her deficiencies that she undertook a course of reading and study, which she pursued with so much energy that in a short time she acquired more than she had done

during all her school years. Such a resolution and so much steadiness in carrying it out would be creditable to a young girl of the present day. To value it fully in Deborah, we must remember how differently the whole question of education, especially female education, was considered a hundred years ago: it was pretty much summed up in the sampler and the spelling-book, and, to judge by the orthography of many a fine lady, the latter was held of minor importance. The standard was immeasurably low; women of fashion were required to be agreeable and amusing, and for the most part were so by dint of mother wit; with Quakers in this country mental cultivation has always been an individual distinction, and the fair Friends were expected only to be domestic and notable. None of the ambition of the present day was awakened, which stirs up every clever girl to show that against wind and tide she can make as much headway as a boy of her age. Add to this the difficulty of obtaining masters, the comparative fewness of books, the absence of the intellectual element in conversation and correspondence, when the best minds were engrossed by passing events. Nevertheless, the brave and spirited girl put herself to work, and, besides speedily making up for lost time, formed habits of literary occupation which lasted throughout life.

She was about fifteen at the time of the Declaration of Independence, of which she was an ear-witness. She had clambered upon the garden-fence to get sight of what was going on; but the view was shut off by a low frame building in Independence Square which had been put up for astronomical purposes. These are her recollections of that momentous morning. "How a little time spreads the mantle of oblivion over the manner of the most important events! It is now a matter of doubt at what hour or how the Declaration was given to the people: perhaps few remain who heard it read on that day; of those few I am one, being in the lot adjoining to our old mansion in Chestnut Street, that then extended to Fifth. I distinctly heard the words of that instrument read to the people (I believe from the State-house steps, for I did

not see the speaker). . . . I think it was Charles Thomson's voice. It took place a little after twelve at noon, and they then proceeded down the street (I understood), to read it at the court-house. It was a time of fearful doubt and great anxiety with the people, many of whom were appalled at the boldness of the measure, and the first audience of the Declaration was neither very numerous nor composed of the most respectable class of citizens." We look back now and picture to ourselves a united multitude, wrought up by enthusiasm and ardor beyond misgivings, listening to the words of the majestic group who had decided the destinies of the nation, and then sweeping onward to proclaim and spread the great news to a rejoicing land. Here is the real scene: a knot of men oppressed by the sense of consequences; a small and somewhat shabby crowd; one figure whose face, like the headsman's, is forever hidden, standing on what John Adams called "that awful platform;" an eager school-girl clinging to the wall of her father's garden, drinking in the words of the invisible speaker.

In the autumn of the same year she again comes before us, in the pages of a young friend, Sally Wister, another lively little Quakeress, whose family left Philadelphia, apprehending the entrance of the British troops, and retired to a farm in North Wales, a district about twenty miles from town, in the direction of Valley Forge. During this exile, which lasted nearly two years, she kept a journal for the future perusal of her "dear Debby Norris," as they had no means of exchanging letters. North Wales was settled by an exodus from the old country not long after the first immigration under Edward Jones, who took up the townships of Upper and Lower Merion in his own name for the numerous cousinhood who accompanied him. They were all families of substance and respectability in their native Merionethshire, and have remained so through succeeding generations in the land of their adoption. It was no doubt in consequence of their taking so kindly to the new soil that a few years later, at the very beginning of the last century, arrived more Welsh

colonists, Davids, Ffoulkes, etc., who settled east of the Schuylkill, near the rise of the Wissahiccon, and called their villages by the old names of the motherland, Gwynedd and Penlyn. The Wisters, of a German stock who had intermarried with them, now sought a quiet retreat in the midst of their Kelt-American kinsfolk; but there was no nook so secluded within the meridian of a large city but that some signs and sounds of war found their way thither. Officers of the American army were quartered on many of the inhabitants of North Wales, and the young girl's journal relates the alarms and affrights of herself and her cousins "Liddy and Prissa" from tipsy militia, marauding light-horse, and imaginary Hessians,—the terror of all country neighborhoods. The charms of our own officers provoke her utmost eloquence,—although she always writes from the comic point of view, making fun of her fears and laughing at her sentiment; but could a position be fancied more dangerous to the peace of a Quaker-bred damsel? "How new is our situation! I feel in good spirits, though surrounded by an army, the house full of officers, the yard alive with soldiers!—very peaceable sort of people, tho'; they eat like other folks, talk like them, and behave themselves with elegance, so I will not be afraid of them, that I won't! Adieu. I am going to my chamber, to dream, I suppose, of bayonets and swords, sashes, guns, and epaulets."

She takes so much pride in being invincible that one suspects she now and then felt her heart of fifteen in peril. The Virginians are the prime heroes and favorites. One day a new party arrives, and Miss Sally, struck with the appearance of the commanding officer, inquires his name. "'Captain Dyer.' Oh! the name. . . . Take a circumstantial account of this afternoon and the person of this extraordinary man. His exterior first. His name is not Dyer, but Alexander Spotswood Dandridge, which certainly gives a genteel idea of the man. I will be particular. His person is more elegantly formed than any I ever seen (*sic*); tall and commanding; his forehead is very white, though the lower part of his face is much sunburnt; his features are extremely

pleasing; an even, white set of teeth; dark hair and eyes. I can't describe him better than by saying he is the handsomest man I ever beheld. Betsy and Liddy coincide in this opinion. . . . The moon gave a sadly pleasing light. We sat at the door till nine. Dandridge is sensible, and (divested of some freedoms which might be called gallant in the fashionable world) he is polite and agreeable. His greatest fault is a propensity to swearing, which throws a shade over his accomplishments. I asked him why he did so. 'It is a favorite vice of mine, Miss Sally.' At nine he went to his chamber: sets off at sunrise.

"*Fourth day morn., 12 o'clk.*—I was awakened this morning with a great racket of the captain's servant calling him, but the lazy fellow never rose till about half an hour eight! This his daylight ride! I imagined they would be gone before now, so I dressed in a green skirt and dark short-gown. Provoking! So down I came, this captain (wild wretch!) standing at the back door. He bowed, and called me. I only looked, and went to breakfast. About nine I took my work and seated myself in the parlor. Not long had I sat when in came Dandridge,—the handsomest man in existence, at least that I had seen. But stop here while I just say, the night before, chatting upon dress, he said he had no patience with those officers who every morn before they went on detachment would wait to be dressed and powdered. 'I am,' said I, 'excessively fond of powder, and think it very becoming.' 'Are you?' he replied. 'I am very careless, as often wearing my cap thus' (turning the back part before) 'as any way.' I left off at where he come in. He was powdered very white, a (pretty-colored) brown coat lapelled with green, and white waistcoat, etc.; his

'sword beside him negligently hung.'

He made a truly elegant figure. 'Good-morning, Miss Sally. You are very well, I hope?' 'Very well: pray sit down,'—which he did, close by me. 'Oh, dear!' said I, 'I see thee is powdered?' 'Yes, ma'am. I have dressed myself off for

you.' Will I be excused, Debby, if I look upon his being powdered in the light of a compliment to me? Yes, Sally, as thee is a country maid and don't often meet with compliments. Saucy Debby Norris!"

She constantly introduces imaginary dialogues between herself and her absent friend, in which the latter always gives her good advice in a bantering tone. Sally Wister was a stanch patriot, and repudiates Captain Dandridge's accusation of being a Tory. She will not even write the hateful term in full, but speaks of them as T—y and T—s, which many of the Society of Friends undoubtedly were. But not Mrs. Norris and her young daughter, who watched the progress of the struggle for liberty with intense interest and sympathy, their house, as we have seen, being open to the leaders of the Revolution, while the fair Shippens and Chews were smiling on the British officers. School-days were over, and, while industriously following the plan of study she had laid out for herself, Deborah took her place in her mother's drawing-room to aid in receiving the curiously-mixed society which met there. A little story remains of that period, illustrating the good feeling and good breeding which, when combined as in her, make the perfect hostess. One day the Chevalier de Ternan* (a young Frenchman in our service, distinguished for wit, talent, and acquirement) happened to call on Mrs. Norris when the room was full of old friends and persons of their own religious persuasion, between whom and the accomplished foreigner there seemed little in common. Deborah looked anxiously round, and presently singled out Humphrey Marshall, a distinguished naturalist, but a man of the plainest address, and presented them to each other, adroitly turning the conversation upon botany, which she knew to be a favorite science of De Ternan's, and then left them, to look after other guests. After a long talk, De Ternan came up to her with the inquiry, "Miss Norris, have you many such men as this Mr. Marshall among you?" Of the cheva-

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* *Vide* Travels of the Marquis de Chastellux, vol. i.

lier she afterwards made mention on some rather unfavorable remarks upon him in Sir John Sinclair's correspondence, where, however, he is spoken of as a "very able and insinuating man, speaking English perfectly well." She says, after quoting the passage, "I was well acquainted with Ternan, and thought him a very agreeable, as he certainly was a very accomplished, man. He meant to have settled here, and was engaged to be married to Betsey Cadwalader, one of Dr. Cadwalader's daughters, who was neither young, beautiful, nor rich, but a sensible, agreeable woman. She died, and he soon after left the country."

Deborah did not long remain at home to help her mother's guests out of their little difficulties. During the last year of the Revolutionary War, when not quite twenty, she married Dr. George Logan, the grandson of the Secretary and Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. Of their acquaintance and courtship there is no record; but they had probably always known each other, as both belonged to the old Quaker stock of Philadelphia, their ancestors had been friends and neighbors, and there had been an intermarriage between the families in the previous generation. Nor do we know whether this was the sprightly though discreet young lady's first love; but there is every reason to believe so. In after-years his was the only name, the only image, her heart ever recalled: as we follow her history, we come to the conviction that Deborah Norris had loved but one man, and him she loved with her whole heart for her whole life.

Dr. Logan was born at Stenton, 9th September, 1753. He went to England first to school as a little boy, later to study medicine, completing his course in Edinburgh and Paris. He was in the latter city while Franklin was on his diplomatic mission to France, and was treated with much friendliness by the great man, who in his own early days had received kindness from James Logan, the young Philadelphian's grandfather. On his return to America, in the autumn of 1780, Franklin gave him letters to various prominent citizens, commending his ability, worth, and especially his patriotism. Dr.

Logan had pursued the study of his profession under difficulty and opposition: his elder brother was a physician, and their father wished the younger son to go into business. He went through the necessary training, but gave every spare moment to books on the healing science, and at an early age had sufficient knowledge and skill to inoculate himself for smallpox. At length the strength of his vocation, seconded by the urgency of his brother, prevailed with his father, and he was allowed to follow his natural bent. But circumstances were too strong for him in the end. When he reached home from his studies and travels, brother and parents were gone: they had died within a short time of one another. The farm of Stenton had been pillaged, and the house had narrowly escaped burning at the hands of the British. A party detailed by Colonel Twisleton, afterwards Lord Saye and Sele, to destroy the property of leading rebels, came to the house, then occupied only by an old family servant, and told her, as a special favor, that she might remove anything of her own she wished to save, as they were going to set fire to the building. In spite of her entreaties, they went to the barn to fetch straw for the purpose; but at this moment an officer, with drawn sword, galloped up, to inquire about deserters. She answered promptly that there were some now hiding in the barn. He routed them out, and drove them off before him, notwithstanding their protestations. Thus that beautiful, venerable mansion was saved from the fate of Fairhill and sixteen other fine country-places in the neighborhood. The farm, however, was devastated, "and," says Dr. Logan's wife, writing his memoir nearly half a century afterwards, "when its owner returned to Pennsylvania, the war and its consequences had left him nothing to receive at the hands of his father's executors but wasted estates and piles of utterly depreciated paper currency." During the winter of 1781–82, Stenton had been placed by Dr. Logan at the disposal of the refugees from Charleston, which was then occupied by the British. Among others, General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, his brother, Major Thomas Pinckney, and Edward Rutledge,

afterwards Governor of South Carolina, with their families, found a haven under this hospitable roof, and fire-wood from the noble timber of the estate roared in the great tiled chimney-places, to give these exiles such warmth of cheer as the North affords. "They were most of them persons of competent estates," says the memoir, "but the situation of their country, in possession of the enemy's forces, rendering it impossible for them to command money, they found themselves in very distressing circumstances at that period. . . . It is difficult now to conceive the distresses and embarrassments which attended this period of our affairs. Dr. Logan found it difficult to obtain a small sum on loan, notwithstanding the ample security which he had to offer." It was at this juncture of his fortunes that Dr. Logan married, in September, 1781, being twenty-eight years old, his bride, eight years younger. It is consistent with the invariable absence of egotism and concern about what merely regards herself that Mrs. Logan, as we must henceforth call her, does not mention where her home was immediately after her marriage. Her absorbing thought was her husband. This is the portrait of him which her fond pen traced in after-years when she lived only in the memory of the blessed past. "His person was formed with exact symmetry, about the middle size, erect and graceful in his demeanor; his countenance would not easily be forgotten by any person who had once seen him; it had an expression of thought, benignity, and of open, unsuspecting honesty that was very remarkable. He walked and rode extremely well: indeed, when on horseback his air and appearance was noble; and in his youth he was remarkably active. His mind was wholly unpolluted by avarice. His heart was tender, and he was often led to sympathize with others in their distress and difficulties. Yet he had a quickness of temper, and could show, on occasion, the utmost spirit and resolution, for his personal courage was great. He was a most true republican, contemning luxury and despising false glory. I may be asked for the reverse of this picture. To me he had no reverse, but was exactly the kind, good, upright man which I have here represented him."

Nobody has given us a portrait of the writer; nor did she, like her fair contemporaries in France, leave us a flattering likeness of herself in pen-and-ink. There is no one left to tell us how "saucy Debby Norris" looked at twenty—whether she was blonde or brunette, pale or blooming. Some still remember her as a beautiful, dignified old lady, with a manner of infinite kindliness and suavity, wearing her plain dark skirt and short-gown, cap, and kerchief, with a great air. The picture of her by Connarroe, in the possession of Miss M. N. Logan, taken when she was seventy or upwards, shows a fine oval face, long aquiline nose, slightly prominent under lip, bright, steady brown eyes, a remarkable harmony in the whole countenance, a sweet habit of physiognomy which yet is not a smile, and a girlish freshness and delicacy of complexion which she kept until the last: the benignity and urbanity of expression are most winning. It is evident that she must have been a very handsome young woman. But if she had been the plainest of her sex the heart that shone through her features would have irradiated them with loveliness.

She chose poverty and privation when she left her easy home for this needy young heir, and, although under his excellent management and the returning prosperity of the country his affairs were soon in a satisfactory condition, for some reason or other her means never seem to have exceeded a competency. But in those days, with a few exceptions, wealth and a liberal scale of living in Philadelphia did not imply luxury or extravagance; and this child of rich parents either brought with her, or soon acquired, habits of thrift and frugality which enabled her to live in comfort, with no unworthy and uneasy preoccupations about household matters. The condition of Dr. Logan's property compelled him to give up the idea of practicing his profession, and less than a year after their marriage they moved to Stenton. This fine old seat was built in 1728, by James Logan, in the midst of a wide tract of undulating land, through which winds a small stream, the Wingohocking, an Indian name said to mean "crooked water." He reclaimed his acres from the primeval

forest, of which some grand survivors still linger amid the tracks of streets which have been opened through their realm, as one might fancy the Indian chiefs, the original masters of the soil, standing silent, but stricken to the heart to behold the doom of their race gradually closing round them. The bricks of which the house is built were made on the place, and in one of them, before the hall door, the print of a child's hand is visible,—perhaps an Indian papoose's, for there were not many little white children to play and stray among the woods, then still haunted by the red man: there it remains, an emblem of benediction, a symbolic blessing of innocence, on the house in which the history of human lives had not yet begun. When Mrs. Logan went to live there, the estate, already divided, stretched from Fisher's to Nicetown Lane, and from the Germantown turnpike to the Old York Road,—miles of softly swelling meadow, over which were scattered magnificent oaks and maples, standing alone in perfect development and dignity, groups of graceful beeches, and, the pride of the place, an avenue of grand hemlocks, said to have been planted by William Penn. The wide brook twisted through an open valley, towards which the land slopes from the house, sometimes between smooth green banks, sometimes with a narrow reach of soft sand on one side, and on the other little hollows thatched with the roots of tall trees; half its abundant purling water was diverted into a mill-race, as clear and glassy as the parent stream, which took a straighter course along the farther side of the meadows, the grassy footpath beside it shaded for its whole length by lofty, wide-spreading maples and buttonwood trees; brook and race met at last, near one extremity of the place, in a pretty little pond, bordered by woodland, at the foot of the curving vale, near an old stone mill, where the Logans ground their own corn. Besides the great house and its dependencies which clustered about it, there was no other building on the place, except a small farm-house near the head of the vale. The sweetest rural solitude brooded over these meadows, whether one sought them on a May morning, when the grass was springing and the woodland bursting into early

leaf, the ground covered with blue and white anemones and tufts of the bright, red, slender, nodding columbine, the air ringing with the notes of the shyest birds; or on a summer noon, when a humming silence possessed the fields, and the only creatures stirring were the dragon-flies darting about over the new-mown hay, or the cattle leaving the shade of the great trees to straggle slowly down to drink at the fords of the brook; or when an autumn sunset was shedding double splendor on the maples, and setting a halo round the dark heads of the hemlocks, and the ground beneath them was strewn with gold and crimson leaves, scattered there by the brisk October breezes. Round the house there was the quiet stir and movement of a country-place, with its large gardens full of old-fashioned flowers and fruits, its poultry-yard and stables. The latter were connected with the house by an underground passage, which led to a concealed staircase and a door under the roof, like the "priest's escape" in some old English country-seats: this was a means of concealment or flight from Indians; and it was probably for the same object that the offices surrounded the main building, connected with it by brick courts and covered ways. They were all at the back, and so disposed as to enhance the picturesque and dignified air of the old mansion, the interior of which is as curious to modern eyes as it is imposing. One enters by a brick hall, opposite which is the magnificent double staircase, while right and left are lofty rooms, covered with fine old-fashioned wood-work; in some of them the wainscot being carried up to the ceiling above the chimney-place, which in all the apartments was a vast opening set round with blue and white Scripture tiles of the most grotesque devices. There are corner-cupboards, and, in some of the rooms, cupboards in arched niches over the mantel-pieces,—capital show-cases for the rare china and magnificent old silver which adorned the dinner-table on state occasions. Half the front of the house in the second story was taken up by one large, finely-lighted room,—the library of the book-loving masters of the place.

To this beautiful, venerable, romantic, yet withal most homelike abode, came the young wife, with a field for all her natural tastes, love of the country, of flowers, animals, study, and of society too, for during her husband's life it was the resort of all the distinguished people whom the times brought to Philadelphia, and few strangers, whether from abroad or from other parts of America, passed through town without presenting themselves at the hospitable threshold of Stenton. Happy years opened before the young couple. Next to medicine, agriculture was Dr. Logan's favorite pursuit, and, being forced by necessity to devote his attention to it, his farm soon became a model of successful scientific husbandry. "I think I never saw finer fields of clover and timothy than were at that time to be seen at Stenton," writes Mrs. Logan: "he was also one of the first who used gypsum as a manure, and its success at the beginning was wonderful. Perhaps at no period of his life did he experience greater happiness than at this, his intervals of leisure being employed in reading authors of the greatest utility in agricultural and political science, and he was one of the foremost and most zealous advocates in whatever he thought would promote the public good. The Agricultural Society of Philadelphia, and a similar one for the county, were among those objects. That for the county was first brought together at Stenton. . . . Domestic manufactures, rightly so called from being indeed the production of the farmers' families, were a favorite subject of their encouragement; and this gave scope to the ingenuity and industry of their wives, and introduced us in a social and pleasant manner to each other's acquaintance. I have not forgotten the agreeable interchange of visits, the beneficial emulation, and the harmless pride with which we exhibited specimens of our industry and good management to each other. The spinning-wheel was going in every house, and it was a high object of our ambition to see our husbands and families clothed in our own manufactures (a good practice which my honored husband never relinquished), and to produce at our social dinner-parties the finest ale of our own brewing, the best home-made wines,

cheese, and other articles which we thought ought to be made among ourselves rather than to be imported from abroad."

Mrs. Logan's intercourse with her humbler neighbors was marked by a true sense of human brotherhood, as well as the most unusual and unselfish benevolence. In her diary there is a minute of a visit to a cottage not far off: "The wife is a pleasing, cleanly woman; she presented me with a piece of nice, pure bees'-wax, which I accepted, having myself felt the disposition which is unwilling to let those we are pleased with depart without some token of its regard, even if it is small." The sweet, unconscious graciousness with which she obeyed these impulses must have added greatly to the charm of her manner, to which everybody who ever saw her bears witness. A lady who was once, when a very little child, taken to see her, remembers that, on parting, Mrs. Logan, then an elderly dame, gave her a little pincushion, saying, "Thee is a nice little girl, and I give thee this to make thee remember thy visit." These simple acts rose from a deep well of kindliness in the nature, whence at need came strength for the greatest and most generous self-abnegation. Mrs. Logan tells, in illustration of her husband's humanity, an anecdote of his bringing home a young farm-laborer who was stricken with smallpox to be nursed at Stenton. The young man lodged with kinsfolk, who at the first hint of the nature of the disease rushed out of the house, leaving him to his fate. Thereupon Dr. Logan, with most exalted philanthropy, brought the poor fellow home and tended him through the attack, which turned out to be of the most malignant type,—confluent,—bringing him back to health from the brink of a ghastly and hideous death. The date of this incident is not given, but, in view of the circumstances of Dr. Logan's life and some of the details which are mentioned, it could hardly have happened before his marriage; so that the fair young wife must have been exposed to the contagion, even if she did not assist in the nursing, and the credit is at least half hers; but of herself she says not one word in the matter.

Mrs. Logan was a very early riser, to which and a remark-

able order and system in the arrangement of her occupations must be ascribed the almost incredible number of things she accomplished without worry or flurry, or even the consciousness of being a very busy woman. One of her daily duties was to oversee the work of her maids; another was the visit to the kitchen, where she herself prepared the dishes preferred by each member of her family, and made "cakes and mince-pies, for which I have a great reputation in the neighborhood," she says in her diary; she also did her own clear-starching, for the fine lawn Quaker caps and kerchiefs require as light a hand as lace; and gardening was another constant source of employment. "In the morning I was busily employed in the every-day recurring work which must be performed if we would live in comfort, yet which leaves no trace of our industry for the morrow." But all this was dispatched before the noonday dinner. In the leisure and repose of the after-part of the day came the thimble or knitting-needles, the book or pen, the interchange of friendly visits, for she was never slack in her social duties, and, as we shall see, the cares of a hostess were among those which constantly devolved upon her. Yet there was time for gathering flowers and decorating the rooms with them; even for feeding the squirrels, who made their homes in the trees surrounding the house and were on the friendliest terms with its inmates. Her husband shared her love for animals, and tamed one squirrel so completely that it would come down from its high perch as he sat at his door-step, eat from his hand, and search his pockets for provender. To these dumb pets were soon added more precious objects of tenderness and affection: sons were born, —one in the autumn of 1783; a second three years later; a third in 1791.

If we may judge by the love and respect, bordering on adoration, with which Mrs. Logan inspired her grandchildren, her relations with her own offspring must have been unusually close and sacred. She promoted all their interests and pleasures as far as lay in her power, and trembled lest her solicitude for their happiness should interfere with her graver responsi-

bilities to them. When the days of dependence were past, she still strove to bind them to her by ties which should withhold them from temptations and dangers which she could not avert. "Up at three o'clock on Second Day morning, in order to expedite Algernon's setting off on his shooting expedition with Alban before daylight. He left me affectionately, and it is almost needless to say what I always feel at parting with either of them, if it is to go to a distance. All my earthly hope is centred on them, and most earnestly do I beg for a blessing upon them and pray for their preservation. I think I do not say enough to them in the way of caution and advice; but I fear to make them shun my company if precise and lecturing." But this is anticipating.

During the first ten years of her married life she continued to see, as at her mother's house, many men of mark and importance, who were drawn to America by sympathy with her struggle for independence, or brought from other parts of this country by their connection with the government. Among the former was Kosciusko, who stayed at Stenton, and found among those rural scenes some of that balm for the incurable hurt of his noble heart which the companionship of Nature only could administer. His kind hosts saw him again when he was last in Philadelphia. He was ill, and Dr. Logan, who knew him very well, went frequently to look after him, and on one occasion took his wife. "His lodgings were in South Third Street, nearly opposite to Governor McKean's; here, in a small and but indifferently furnished room, I saw him on his couch, and I do not think any one who had ever seen him could ever forget his appearance. My heart was softened and affected, and yearned towards him with mingled emotions of admiration, respect, and pity. There seemed a halo round his emaciated form that inspired both awe and tenderness. Yet he was very cheerful; and I can remember particularly he commended the love of animals and cultivating their attachment as a source of innocent pleasure. I told him of the gentleness and attachment of my Thetis, who was then in her prime, and he was pleased in recollecting instances of their

sagacity and good qualities. He spoke of the pleasure he derived from drawing, and produced a crayon of Jefferson,—an exact likeness,—the attitude one I had often seen the philosopher assume, but which I had never before seen copied. When we rose up to take leave, he took my hand and would have kissed it, but I bent over and offered him my cheek."

The learned and witty Portuguese, Abbé Correa, was another of the visitors, the author of half a dozen epigrams on this country which have passed into proverbs, as that on Washington, "a city of magnificent distances," and "God takes care of children, fools, and North Americans." His sayings are quoted with so many variations that one cannot be sure of having the correct version. The foreign ministers were among her guests: she mentions Genêt, who afterwards married Miss Clinton, as "very pleasing in his address and much of a gentleman in appearance and manner;" although by his conduct at a public dinner in Philadelphia, one of his closing scenes in this country, he left a deep disgust behind him.

Of her own distinguished countrymen no one probably interested her as much as Dr. Franklin. "His conversation was easy, and appeared to grow entirely out of the circumstances that presented themselves to the company; yet I observed that if you did not find you had acquired something by being with him, it must be placed to the account of your own want of attention. His familiar letters give you a good idea of his conversation; a natural, good-humored (not sarcastic) wit played cheerfully along and beguiled you into maxims of prudence and wisdom. . . . I have often thought that Dr. Franklin must have sensibly felt the difference between the éclat which he enjoyed at the court of France and the reception which he met with upon his final return to his native country. The elements of two parties were then fermenting themselves into the form which they afterwards assumed. The mass of Pennsylvania was, as it has ever been since (and may I not say ever was?), decidedly democratic, but there was a contrary spirit then dominant, and thinly

diffused over the surface of society, who rejected the philosopher because they thought he was too much of that stamp. The first Constitution of our State after the Revolution, which was his work, though adopted by the great body of the people, was disliked. And I well remember the remark of a Fool, though a fashionable party man, at the time, that it was by no means 'fashionable' to visit Dr. Franklin. . . . My husband was in the habit of visiting him very often, and in his last illness frequently watched with him and spent many hours by his bedside, and, finally, was one of those who, in compliance with our ancient usages, assisted to bear the corpse of this eminent man to the place of interment, the city watchmen who were in attendance being set aside in favor of a still more primitive custom, and their places supplied by some of the most distinguished citizens." In these and other mentions of Franklin Mrs. Logan shows delicacy and magnanimity, as in the posthumous publication of his works the community was surprised by most unwelcome censure of the conduct of James Logan in his management of the colony. Her only reference to this, after paying a tribute to his genius, is to say, "What a pity there should have been any 'Errata' in his moral conduct! What a pity he should have stooped to dishonor his pen by the false statements and glosses of the 'Critical Review of the Government of Pennsylvania'!" It is so customary to carry personal hostility into politics, to debase differences of opinion into quarrels, to resent strictures upon one's public conduct or that of a kinsman as an attack and affront, and to drag such grievances before the world, that this moderation is the more admirable, especially with the veneration in which Mrs. Logan held her husband and his family.

Timothy Pickering was another striking figure in the group which gathered beneath the hemlocks or around the hearthstone of Stenton. Among them was the amiable and accomplished Robert Walsh, whose house, graced by a large family of beautiful, brilliant daughters, and sons of unusual promise, was in later days one of the most delightful centres of society in Philadelphia,—one of the few where talent and

acquirements were at a premium: he was editor of the *National Gazette*, and Mrs. Logan's verses, published anonymously, find a place in its columns near extracts from Lord Byron's last tragedy or poem. But the visitor named with most pride is "The Father of his Country, then in Philadelphia officiating as President of the Federal Convention. He came with his friend Daniel Jenifer, Esq., of Maryland, who had often before been with us, and passed a day at Stenton in the most social and friendly manner imaginable, delighted with the fine grass-land and beautiful improvements. . . . His praise conferred distinction. Nor did he make me less happy by his pleasing attention to myself and his kind notice of my children, whom he caressed in the most endearing manner, placing my little boy on his knee and taking my infant in his arms with commendations that made their way immediately to a mother's heart." What a pretty picture! For a background the fine old house and great dark evergreens; the handsome, stately figure of Washington, the childless man whose heart ever warmed to childhood, with the lovely babies upon his knees; the young matron in the bloom of her beauty losing all recollection of herself in her pride as a mother. Indeed, Mrs. Logan's modesty is so thorough that it evidently never once occurred to her that her own attractions of person and mind had any share in drawing so many remarkable men to Stenton; though it is impossible for her readers not to suspect that they must have been strong ingredients in the universally recognized charm of the place. When her husband is at home, they come for his society and conversation; in his absence, to show their respect for him. This was not General Washington's first sight of Stenton: he had stopped there for a few hours with his staff and suite in August, 1777, one of the dreariest periods of the war. The house was not occupied by the family at that moment, although a member of it chanced to be there. The aide-de-camp and guard, preceding the commander-in-chief by a few hours, had bought a sheep of the tenant, which had been immediately killed and dressed. The silence and preoccupation of the general and his whole

party impressed their chance host as much as their consideration and courtesy. General Washington recalled the gloom and uncertainty of that other summer's day during the pleasant hours he afterwards spent under the same roof. A few years later, Dr. and Mrs. Logan were in their turn guests at Mount Vernon, and there is a lively account of the visit in the diary. On their arrival the general was going over his farm with some friends, and they were welcomed by Colonel Humphreys and Mrs. Washington, "who was exceedingly amiable and affable, and received us with great politeness." Before the return of the party from the fields, another guest arrived, a Frenchman with a letter of introduction, who was asked to stay to dinner. This gentleman, whoever he may have been, was of the grinning, grimacing, gesticulating type common in old-fashioned caricatures, more like a fop in a comedy than a personage of real life, says Mrs. Logan. He spoke very little English, but made up the deficiency with bows and obeisances. When the general and his friends came in, introductions took place, and there was some confusion, in which he did not catch Mrs. Logan's name nor recognize her in her riding-dress, so that he presently asked her some question about the length of her stay in America, betraying that he supposed her the wife of the Gallic visitor. "Eager to repel the idea, I stood up, and, looking imploringly at the general, said, 'I am an American, the wife of Dr. Logan.' He arose, and welcomed me with the blandest courtesy. . . . Soon after the cloth was removed, the French gentleman took his leave, with much gesticulation and ceremony. After he was gone, the general arose, and going to the door ascertained that he had departed. He then smilingly addressed me and said, 'Can you forgive me, Mrs. Logan, for supposing that you belonged to that man? I am astonished that I could have done it for an instant.'" On their homeward journey they called, in passing through Fredericksburg, upon General Washington's mother. "She received us with great kindness in her humble, decayed-looking dwelling, within which she appeared to have things comfortable. She was quite old, but

of a fine, majestic presence and polite manners, and the general so much resembling her that she might be known for his mother. She did not live apart for want of an invitation to live with him at Mount Vernon, as both himself and Mrs. W. informed us, but she preferred her humbler home. She spoke of his kindness, and of her hope that things would continue to go well with him, but not the least exultation was apparent in having such a son. . . . For the general himself, never did I feel such veneration and respect for any one clothed with mortality as I felt for his person and character."

Dr. Logan's most intimate friend among the celebrated men of America was the statesman whose aims and principles are the standing enigma and stumbling-block of his countrymen,—Thomas Jefferson. The acquaintance began when he took up his abode in Philadelphia as Secretary of State, and long after his retirement from public life they kept up their intercourse by letter. He was constantly at Stenton during the years when he lived in Philadelphia, and his visits were repeated from time to time after he left there. "His conversation," we find in the memoir, "was very pleasing. He had resided at the court of France, and upon his return appeared in somewhat of its costume, and wore a suit of silk, ruffles, and an elegant topaz ring; but he soon assimilated himself to a more republican garb, and was reproached with going to the other extreme as a bait for popularity. He abounded in anecdotes of great interest, and it appeared to me that he did not often suffer political prejudice or party spirit to warp his judgment and cause him to misrepresent men and things; yet I saw that he wanted sincerity towards General Washington, whom I had always revered and could not bear to hear mentioned in terms that implied the smallest diminution of his character or qualities. . . . I have often had to regret that I did not at the time so fully appreciate the advantages which I have frequently enjoyed of listening to the conversation of very eminent and highly-gifted men, and noticing the profound and instructive remarks which have often been made in my hearing, which, however, soon fade from the

memory unless committed to writing. But I have not forgotten the force and expansion of Jefferson's arguments, delivered in a beautiful simplicity of language, and a politeness of manner that disarmed offence, yet with a strength that defied refutation when Reason was admitted to sit as judge." She was often present at confidential conversations between Jefferson and other members of the government and foreign ministers, at the time when his Gallomania had made him an object of odium to a large class of his countrymen. Mrs. Logan does not deny his enthusiasm for the principles of the French Revolution, which her husband shared, while she, with a little shake of the head, internally demurs to "the fitness of France to assume the cap and mantle of liberty," and thinks them "greatly mistaken in their opinion;" but she maintains steadfastly that Jefferson never, in moments of the utmost intimacy or excitement, admitted any proposition or idea opposed to the rights and interests of his own country, but vehemently upheld them. "One of these conversations, I remember, ended with Genêt's rising from his chair, where he had been seated under the venerable trees that surround our dwelling, and, baffled in argument, but retaining his good humor and gentlemanly demeanor, he exclaimed, in his (then) imperfect English, 'Well, gentlemen, if my country were once happily settled in peace and the enjoyment of her rights, as yours is now, I would sit under my own vine and trees as you do, but I would disclaim political disquisitions altogether; I would never suffer a gazette to enter my house.' . . . I remember to have heard Jefferson say that he greatly valued Mrs. Adams as a most sensible and prudent woman, and he added that he had a file of her letters which he much valued. The occasion of their correspondence was the communication which her husband and himself kept up when on their respective missions to England and France. Mrs. Adams wrote for her husband, and furnished the most valuable information (Jefferson said) that he received." Jefferson had the highest regard for his Quaker hostess, too, which in her modesty she either did not know or would not mention. When the transfer of the seat of gov-

ernment to Washington put an end to his visits to Philadelphia, and later still, when he had withdrawn from public life to his own beloved country home, in his letters to his old friend he never fails to send "affectionate remembrances to his dear Mrs. Logan."

Dr. Logan himself first went into public life at this period as a member of the State Legislature, and his wife describes the conscientiousness and assiduity with which he then turned his attention to the study of politics, reading the works of English and French statesmen, and pondering deeply the problems which the condition of his own country presented. There is nothing in this whole picture of habits and uses so far removed from those of the present day as the image of a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature immersed in the study of what concerns the common weal. Where were his railroad and mining bonds? What time could he give to the quotations of the Stock Exchange? When did he book himself on the last whisky dodge? How was he ready to snap up the fattest cuts in a contract? What a laughable and pitiable figure he would make now at Harrisburg, where they know tricks worth a thousand of that! Yet not in those days any more than in these were disinterestedness and patriotism the general rule, although baseness and venality did not show their heads in such high places nor expose their tracks with such gross contempt of common decency. Men were not charged then with being bought or sold, or with having stolen public property. They mutually accused each other of being enemies to their country, and hated and execrated one another accordingly, and were held up to the hatred and execration of contending parties. Mrs. Logan, who was at every age keenly interested in public events, describes the rage, which was not all ignoble, by which the community was possessed. "The dominant party scorned any longer to affect even the appearance of moderation towards their opponents; not only the public acts of the Legislature were framed to keep them in awe, but in the common offices and affairs of life they were proscribed, friendships were dissolved, tradesmen dis-

missed, and custom withdrawn from the Republican party, the heads of which, as objects of the most injurious suspicion, were recommended to be closely watched, and committees of Federalists appointed for that purpose. Many gentlemen went armed, that they might be ready to resent any personal aggression." Dr. Logan had become very unpopular from his intimacy with Jefferson, his liberal principles, and his supposed predilection for France: he gradually came to be an object of suspicion and obloquy, and was actually put under *surveillance*. It was at this time that he formed a project which excited great commotion when he carried it out, although now one cannot look at it from either side without a smile and an involuntary recollection of proverbs about tempests in teapots and parturient mountains. Mrs. Logan, notwithstanding her full and fervent faith in her husband's weight and wisdom, admits that the scheme appeared to her "romantic;" but her memoir tells the story best. "In the midst of this state of things my husband formed the project of his visit to France with what then appeared to me the romantic idea of persuading the rulers of the desultorious [*sic*] government to alter the tone of their conduct towards the United States. He thought they were not aware of our growing importance, and that the rashness and injustice of their measures towards us would be the means of uniting us with Great Britain and forwarding the views of the enemies of all republics." Dr. Logan undertook this step with so grave a sense of the possible consequences from the violence of the Federal party that he gave his wife a power of attorney by which she might on emergency so dispose of his estate as to secure it from confiscation: this paper was acknowledged before the chief justice, subsequently Governor McKean, and Dr. Logan explained his motives and intentions. "Thank God that we possess one man who is capable and devoted enough to undertake this task!" exclaimed the impetuous, imperious old magistrate. "You have my best wishes in the enterprise." And he drank to the success of the journey. Dr. Logan sold some property to raise funds for his voyage, and sailed for

Hamburg on the 13th of June, 1798. He had a certificate of citizenship from Governor McKean, a letter of indorsement from Jefferson, and introductions to Citizen Merlin, then at the head of the French government, and Talleyrand, whom he had not met in this country. These credentials, although unofficial, were of the utmost importance to him in his self-appointed mission. The slow-sailing craft in which he had embarked, with its cautious Dutch captain, arrived safely on the 23d of July, after stopping for a few hours at Dover, where Dr. Logan was very much struck by the coast defenses and accumulation of forces: it was said that there were over three thousand in garrison at the castle. On landing at Hamburg, Dr. Logan found extreme difficulty, as a citizen of the United States, in getting passports for France; but, while he was struggling with opposition and obstacles, he heard that the Marquis de La Fayette was living in the neighborhood. He immediately sought the acquaintance of this noblest friend of America, and laid his case before him. La Fayette showed him all kindness, hospitality, and sympathy, and procured him a passport, by means of which he reached Paris during August. He arrived immediately after the departure of Elbridge Gerry, the last of our commissioners, who had withdrawn without the ratification of an international treaty; an embargo had just been laid upon our shipping, and hundreds of American sailors had been thrown into jail. These were discouraging auspices: nevertheless he presented his letter to Talleyrand, and endeavored to obtain an interview with Merlin. The minister's conduct was perfectly consistent with the trickiness, double-dealing, polished slipperiness, and affable astuteness for which he became renowned in after-times. He received Dr. Logan with civility, wasted his time with promises, and set people to spy and sound him. Indignant and impatient, the latter sought and obtained an introduction to Merlin, through M. Schimmelpenninck, the Swiss and Bavarian minister to France. Many pages of the memoir are devoted, naturally, to this visit to Paris, the dinners at various important houses, including Merlin's, significant incidents which befell

there, interviews and letters between Dr. Logan and different members of the French government to whom he explained his views and what he believed to be the wishes and demands of the American people. He there fell in again with Kosciusko, grateful for the kindness he had met with in America and anxious to repay it by any service in his power. Dr. Logan was certainly successful in obtaining the raising of the embargo and release of the imprisoned seamen, which was the first step to a peaceable understanding. The captains of the liberated vessels at Bordeaux, nearly twenty in number, drew up a testimonial expressing their grateful sense of his actual services and their trust that he had prevented a war between the two countries. With this satisfactory if not complete result of his endeavors he took passage for home on the Perseverance, Captain Gideon Gardner, of Nantucket, to sail from Bordeaux. On his way down from Paris he was perturbed by encountering stages full of Frenchmen just arrived from the United States, where they had been imprisoned and ill used, and who were so clamorous for revenge that Dr. Logan trembled lest the Directory, depending on popularity, might be driven to revoke the favorable measures he had just brought about. However, nothing came of it, and with a light heart he weighed anchor for home.

Meanwhile, the news of his having openly outwitted his enemies by sailing away from Philadelphia under their eyes had raised a storm of fury at home. Jefferson and McKean were assailed with abuse and reproach by the press for having given him letters, as the majority would believe nothing less than that he had gone abroad in the interest of France to furnish information to the detriment of his own country. So fixed was this conviction that somebody whom Mrs. Logan calls "a ffriendly Fœderalist" warned her that the government intended searching Stenton for treasonable papers, advising her to destroy anything that might compromise him. "I thanked the gentleman, but assured him that in case of a search they would only have to regret that they had insulted a man of honor in his absence. I had nothing to secrete." The fol-

lowing preposterous article appeared in Brown's *Philadelphia Gazette:*

"We are assured from the best authority that Dr. Logan (a noted and violent Democrat) departed from this city on Wednesday or Thursday last, in the ship Iris, for Hamburg, on his route to Paris. There cannot be the least question but the doctor, from his inordinate love of French Liberty and hatred to the Sacred Constitution of the United States, has gone to the French Directory fraught with intelligence of the most dangerous tendency to this country. . . . Can any sensible man hesitate to suspect that his infernal design can be anything less than the introduction of a French army to teach us the value of true and essential Liberty by reorganizing our government through the blessed operation of the bayonet and the guillotine? Let every American now gird on his sword. The times are not only critical, but the secret of the junto is out. Their demagogue is gone to the Directory for purposes of destruction to your lives, property, liberty, and holy religion."

What his wife's feelings and sufferings must have been it is easy to guess. She hardly speaks of them in the memoir, and her reticence is very touching. "Were it proper here to speak of myself, I could say a great deal with the strictest truth of the infinite anxiety of mind which I underwent at this period. . . . Although I knew the purity of my husband's principles, and could appreciate the motives upon which he acted, yet when the time drew near for him to leave me I could not help being appalled with a sense of the difficulties which he would have to surmount, and the clamor which would be raised upon his departure; so that when he left me indeed, I was as completely miserable as I could be while innocent myself and united to a man whose honor I knew to be without a stain. . . . I was frequently a prey to the most harrowing inquietudes." The Alien and Sedition Act had just been passed, and Mrs. Logan was in agony lest by any imprudence her husband should lay himself open to the charge of treason by the letter of this law. She was con-

sumed with anxiety to apprise him of it and put him on his guard, but had no direct means of communication with him: she sent two letters by roundabout ways, and, apparently, heard from him but once or twice during his absence. Her mother and family gathered about her, to console and cheer her: she speaks of the kindness of friends and neighbors, Dr. Samuel Betton, Sr., Major Pierce Butler, of Butler Place, the Fishers, of Wakefield, already her connections by marriage, and, what was still more deeply felt, the sympathy of old acquaintance of the Federal party, among whom she mentions Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Augustus Smyth "and the benevolent John Vaughan." The friendliness which no doubt seemed but a slight tribute of respect to those who paid it sank deep into her heart, for she was told that whoever was seen to enter her gates would be marked. That there was no exaggeration in this may be seen by the following account of a visit from Jefferson, then Vice-President, who, on the point of starting for Monticello when he heard the outcry raised on Dr. Logan's departure, put off his journey a week, "to see what they would make of their conspiracy," as he said. "He told me he had been greatly concerned for me on account of the obloquy and abuse which had been freely bestowed on Dr. Logan's character, and advised me to evince my thorough consciousness of his innocence and honor by showing myself in Philadelphia as one not afraid nor ashamed to meet the public eye. He said that he could not have believed it possible that the utmost bitterness of party spirit could have invented or have given credit to such unfounded calumnies; that he was himself dogged and watched in the most extraordinary manner; and he apologized for the lateness of his visit (for we were at tea when he arrived) by saying that in order to elude the curiosity of his spies he had not taken the direct road, but had come by a circuitous route by the Falls of Schuylkill along one of the lanes to Germantown, and, passing by the house and gates, had come in by the entrance on the York Road." (A détour of five or six miles.) "He spoke of the temper of the times and of the late acts of the Legislature

with a sort of despair, but said he thought even the shadow of our liberties must be gone if they attempted anything that would injure me." The brave woman soon followed his advice by going to town, where without flinching she ran the gauntlet of cold looks, rude remarks, expressions of surprise that she could seem gay and cheerful, or that she would be seen at all. But she was not daunted, and continued to go out and pay visits to her friends as if her life were flowing with its former even tenor. One afternoon she was calling at Roxborough, "at the seat of our worthy ffriend ex-Chief-Justice Smyth; he was an Englishman and a Tory who had held an office under the Crown during the Colonial government, but he was a man of great honor, candor, and goodness, and tho' they differed in politics, had a sincere friendship for my husband. Here I found as usual a large circle of company, amongst whom was George Clymer, Thomas Fitz-Simmons, and several other Fœderal gentlemen. I observed that they talked together with much earnestness; and at length one of them (Fitz-Simmons) came to me and inquired, if he might ask me, had I received letters from Dr. Logan? and if so, what was the state of things in France? I told him briefly and modestly what I had heard; that the embargo was raised, our seamen liberated and returning in our vessels, and a disposition for peace manifested on the part of France. (But I imputed nothing to the exertions of my husband.) He replied, that it was extraordinary news indeed, and he sincerely congratulated me upon it. And our kind neighbor the judge exulting exclaimed, 'You know, gentlemen, I have always said that Dr. Logan would never disgrace himself nor injure his country!'"

Her quiet attempts to put her husband's conduct in its true light were not generally so successful. She sent an extract from one of his letters to the *Philadelphia Gazette*, with a fuller account of the circumstances of which she had given the party at Judge Smyth's a synopsis: it was published with a sneering comment by the editor, wresting it from its evident purport to a confirmation of public suspicion, though he is forced

to lower his tone from talking of a French army and the bayonet and guillotine, to "a train of French diplomatic paraphernalia" and "delusive hopes of French justice." Cobbett recommended that in case of Dr. Logan's return (which was generally doubted) he should be put in the pillory, and his wife with him.

It was in the midst of these cruel anxieties and humiliations that Mrs. Logan had a new and terrible cause for alarm: the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia and spread over the whole region with horrible rapidity. Mrs. Logan's aged mother, Mrs. Norris, who had now for years lived in her early home of Chester, had gone back thither after her visit of sympathy to her daughter; but, as the pestilence raged there with extraordinary virulence, she was persuaded to return to the purer air of Stenton. Her eldest son came with her, and other members of the Norris and Logan families, with their servants, sought refuge there from the plague-stricken city, so that Mrs. Logan had more than twenty people under her roof daily to provide for. "But this was better for me than to be left in solitude." It is difficult for us to imagine the condition of Philadelphia that autumn: all communication from without was forbidden; a *cordon sanitaire* was established round the city, on which a palpable curse seemed to rest. I have heard an old gentleman of Germantown describe his walking to town—which did not then extend beyond the Northern Liberties—with a young comrade, as a sort of dare-devil escapade; but when they saw the silent and empty streets barred from approach, a sort of awe fell upon them, as if the form of the destroyer might be met stalking amid the desolation, and they turned back to their fields and lanes. Mrs. Logan's eldest brother was laid low with the disease directly after his arrival, and a period of intense dread followed; but by careful nursing he surmounted it, and the contagion did not spread to the household. The first frosts checked the course of the epidemic, which disappeared as mysteriously as it had come, and people returned to their homes, many, many of which, alas! were left to them desolate.

Mrs. Logan's family scattered in their various directions, leaving her torn by the most opposite emotions. The autumn was advancing, and she was in daily expectation of her husband's return; but the joy with which she looked forward to their reunion was poisoned by her fears for what might ensue, as she believed that he would be thrown into prison as soon as he arrived; moreover, she heard that two vessels called the Perseverance were to sail from Bordeaux on the same day, one new and seaworthy, the other old and unsafe, and she had no means of knowing in which her husband would embark. Strange to say, both vessels came up the Delaware on the same day. Rumors of their arrival reached Stenton. Mrs. Logan received messages and visits of congratulation, but still the day wore on, and she was in suspense. "My sons, who were young mountaineers in their fearless habits and love of the chase, had that morning taken out their favorite spaniel, and by accident had wounded her. She was brought to me to be nursed, and was accommodated with a cushion near the fire. My youngest boy was put to bed, and the others were reading with me in the dining-room, when a step was heard on the piazza. The wounded animal raised herself, and, instinctively knowing the sound, strove to get to the door. It opened, and in a moment the restored husband, father, friend, and master found himself in the bosom of his happy family, for our affectionate old Dinah,* who had likewise taken care of him in his infancy, hearing the joyful exclamations, had brought Algernon from his bed to share in his father's caresses, and, herself embracing his knees, blessed God that she had lived to witness his return!"

This happy meeting took place in November, 1798. Congress was about to assemble at Trenton, Philadelphia still being considered unsafe in consequence of the recent pestilence. The President was already there, and the heads of the departments were on their way. Dr. Logan immediately pre-

* The servant whose presence of mind saved Stenton from being fired by the British. She is buried in the family grave-yard.

sented himself at the seat of government to report himself, and exhibit his papers, if it should be thought worth while to examine them. On his way he fell in with his old friend General C. C. Pinckney and his family, who were very glad to see him, and they all breakfasted together at an inn, where others bound in the same direction had halted. There was some surprise manifested on seeing his cordial terms with these high-toned Southerners. A great many people expressed their astonishment on seeing him *at large;* but a revulsion in public feeling had begun, and he met with tokens of good will on all sides: an inn-keeper who furnished him with a horse and gig refused to be paid for it. He was received with courteous coolness by the President, who did not approve of self-appointed envoys, and other members of the government intimated disapprobation of his course. Congress on assembling passed a law providing against such cases in future, which was popularly known as Logan's law. But there were no reflections on his probity or patriotism, and he himself was too profoundly penetrated with satisfaction at what he had done to be disturbed by superficial annoyances. As the attacks of the press continued, however, Dr. Logan thought it due to himself and his family to meet them by a succinct account of his journey to France, its motives and results, published in the form of an address to his fellow-citizens. The happiness of his loyal and devoted wife on his return was prolonged by a series of little excursions which they made together: to Chester, to see her mother; to Wilmington, Delaware, to shake hands with their cousins the Dickinsons, who had been among her kindest, stanchest friends during the trying six months which had just passed; to Morristown, New Jersey, where Dr. Logan owned property, and where the leading citizens waited upon him to thank him for his services and tender him a public dinner, which, however, he gratefully declined. We can fancy Mrs. Logan's exquisite enjoyment in these short journeys: it was Indian-summer time, and she and her husband jaunted about the smooth high-roads or hedge-row lanes beside the Delaware, either in the family coach or,

what she would have liked better, with a horse and gig. The fears, separation, and sorrow of the last half-year were over, and she sat secure in her love, trust, and pride beside the man who was her ideal of human excellence. But her innocent triumphs were not to end in the private recognition of her husband's worth. On their return from Morristown he was waited upon by a deputation to ask him if he would accept the nomination for a seat in the State Legislature, just fallen vacant. He was out at the time of the visit, and the committee requested to see Mrs. Logan and inquire her husband's mind of her in the matter. He accepted, and was elected by a large majority, the first Republican victory, exciting great exultation in the party. The Legislature then sat at Lancaster; and he formed some new and valued friendships among the members, chief of whom was "the venerable Henry Muhlenberg." Dr. Logan represented the agricultural interests of the community, and carried out his theories consistently by his habit of wearing homespun clothes. "My heart while I write," breaks out his wife in the memoir, "is sensibly touched with the recollection of these minor but most endearing traits of patriotism and regard for the welfare and comfort of all classes of his fellow-citizens."

The next ten years of Dr. Logan's life were given up to politics: at the expiration of his two years in the State Legislature he was elected to the United States Senate, and remained through the Seventh and Eighth Congresses, from December, 1801, until March, 1807. Jefferson's change of tactics upon his election to the White House was a disappointment to the Logans; but who ever saw their hero raised to the eminence which their enthusiasm claimed for him without some after-reflections on the vanity of human expectations? Dr. Logan, whose friendship with the President was well known, was besieged by applicants for office, begging for his influence in their behalf. It is refreshing to read of the cool stiffness of candidates and politicians of those days who did not subsist on the fear of constituents or the whims of the crowd. Dr. Logan declined signing one petition in

favor of the bearer, on the ground that he did not know the latter. "'Oh, sir, that is of no consequence: you know the gentlemen who have already signed.' 'True, sir; but I do not know *you*, and therefore you must excuse me.' The petitioner went away in a very bad humor at his fastidiousness in being determined to recommend none that he did not know."

Mrs. Logan does not appear to have accompanied her husband in any of the temporary migrations and changes of abode which were necessitated by his political life. There is no allusion to any absence from Stenton, where home duties still bound her and her boys were growing towards manhood. Her existence among its tranquil cares and pleasures was broken in upon by two heavy sorrows. At the close of the year 1799 she lost her aged mother, who had ever been not only an honored parent but a beloved and sympathizing friend. Mrs. Logan drew a little sketch of her mother's life and character for the benefit of her descendants which gives a pleasant account of her girlhood in Chester. "I have frequently heard her speak of the happiness of her early life: the state of society, sociability, kindness, good neighborhood that was among them seemed to realize the Golden Age. . . . My mother was an excellent woman, and of very good abilities; she had received a much better education than was usually bestowed on daughters; when she was young her mind was enriched by an acquaintance with the best authors; her memory was uncommonly good, her disposition cheerful, and her conversation instructive and entertaining. She was solid, prudent, affectionate, and benevolent. The manner in which she conducted herself after the decease of her husband, and the very able manner in which she investigated and settled his affairs, secured her the kindest friendship of his family and the esteem and applause of all who knew her." But a far more tragic grief came upon her the next year, one which always seems to violate the appointed order of nature, and therefore to carry an excessive and intolerable weight in its blow: her son Gustavus died, a boy of such uncommon gifts that his mother will not dwell upon them, lest "her pen might be thought to

be transformed by a parent's partiality into a flattering pencil." He was nearly fourteen, and already showed great maturity of judgment joined with courage, generosity, truthfulness, and tenderness of heart; he was, too, the youthful image of his father; perhaps her favorite child. The circle of early friends, too, now began to lose its links. The death of John Dickinson, her husband's kinsman and intimate friend, was deeply felt by them both. It happened about the same time that Dr. Logan withdrew from public life, declining renomination to the Senate. His activity in behalf of his country, however, did not abate. The signs of the times were already pointing towards troubles which ended in the War of 1812. Encouraged by the belief that he had been formerly instrumental in averting a war with France, Dr. Logan now determined on a journey to England for a similar purpose, despite the special legislation of which he had been the object on the previous occasion. This time, indeed, he went under very different auspices, for although, as before, he had no official capacity, President Madison approved of the undertaking, and sent him warmly recommended to our minister at the Court of St. James's. The minister possibly did not relish the arrival of a self-constituted plenipotentiary, whose position was certainly anomalous, and did nothing to further Dr. Logan's views and wishes. Although foiled and disappointed in the object of his voyage, his visit to London was full of social interest and enjoyment: he was received, to quote the words of one of his English friends, "in the most suitable manner by the first men both in and out of power." Besides seeing such as remained of his boyhood's friends, the Barclays, etc., he made the acquaintance of Sir Joseph Banks, Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir John Sinclair, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Teignmouth, the Duke of Bedford, Clarkson, Wilberforce, Vansittart, and many others connected with the government, among the rest Arthur Marquis of Wellesley, whose note asking for an interview is preserved with a quantity of valuable autograph letters received by Dr. Logan at the same time. His own deep concern on the question of negro emancipation must have lent a

keen edge to his pleasure in meeting the champions of the abolition of the slave-trade. He also indulged his ruling taste by attending many agricultural meetings, one at Woburn Abbey, and another at Holkham, in Norfolk, the seat of T. W. Coke, Esq. At many of these the warmest feelings were expressed for the United States, and the heartiest hopes that the friendly intercourse between the two countries might not be disturbed. However, when Dr. Logan came home, near the close of 1810, matters were slowly drawing to a crisis.

This return to his country was final. He never left it again, nor mixed in public affairs, though so actively interested in them that he corresponded constantly with many leading men, and went several times to Washington, still in hopes that the war with England might be prevented. It was a source of extreme distress to both himself and his wife, who says that their emotions "could be compared only to the fearful state of watching and distress which we feel when we see a beloved individual struggling through the paroxysms of a fever." To describe the condition of the public mind she uses the admirable expression, "national happiness was suspended." They were intensely interested, too, in European politics, following the career of Bonaparte with an attention and excitement which seem, strangely enough, to have died out with the days of tri-weekly steamers and hourly cable-dispatches. Suspense is now limited to what will happen, not to what has happened, and events known as soon as they occur impress the imagination less than when they have been speculated upon for a month.

After the peace of Ghent, in February, 1815, an era of calm and placid enjoyment opened for Mrs. Logan, which must have recalled the halcyon days of her early married life. She had passed from the agitating events and emotions of her youth and early middle age across the boundary of elder life, keeping her freshness of heart and brightness of mind in unsullied transparency. Her husband's health, it is true, was declining, but so gradually that there was nothing to startle or alarm her, and they pursued the alternation of peaceful

seasons gladdened by all the cherished pleasures. Many old friends were left to gather as of yore round the fireside or under the hemlocks; strangers of note still came to bring variety and vivacity into the tranquil routine. Peter Duponceau was a frequent visitor, bringing Mrs. Logan supplies of books; Dupont de Nemours, who had shown her husband civility and kindness on his memorable visit to France, came out to this country in 1815, and Dr. Logan hastened to pay his respects to him at Wilmington and invite him to Stenton, whither he afterwards came; Colonel Pickering, too, past differences forgotten, was often at their board; John Randolph of Roanoke once came for a day and night, impressing his hostess very much.

She still performed her part in her neighborly circle with alacrity, still made little excursions in the pleasant autumn weather to see friends beyond an afternoon's drive. One of these was Charles Thomson, known by his contemporaries as "the Man of Truth," her life-long friend, he whose voice her girlish ears had fancied they recognized in the reader of the Declaration of Independence. He was now ninety years old, but his faculties were unimpaired. She gives many of his recollections of Revolutionary times, among which one of the liveliest is the story of how he became secretary of the first Congress:

"I was married on a Thursday, and the following Monday came to town to pay my respects to my wife's aunt and the family. Just as I alighted in Chestnut Street the doorkeeper of Congress accosted me with a message from them, requesting my presence. . . . I bid my servant put up his horses and followed the messenger myself to Carpenters' Hall, and entered Congress. . . . I walked up the aisle, and, standing opposite the President, bowed and told him I awaited his pleasure. He replied, Congress desires the favor of you, sir, to take their minutes. I bowed in acquiescence, and took my place at the desk. After a short silence, Patrick Henry rose to speak."

Mrs. Logan was extremely fond of history and study bearing

upon it. In one of the roomy garrets of Stenton she found a mass of papers relating to the early history of Pennsylvania. "They had been very much neglected, and treated as useless waste-paper, and were piled away in the garrets as worthless rubbish, the very room they occupied being bestowed reluctantly. She was not, however, to be discouraged by their unpromising appearance and mouldy, worm-eaten, tattered condition, nor the difficulty of deciphering that which appeared at first as unintelligible as Egyptian hieroglyphics. She devoted many years of her life in collecting, arranging, systematizing, and copying these papers. Many thousand pages of original letters relating to the colonial history were neatly copied, with remarks and annotations." *

The beauty of her manuscript is remarkable. The handwriting is rather small, without being cramped; as regular and legible as the best type; unlike a woman's writing, yet in no wise masculine; the last word of each page has a line to itself, and is repeated at the top of the following one; there is a wide margin; the paragraphs are distinctly broken; the numerous foot-notes are separated by heavy double lines from the page above; where letters, quotations, or extracts are introduced, the difference is carefully designated; the title or date, address, signature, are all clearly indicated on separate lines. It is the performance of one who thought emphatically that whatever is worth doing is worth doing well, and who bestowed her utmost pains on whatever she undertook. These were afterwards published by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania under the name of the Penn and Logan Correspondence, with a preface by Edward Armstrong, Esq., the editor; an account of the Penn family, by John J. Smith, Esq.; a short notice of Mrs. Deborah Logan, by Isaac Norris, Esq.; and a memoir of James Logan, from her own pen. She also undertook a series of biographical sketches or reminiscences of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, but unfortunately gave up the idea, dissatisfied with the faintness

* Extract from notice of Mrs. Logan in the Penn and Logan Correspondence.

of the outlines upon her memory after the lapse of so many years. She amused herself by writing verses which are smooth, flowing, and very prettily turned, generally suggested by the beauties of nature or some sentiment or feeling of her own inner life. She kept a copious diary, which became by degrees a companion and confidant, to which she resorted often through the day, and in this she registered her poetical effusions. In one place she says that, although she was fond of the sonnet, it had always seemed to her "like putting the muse into corsets." However, "on one of Anna Seward's recipes" she very neatly executed a sonnet to Stenton, with apostrophes, allusions to Flora, Zephyr, Eurus, and all the old-fashioned figures and flowers of style. Several others follow; but, to tell the truth, although Mrs. Logan's poetry was as good as a great deal which was printed and vastly admired in that day (as indeed was some of her own), it reads now too much as if it had all been written by Anna Seward's recipe. Yet her taste in poetry, to judge from her quotations and remarks, was for what was best of the best: she delighted in Childe Harold, which she says "has in parts of it the very soul of poetry: he transports me to the grand and impressive scenes he so beautifully describes. . . . He clears the rubbish from the antique fountain and bids its fresh and crystal rill again sparkle in the sunbeams; and oh! there are many passages that speak so indescribably to the heart and feelings as to awaken a deep and powerful sympathy for the being who could so gloriously express what you and himself have felt." Milton was constantly in her thoughts, suggested by dawn, by sunset; and once in her diary she exclaims that "the associations of poetry embellish life."

Her industry was unchecked by advancing years, and she became interested in astronomy, lamenting that she had not the apparatus necessary for pursuing the study seriously. She alludes to this in an entry for January 1, 1817, a wonderfully mild day, when she has been able to collect a small nosegay in the garden,—violets among other flowers. "Surely the benevolent and all-wise Creator has decorated our earthly

habitation with a profusion of delights and beauties, and opened a source of the most delightful entertainment to the mind in the discovery and contemplation of the laws by which He governs the universe. What may we not expect of felicity will be prepared for the good in a more advanced state of being? This is the first dawn of existence, and we are to progress in virtue and knowledge through eternity."

This vein of piety pervaded her whole nature, rising from its most hidden depths to its sunny surface. In the memoir of her husband, although she keeps herself in the background throughout, unconscious expressions of a devout and fervent faith are constant; in her diary aspiration is half her life. She says that her books of devotion are "the Bible, Thomas à Kempis, No Cross No Crown, Archbishop Tillotson, Fénélon, and the Apology." The time was at hand when she would need all the support and consolation which religion could give, all the resources of her well-disciplined mind and steadfast, submissive character. In April, 1821, she lost her husband, her paragon of men. He died after a long illness which had succeeded to a slowly lowering state of health. From that time her life was chiefly in the past. Her kindly sympathy for others, her cheerful unselfishness, which kept her own regrets and longings out of sight, her happy habit of constant occupation, above all, the total absence of egotism in her composition, led the juniors who knew her in her widowhood to hold her an unusually gay and lively person for her years. And so serene and rational old age is often judged by a younger generation. It is hard for those who are still in the thick and heat of life, with present joys, griefs, hopes, fears, love, and hate thronging about them, to believe that those for whom to-day and to-morrow can bring but one last change should know anything of the keen and eager emotions which fill existence with impatience and unrest. Resignation is taken for satisfaction, tranquillity for indifference, silence for oblivion. Such an unselfish and serene old age was Deborah Logan's, but it was so because she had striven for self-control and submission in earlier years, and endeavored so to keep

the balance between spiritual and outward demands that the hands should mark the hour, the heart and conscience chime in concert, up to the very last. She outlived her husband many years, during which she found some consolation in writing his biography and retreading in memory the long path they had traveled hand in hand. She never ceased to mourn him, and, amid the calm routine which her diary records, her thoughts turned to him perpetually. A few extracts will illustrate the beauty of her character and life better than pages of comment and eulogy. Rather a curious censorship was exercised upon this journal after it had been gathering volume for many years. Mrs. Logan had the practice of noting down the interesting or amusing conversations which took place in the varied society in which for so many years she took part; but when all the more conventional intercourse had ceased, and her circle had slowly narrowed to a few old friends of quiet antecedents, one of them, a strict Quakeress, persuaded Mrs. Logan that these reminiscences savored of worldliness and frivolity and were inconsistent with "our peaceable testimony." Accordingly, the two went carefully over the manuscript, erasing with laborious thoroughness all mere chit-chat. Mrs. Logan testifies to her lively relish for general conversation by a sly reference to having had, in company with some friends, "a blameless cup of tea,—that is, without scandal." This revision destroyed what would have been no doubt a most delightful collection of anecdotes and *ana* of a highly interesting period in American society, when its centre was at Philadelphia and its leading figures were historical personages. But we must be thankful for the pictures of political and domestic life which are left.

"*November* 30.—A dormant jerboa was brought me to-day, which one of our men ploughed up. Its nest was pretty deep, and very comfortably and curiously made of dry grass and pieces of small stubble. I covered it and put it into a closet where I have had another one living for some time, well fed, and not yet fallen asleep. The dormant one is very fat. The

next day the little creature, having been so disturbed by its removal, gradually awakened, but did not appear to have regained its usual activity; however, it afterwards made its escape down to the other one's habitation in the closet, where they continue to take the food I provide for them."

"*August* 8.—I had several walks and rambles out of doors to-day, and saw my poor little ground-squirrel busily employed in fetching nuts from a distant tree for his winter store; at which I assisted him by leaving a heap at his doorway: and it called to my mind the beautiful little fellow that my husband tamed so completely." On a winter morning she describes the little family assembled round the stove,—Bear, the big dog, Jerry Lodge, the little black cat, and a young chicken, all demeaning themselves with propriety and harmony; adding, "To have the animal world about you happy and inoffensive to you and each other makes no inglorious part of paradise, in my opinion."

"*October* 6.—It is a cold north wind and a silvery-looking sun. I am fearful of frost. My neglected garden looks sadly; but still it affords double balsam, nasturtions, and Queen Margarets for Flora's altar and the parlor-table. An old-fashioned glass pyramid set up in the corner of the hall above the triangular table, and filled with glasses of flowers fancifully disposed, constitutes the altar. No one can tell how much innocent enjoyment I have derived from flowers."

"*October* 18.—It is now autumn, daily fading into 'the sere and yellow leaf;' the sun is seen through a haze; the air is so bland and temperate that it might be mistaken for spring; but the days are shortening apace. The wasps are flying against the windows in pursuit of some sheltered situation for winter; a few birds with dissonant notes instead of song, among which I discover the blue-jay and the robin; the afternoon sun seems impatient to reach his goal in the west; and the nights are long and chilly and dark. It all answers to myself; and to-morrow, if I live to see it, I shall have completed the sixty-first year of my age. Let me not do it without an act of devotion."

"*Thursday morning, before daylight.*—I am up thus early to accompany my dear children to see our venerable connection and friend Charles Thomson once more. It is all silent round me. Jupiter, just below the Seven Stars, is brightly shining overhead; the Dogstar sparkles with prismatic ray, the morning moon is up, and the attendant lamp of Venus hangs below her in the east; the cocks all over the neighborhood are 'scattering the rear of darkness thin.'"

"I have done my usual morning work, and had my dinner, and yet it is not much beyond the hour of noon,—an hour of quiet, generally, in the country: people pause and rest a little before they again go to their labor. There is often a stillness in nature, I imagine, at the hour of noon, and I experience it delightfully now: nothing but the clack of a distant winnowing-fan interrupts the solemn and sweet breathing of Zephyr on the strings of my Æolian harp. I often want words to express my feelings, and I am sure I do at this time. The thought of other years, and the remembrance of dear and loved friends,—and one tender and cherished affection which now mingles with all my thoughts and visits me in everything I meet.—Several hours have passed: it is a sweet and solemn afternoon; dark and bright clouds intermingle with patches of bright blue sky. Part of the family are gone out, and the rest are very quiet. The house is clean and shut up; the hall dressed with wild flowers and grasses and Catalonian jessamine."

"*June* 6.—First Day was spent pleasantly, though partly alone. I passed the afternoon in the library, which is my most agreeable apartment in summer, where I am quiet and retired from noise and interruption, cool, and shaded in the most delicious manner by the fine old trees that surround our venerable dwelling,—the glycene and ivy forming the most beautiful festoons and drapery around the southern window, which emits a softened light over my writing-table. Or, if I choose to read, the easy and low seat of an old sofa brought by my grandmother from England in 1708, and surrounded by books, most of them, indeed, in unison with everything,

and savoring more of the past than the present. Here and alone I like best to be; not but that the society of my friends gives me real pleasure, and I am sure it is useful, conversation eliciting many things from the mind that I have not found in books, and rendering life much more pleasant by binding us to each other."

She frequently speaks of sitting round the dining-room table in the evening with the "damsels" or "little maids," who quilted or sewed while she read aloud to them, while Poll, her parrot, perched on the handle of her work-basket. Sometimes the name of some famous stranger fell into the quiet round of her daily existence and broke its surface with memories and regrets. When La Fayette paid his last visit to this country, a sorrowful unwillingness that he should pass by without a greeting from Stenton stirred Mrs. Logan to write him a letter, a sort of tribute to represent the welcome he would have had from her husband had he been upon earth. At another time she writes, "The Governor of New York, De Witt Clinton, who is at present on a visit to this State, is to breakfast to-morrow at Reuben Haines'; and there has been a time in which I too should have seen him. It seems as if it were hardly right for strangers of distinction to be unnoticed at this house; but there is nothing now to attract their notice, unless it is the grave of one of the best of men and most patriotic of citizens." In her habitual modesty and low estimate of herself, it never occurs to her how glad these fine birds of passage might have been to see and speak with her if she had only given them the opportunity. She thought that whatever interest or consequence had ever been hers came from her husband and expired with him. The affectionate reverence of a whole neighborhood gave her no higher idea of herself.

"*April* 1.—I have been employed to-day in getting some improvements made in the inclosure where the remains of my dearest love are deposited. There is something very touching in this resting-place, the source of his pleasures in childhood. A pewit continues to build her nest in the case

below attached to one of the large hooks drove into the roof of the vault, the old hereditary place, if not nest, for I have heard him say one had always built there when he was a boy. I long to have the place completed, and perceive it will be a most acceptable place of musing to me, and where I hope to lay beside him, the beloved friend and companion of my life, whose removal has made life more like a desert than the cheerful, pleasant existence which it used to be."

"As to suitable reflections, I trust I am somewhat the better of those I have made; but of good resolutions which I have not kept I am ashamed, and, humble and doubtful of myself, can do no more but hope that I shall endeavor, though at the eleventh hour, to labor more earnestly. Life recedes—eternity advances."

"*December* 29, 1832.—The season and my own age have suggested the following:

"Oh, say not Time, with sweeping wing,
Damps the best feelings of the mind,
Say not his scythe, that sweeping thing,
Can level thought, or fancy bind.
I cannot bear to see Decay
Usurp the place where Reason lay.

"Methinks it might the wizard please
To stamp his ruin on the face,
To mark his grasp the victim seize,
And the fine form bow in disgrace.
Were this his aim, he'd welcome be,
So he would leave my mind to me,—

"Leave me the dreams of other years,
Leave me the free expansive thought,
The courage which supports from fears,
The kindness kindred feelings wrought:
Then could I bear Time's spoils to see,
So he would leave my mind to me."

This fervent prayer was fully answered. The years passed, and life ebbed gently away, taking only the physical powers with it,—although one deep grief came between her and the setting sun. In 1835 she lost her youngest son, Algernon

Sydney, in the prime of manhood; but her gaze had long been fixed on the goal, and while she sorrowed she knew it could not be for long. Younger and still younger generations grew up in affectionate respect of the old lady who had heard the Declaration of Independence read, and who still, far on in another century, sat at her tea-table under the hemlocks, all dignity and benevolence, in her cap and short-gown, not more alive to the recollections of that by-gone time than to the charities and courtesies of the present. John Watson, Esq., author of the Annals of Germantown, while compiling his work, used daily to stroll down to Stenton, to draw reminiscences and verifications from that untroubled well of memory. In the spring of 1838 there is a charming description in her diary of a visit from a neighbor's baby, a little thing not a year old who woke every maternal chord in that gentle breast, and lighted up the day with a gleam of pleasure which marked it with a white stone. Late in October of the same year she gives a long account of a visit from an ardent young Englishwoman who lived in her neighborhood, and who discoursed to her first about the condition of Ireland, "and then, by a natural transition, as it seemed to me, adverted to the condition of the slaves in the West Indies and in this country, and said things which might have commanded audience in the senate of her own country, and—shall I add?—might have abashed mine." The topic leads Mrs. Logan back to recall and compare the views of the anti-slavery leaders of her youth and speculate on the results of the policy of expediency pursued by our government on this question. Her mind is as clear, her interest as deep, as when she used to listen to Jefferson and Madison and hold her peace while she kept her own opinion.

Three months later the spirit fled from its enfeebled case back to the Hand which sent it forth, as undimmed and spotless as in the hour when it came upon earth. Sorrow and love and reverence followed her to her resting-place in the beautiful little burying-ground at Stenton, where she lies beside her adored husband, among the children who went

before and followed her. But one survived,—Albanus, the eldest, who married his kinswoman Miss Dickinson, and left four children: Elizabeth, first wife of Dr. Thomas Forrest Betton, and Gustavus, who are dead, Miss Mary Norris Logan, and Dr. Jonathan Dickinson Logan.

By her unambitious industry she has erected a monument to herself in her valuable contributions to the history of the State, the MSS. of which belong to the Philadelphia Library and are in the archives of the Pennsylvania Philosophical Society. Her memory lives on as a tradition of charm and worth, a lovely impersonation of female excellence, a lady of the old school, a pure, ideal Quakeress.

SARAH BUTLER WISTER.

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